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JAPAN RIDES THE TIGER

Books by WILLARD PRICE

PACIFIC ADVENTURE

BARBARIAN

(*A Novel*)

JAPAN RIDES THE TIGER



FEUDAL CASTLE OF HIROSAKI. JAPAN'S TRADITIONS PREPARE HER FOR
AN INTENSE NATIONALISM

JAPAN RIDES THE TIGER

Willard Price
"

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Japan Rides the Tiger incorporates sections of the author's earlier *Children of the Rising Sun*, revised and brought up to date, with ten entirely new chapters added.

MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO THOSE WHO HAVE HELPED ME
MY WIFE
STATESMEN, STUDENTS, BUSINESS MEN
A FARMER IN JAPAN, A PHILOSOPHER
IN CHINA, A BANDIT IN MANCHURIA
A NUN IN KOREA, A SOUTH SEA KING
AND A PHILIPPINE HEAD-HUNTER
THANKS

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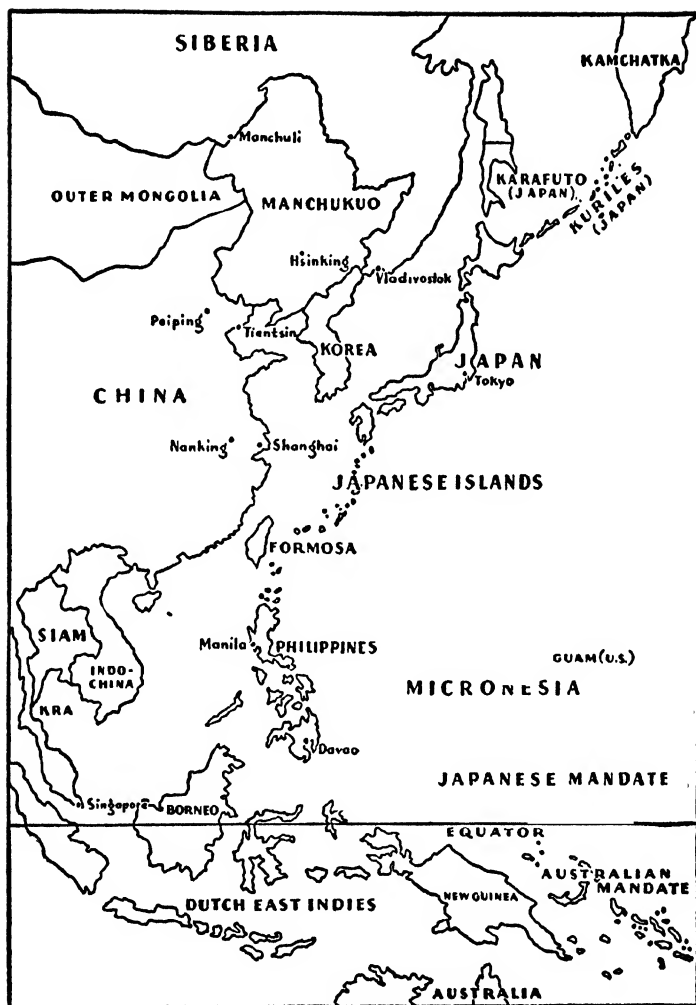
Feudal castle of Hirosaki. Japan's traditions prepare her
for an intense nationalism *frontispiece*

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JAPAN RIDES THE TIGER



I:

History Smiles a Wry Smile

THE fateful years of 1942 and 1943 must look back with a bitter sense of irony to 1853. Japan at that time lay asleep. For more than two centuries she had slumbered. Disillusioned by her early contacts with foreigners, she had closed and bolted the doors.

No one was allowed to come in. No one was allowed to go out. Japan had no desire to gobble other countries. She not only sent no troops abroad; she punished with death any Japanese caught trying to leave Japan. She forbade the building of any ships big enough to cross the China Sea. She wanted only to be let alone, and to let others alone.

This was not good enough for us. Both America and Britain fretted before the closed doors. We wanted to trade with Japan. We wanted to teach her new ways, stimulate her desire for our goods. And so we wrote a letter, signed by the American President, and sent Commodore Perry to deliver it.

One morning in July, 1853, someone sitting on the beach minding a net raised his head and saw four black ships. He didn't believe it. He called others. Villagers gathered on the beach and gazed in wonder at the first steamers they had ever known . . . sailing without sails . . . belching black smoke. Active volcanoes were evidently imprisoned below their decks.

On that day, when Commodore Perry steamed into Uraga Harbor, paying no more attention to gunfire from the shore batteries than if it had been a shower of hail, the seclusion of 250 years was broken.

The Japanese caught a vision of the power of the West. After examining the caliber of our guns they thought best to open their doors.

Then they began feverishly making Western arms.

And they have not stopped since.

Japan had an opportunity to take our best or our worst. For a time it looked as if she would take our best—namely, our successful experiment in democracy. There was revolution. The shogun was deposed. The feudal lords were driven from their castles and put to work planting telegraph poles and laying the railroad tracks of the new Japan. A constitution like America's was framed. It declared, "All officers shall be changed after four years' service. They shall be elected by a majority of votes given by ballot." The emperor promised a congress and equal opportunity for all men.

The American pioneers who had come to Japan were in clover. They could sell anything, so long as it was American. The empress bought a piano. Coolies bought red flannel underwear. Smart Yankee salesmen sold insurance to innocents who supposed that the insurance would prevent them from dying. The salesmen did not always enlighten them.

The samurai cut off his topknot. He bought an American razor and a shaving mug. He wore London-made clothes.

He read translations of cheap foreign romantic novels. He tried to keep up with the roistering foreigners of Yokohama. He learned the delights of getting dead drunk on the potent liquors of the West.

His sister absorbed ideas of the independence of women. She left home, wore foreign clothes, made unwise alliances with foreigners. Parents saw the old Japan crumbling.

Then came the reaction. Not only the old people turned against America. Disillusioned young people, who had seized

at superficial foreignisms to the neglect of the real values of the West, became bitter.

Democracy soured on the tongue. Nippon spat it out.

The American constitution was replaced with Ito's constitution which declared plainly, "The legislative power remains in the hands of the sovereign and is not bestowed upon the people."

The free congress was dissolved. A puppet congress took its place.

Outspoken editors went to prison. Freedom of the press was stifled, never to recover.

The new army and navy began shouting for a chance to use their new guns, their new ships. Out they went to attack Korea, Formosa, China, Russia. They always won. They began to believe Japan was invincible. The dream of world conquest was born. Japan got herself a divine mission. She must save Asia for the Asiatics and save the world for the Son of Heaven.

The weapons of the West, which we so patiently taught her how to make and to use, she now uses against the West. Intoxicated with success, her militarists run amok. They have been going now for more than a decade and hardly know where or how to stop. There are many Japanese today who would like to stop. But some instinct of self-preservation tells them they dare not.

It would have been well if they had learned this in time, before they began to race so hard and fast. They might have learned it from the Chinese, from whom they have learned so much. For the Chinese knew it long ago and put it in a proverb:

"He who rides a tiger dare not dismount."

II:

Back to Barbarism

A^F**T****E****R** Japan's brief flirtation with democratic ideas, she has plunged back into medievalism which is all the more evil because it has been deliberately chosen.

Japan today is a nation full of modernities, but not a modern nation. She takes all the inventions of the present and uses them to perpetuate the past.

This anomaly is so extraordinary that it can hardly be understood unless we look at a few concrete examples.

It was the first day of our five-year residence in Japan. One of our letters was to Goro, a senior law student in Tokyo Imperial University and a member of a distinguished family of statesmen and scholars.

Goro wished to improve his English and we wished to learn Japanese. So we agreed to see the sights together, incidentally conversing in two languages to our mutual advantage.

"But what do you wish to see?" Goro asked.

"I was here years ago and saw the old Japan. Now I wish to see the new Japan."

Goro drew in his breath reflectively. "*Sal* But there is no new Japan."

I smiled patiently. No new Japan! It was on every side—you could not open your eyes without seeing it.

"The cinema industry for example," I explained, suggest-

ing the first thing that came to mind. "I understand that Japan now produces most of her own motion pictures."

"Yes," Goro admitted. "I am acquainted at one of the picture studios. If you please, I will take you."

We journeyed down to Ofuna, the Japanese Hollywood. As we stepped out of the train we were confronted, not by a motion picture studio, but by a gigantic image of Kwannon, favorite goddess of the Japanese. It stands on a hill, dominating the railway station, the town, the cinema city.

I did not realize then how symbolic this was of the way in which old dominates new in Japan.

Five minutes' walk through the town, and we reached the gate of filmdom. After some telephoning by the gatekeeper, an office executive came to show us about. Laboratories, sound and silent studios, still studio, editing rooms, restaurant, they all looked as if they had been transplanted bodily from California. Surely this was something new in Japan.

"In this building," we were told, "is the largest sound stage in the Far East."

We entered. The place blazed with electric suns and writhed with electric cables. But there modernity ended. For the immense stage was occupied by a set depicting a remote Japanese valley in which nestled a thatched farmhouse of a type unchanged in hundreds of years. The aged farmer and his wife waded knee-deep in the rice paddy. And the story was of their daughter whom they nobly sold to a house of ill fame and dutifully gave the money to their feudal lord to purchase arms for war upon a rival daimyo.

The most popular films in Japan are tales of the samurai in days of shogun and daimyo, castle and palanquin. Feudal ethics, outworn in the rest of the world, are still contem-

plated without ridicule and without disgust by the Japanese audience.

But what of pictures of the outside world, America, Europe? Until Japan's entry into World War II entirely shut off the supply, a few were imported. Advance students like Goro attended American pictures in order to learn English. But the official figures are that of the 240,000,000 paid admissions in a year to Japan's 1,718 theaters, eighty per cent were to theaters where Japan-made pictures only are shown. That figure would now be one hundred per cent.

The cinema, a most modern tool of the West, has been taken over bodily and used to maintain the immemorial traditions of the East.

New things in Japan have been adopted not to build a new Japan but to keep alive the old one. Irritated because she has had to accept anything from the West, Japan exalts a past that looks considerably better on the screen or stage than it ever did in reality.

Alongside the Japan-centered cinema, the old-time theater persists. We went to the magnificent Kabuki-za, colossal theater built in ancient style. The performance runs from three in the afternoon to eleven at night, with an hour out for dinner—which dinner you may enjoy in any one of the half dozen restaurants within the vast theater.

The plays are all of samurai days. The pageant of colorful costume and hand-painted sets is magnificent. The stage envelops the audience. From the main stage, narrower stages run back along each side of the theater; thus the onlooker is surrounded by drama on three sides. He fairly lives the story.

The Kabuki-za and other theaters offering this ancient form of dramatic art known as the kabuki are booked weeks in advance. They ask and get a top price of Yen 8.50 which

means about as much in proportion to the ordinary Japanese income as \$8.50 to an American.

The Western revue was introduced in Japan—but it had hard sledding until an ingenious Japanese producer made something intrinsically Japanese out of it. Look at the ballet-girl posters outside the Takaradzuka Theater in Tokyo and you may think that you will find Broadway inside. Instead you find a sort of speeded-up, tap-dancing form of the ancient kabuki.

Again, the stage surrounds the audience. The orchestra music is Western, but Orientalized. The actors, all male in the kabuki, are here all female—Japanese etiquette does not allow the mixing of the sexes on the stage. Girls take men's parts.

Nine-tenths of the performance will be on some purely Japanese theme. A favorite is the drama of the forty-seven ronin. The emotional reception of the audience to this tale illustrates the medieval, not to say barbaric, mind of Japan.

Here is the story. In the shogun's court, Lord Asano became annoyed by a slighting remark of Lord Kira and attacked him with a dirk. Kira escaped. Asano, because he had done violence within the precincts of the shogun's court, was required to commit harakiri.

In any civilized land, the story would end there. A crime had been committed and the criminal brought to justice. But the Japanese would not be content with such a solution. The Japanese lust for vengeance must be satisfied.

Forty-seven samurai who had served Lord Asano were now samurai without a master, that is, ronin. Feudal notions of honor required them to avenge their dead lord. Kira must die. Just why is a little confusing to the Western mind. But the feudal feudist reasons that Kira's remark provoked Asano to

attack him, and this led to Asano's death, therefore Kira must pay.

But the ronin, to catch Kira off guard, pretended that they had no further interest in the matter. Their leader, Oishi, assumed the role of a drunken ne'er-do-well, even deceiving his wife. When she reproved him for his faithlessness to his former lord, he divorced her, drove her and his two young children from the house and took a harlot in her place.

At this point, the expressions on the faces in the audience reflect complete adoration for the magnificent Oishi. "Admirable and faithful man!" writes a Japanese reviewer in the paper the next morning.

When all preparations were made, the forty-seven ronin with Oishi at their head descended upon Kira and killed him with the same dirk with which Asano had tried to kill him previously. Quite a point is made of this—there is supposed to be poetic justice in it.

But the distortions of all human values are not yet finished. The ronin, having committed the murder that their master had failed to commit, are now subject to the law of the land. But instead of being condemned and executed in a fashion becoming to murderers, they are allowed the honor of dispatching themselves. And somehow their harakiri is supposed to wipe out all blood-guilt on their part and to make them saints for the veneration of all future generations.

The drama is built upon a true incident of Japanese history. I have stood in the little cemetery where lie the forty-seven ronin and seen mothers bring their children to burn incense before their graves. And the story is in Japanese schoolbooks and is held up to young Japan as an exemplification of the most lofty and dazzling virtue.

What does it teach? Feudal ethics. Your duty to a criminal

master is greater than your duty to your own wife and children. Vengeance is not the Lord's, it is yours. The motive of vengeance has disappeared from intelligent novels because it is too ridiculous to stand up in the light of advanced civilization. But in Japan, it is still inculcated in the minds of school children. Never forget a grudge. If your master or your emperor or your nation commits a crime and is judged guilty at the bar of public opinion, you must not rest until you have plunged the sword of revenge into the judge.

Law is of no moment as compared with the duty to avenge a slight. If you do a bloody deed in a cause that you consider honorable, you are better than the law.

The Japanese believe it and practice it. The assassin who cuts down a statesman does it for his emperor and is honored.

The philosophy of it extends inevitably to international law. Your treaties with foreign powers—they should be observed only so long as they do not interfere with your own nation's ambitions.

For nothing matters but loyalty—loyalty not to mankind—loyalty not to right, decency and fair play—loyalty not even to those who have been placed in your care—but loyalty to your self-appointed rulers, no matter how undeserving of loyalty they may be.

Needless to say, this system of morality has been built up by the aforesaid rulers, from the feudal lords of the past to the feudal lords of the present. Nowhere else in the world do the outmoded principles of feudalism so persist.

III:

The Sixteenth Century Riding the Twentieth

EVERYTHING possible is done to turn the public mind backward. In recent years there has been a systematic revival of the ancient Noh dance, of the thousand-year-old nagauta music.

The phonograph serves the past. My wife and I sat on the floor in Goro's home, listening to his electric phonograph. It towered above us on one side of the room as the upright piano did on the other. In some houses of the well-to-do a foreign room with chairs and high table is appended to the house as a sign that the owner knows what's what in the outside world. But the family seldom uses the room. It is like the old-time American "parlor"—just a stiff uncomfortable place in which to entertain guests for the first half hour until you become sufficiently familiar with them to take them into the real house and settle down on the floor cushions.

So we sat on the floor, sipped tea from an ankle-high table, and listened to Beethoven. Goro had put it on as a courtesy to us. He looked rather bored. When it was done I asked him,

"Tell me, Goro, who is your favorite composer?"

He smiled. "Whoever composed this," he said, putting on another record. Weird age-old strains filled the room. "This was written so many centuries ago that nobody knows who wrote it."

Conferring later with the heads of the recording industry, I learned that the chief use of the phonograph in Japan is the rendition of Japanese music. The most popular records are those of Japanese songs or the music of the samisen, koto, biwa, drum, shakuhachi and sho.

We listened also to Goro's radio. It was the finest money could buy—which seemed, to Westerners at least, a pity, since little can be heard on the Japanese radio except Japanese speeches on politics, filial piety and national spirit—and Japanese music. In the entire day's program there will seldom be more than a half-hour of Western music. Often none at all. The radio has not obliterated the music of old Japan.

Then came our own adventure in home-making in Japan. We chose Hayama, not because it was a fashionable suburb of Tokyo, but because it was on the seashore. But since it was a fashionable suburb, and since we had read many articles concerning the "westernization" of Japan, we expected to find a few houses that would not be out of place in a modern satellite village of New York or London. Instead of which we discovered that most of the houses, even those newly built, were of a style unchanged since before Commodore Perry visited these shores.

The house we rented was floored with spotless Japanese reed-mats or *tatami*, necessitating the removal of shoes at the door. The windows were not windows, but sliding doors of translucent paper (*shoji*) upon which the sun cast exquisite silhouettes of pine, bamboo and butterfly. These doors could be pushed back, or entirely removed, converting the house into a pavilion open to the garden.

We determined that since we were living in a Japanese house we should live in Japanese style. Perhaps thereby we should come a little closer to probing the Japanese mind.

After a year, we had enough of it; and we readmitted iron beds and high tables to our lives. But during that first year we slept on the floor, sat on the floor and ate on the floor. And discovered beauty in a house not cluttered with furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac. We discovered also the supreme discomforts of the Japanese house, particularly in a wet and windy winter, and came to a better understanding of Nipponese hardihood and insensibility to pain.

We were surprised to learn that no one in our village spoke English, having heard that English was spoken throughout Japan. Evidently our fellow villagers had *not* heard of it. It is true that English is taught in the higher schools, but the vast majority never go beyond primary. And even in the higher schools the teaching of English has been severely restricted in recent years. The result is that the new generation will have a much feeblar grasp of English than the generation before it. It is only another example of Japan's increasing sense of self-sufficiency and revival of old ways.

Our maid was the wife of a fisherman. She understood not one word of English and did not care to learn. She was surprised at our ignorance of Japanese.

"Don't they teach Japanese in the schools in your country?" she asked.

A perfectly logical question, to her mind, since she knew that English was taught in Japanese higher schools.

We were a constant source of entertainment to the farm folk along the country trails. "They can look over all the fences," they said, commenting upon our height. The flat-faced children gazed in jaw-hung wonder at our deep-set eyes. "How do they see out to the sides?" And our great noses. "They get the bad smells coming every way." The

children frankly called us *ijin-san*, foreign devil, a term we had supposed long since forgotten in Japan.

And all this within thirty miles of Tokyo.

The sounds of our village illustrated the curious blend of new and old that is the Japan of today.

The new was represented by the roar of big guns at the Yokosuka naval base five miles away, discordant blasts of brass from a too-near house rented for the summer by the "Wagner Club" of Keio University students, the accordion of a summer visitor playing "Roses of Picardy" and "Beautiful Blue Danube."

But the ancient dominated. More constant than the guns and more tireless than the cornetists was the all-day throb of the great drum in the Nichiren shrine on the mountain side and the drone of the priests. Men of their order passed through the streets daily, beating fan-like hand drums. The great bells of the Shinto shrine spoke solemnly. Thousand-year-old plays were enacted at festivals of the Buddhist temple, with shriek of primitive instruments and clapping of sticks.

There were the bells of vendors every morning, the chant of begging pilgrims during the day, the plucking of samisens in the evening. Then, late at night, the plaintive flutes of blind masseurs, still heard as they have been heard in these very lanes since before Columbus discovered America.

And the deep voices of the soldiers in the barracks singing *Kimigayo*, the national anthem.

"Thousands of years of happy reign be thine;
Rule on, my lord, till what are pebbles now
By age united to mighty rocks shall grow
Whose venerable sides the moss doth line."

The village school, though modern in its equipment, is ancient in its spirit. Goro is a good example of what such

schools turn out. He had gone through Japan's new-old educational system from primary to law school. What sort of man has it made out of him?

He faces two ways. Out toward the world, and back to the traditions of old Japan. Since he intends to be a diplomat, he has learned English, French, German, Spanish and Chinese. His walls are lined with law books and volumes on foreign affairs.

Between two of the bookcases filled with Western literature, there is a door in the wall. It is too small to allow any one to pass through. One day he opened the door and revealed a beautiful miniature room about three feet square and four feet high. In a gold-and-black lacquer shrine sat a Buddha. Below his pedestal stood an open book covered with gold brocade.

"We call it *The Book of the Past*," said Goro. "It contains the names of our ancestors."

"How far back?"

"About four hundred years."

He removed the book and showed me the names of his father and mother, of his eldest brother who had served in the London and Washington embassies, of his grandfather and great- and great-great-grandfathers, far back into feudal times.

Every morning a bowl of fresh rice is placed before this book, and a vase of fresh flowers.

"And we conduct this little ceremony," said Goro. He kneeled before the shrine, lit a candle on each side of the book, ignited incense sticks, struck a bronze bell three times, placed his palms together and bowed in prayer. Then he struck the bell once, and extinguished the lights by waving his hand. He explained that they must not be blown out—and,

when they are lighted, foreign matches should not be used since they may contain phosphorus made from the bones of dead animals.

He reverently closed the door—then took me to see the “god-shelf,” a high shelf holding a miniature Shinto shrine. It is here that the Great Parent, the emperor, is daily worshiped, and the gods who preceded him; particularly Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess, supposed ancestress of the race.

Thus the first shrine represents the private family and the second the national family.

I could see that all this, including the mythological part of it, meant a great deal to Goro, as intelligent and progressive a young man as could be found in any country.

Everywhere you find this curious combination of the mystical and the matter-of-fact. Many a great modern factory has a fox shrine. The fox is the guardian of the factory. A foreign oil refinery has a fox shrine on the roof; every year all the Japanese employees gather for what would correspond to a salesmen’s convention in the West but here takes the form of a service before the shrine. Japanese employees of an American camera company in Tokyo petitioned the company to place a fox shrine on the roof. Great department stores such as Mitsukoshi, Shirokiya and Takashimaya are all equipped with roof-garden shrines. In the Shirokiya shrine is a tiny bronze image of Kwannon found two hundred years ago at the bottom of a well. The well, which is in the basement of the store, was so blessed that it yields 432,000 gallons of water daily. When the store was destroyed by fire in 1923, and again in 1932, the shrine was unharmed.

Japan causes alarm by flooding the markets of the world with cheap manufactured goods. These are very modern

articles—electric bulbs, mechanical toys, bicycles and so on—but their success is due to ancient principles in Japan.

When you see a new employee drink a cup of wine containing a drop of his employer's blood, you realize why humanitarians make little progress in reforming Japan's labor conditions. It is a survival of the feudal idea of the loyalty of a samurai to his lord. The new hand is expected to be loyal to his chief. If he is a beginner, he may work for several years for nothing but his board and keep. When he is paid a wage it is very little—and he is schooled in the virtue of living simply so that he may need little. He consoles himself with the thought that his employer is succeeding; and that because of his hard work for small pay his nation will be able to make war and to export goods to all the world at prices so low that they defy competition. He cheerfully works overtime. He does not understand strikes. He is taught that to strike is disloyal not only to his boss but to his country. Meanwhile his sister in a textile mill tends thirty looms, while the operative in a Lancashire mill complains to the labor union if asked to tend more than eight.

The farmer has the same idea—feudal loyalty. He bears taxes that would drive farmers in other countries to revolution. Of course it is in the country that you see the real Japan. At bottom it is about the same as ever—Perry and all the rest of us have hardly changed it.

The farmer has a radio and phonograph—but they discourage Japanese music. On one phonograph in a remote valley I was amazed to hear an American jazz selection of the vintage of 1930.

This mystified me. It was some time later that I learned that loud music, the more strident the better, is used to kill parasites on the silkworm. It was Dr. Yoshimasa Yagi, noted

parasitologist, who discovered that this parasite has a violent dislike for loud noises; when assaulted by them it burrows deeply into the body of the silkworm and there dies of asphyxiation. It has not been scientifically proved that American jazz is more effective than Japanese music for this purpose. But the farmer thinks so.

The Japanese farmer has electric lights. He uses motors, thermometers, bacteriological apparatus. He gets twice or three times as much out of the soil as the Western farmer. At the same time he clings to the old.

A farmer-friend of ours had poor eyes—we urged him to go to a Tokyo optometrist and have his eyes fitted, at our expense. Instead, he went to a priest who burned him on the forehead above each eye, on the back of each forearm and on the inside of each wrist. The fact that his eyes improved after this treatment confirmed him in the belief that old ways are best. This is typical of the innumerable medical superstitions found in Japan. They hold their own alongside a modern medical practice which has been highly developed by thousands of doctors thoroughly trained in Western science.

In war, too, Japan does things in a strangely new-old way. The notion that the spirits of Japanese soldiers who fell in the Russo-Japanese War are fighting today with Nippon's troops has been credited with many of Japan's recent victories.

The samurai sword is believed to be actually alive and to guide its user.

The "thousand-stitch-belt" which is today being made on any Tokyo street corner, each passerby pausing to put in one stitch, is supposed to protect its soldier-wearer from all harm. It is a coat of mail.

Most important of all, the emperor, although he remains in

Tokyo, is firmly believed to be actually present in the spirit on every battlefield, leading his troops.

Japan's sports are new and old—mostly old. Skiing is popular. A few rich play golf, but Japan is too pressed for room to afford space for golf links. Baseball has many devotees in the schools. But in our village, which is more modern than most, you will never see boys playing baseball in vacant lots as you will anywhere in America. Cricket is unknown.

From the village hall come the hoarse shouts of armored youths fencing with wooden staves. This is called *kendo*. Rifle practice has not crowded out the ancient sport of archery. What we know as jiu-jitsu and the Japanese call *judo* is a fine art in sport. The extraordinary form of heavyweight wrestling known as *sumo* draws immense crowds.

Then the women of Japan—how ancient and modern! But still the ancient rules.

We came to know a charming young radio singer. Haruko dressed in Western style and sang Western songs. Her parents were anxious to find her a mate, but she preferred her career.

Presently her career collapsed; she was notified that listeners were not enthusiastic about her Western offerings and, since she could not sing in the old style, she must go.

At our house she saw a picture of Goro, and he saw hers. He was casting about for a wife. We praised Haruko.

"She would never do," he said. "Too modern."

"But if you are planning to be a diplomat, you need a Western style wife."

He laughed. "In that case I should rather not be a diplomat. No, no. I must have a real Japanese wife."

Whether it was because of her growing interest in Goro, or whether she realized that all Japanese men felt about the same way on this subject, Haruko began to talk less about "pam-

anento weibu" (the nearest that their syllabary allows the Japanese to come to "permanent wave"), "doressu" (dresses), "apato" (apartments), "toki" (talkies), "miujikaru purei" (musical plays), and "Hariwudo" (Hollywood) and more about things purely Japanese. She appeared frequently in kimono.

When Goro's parents told us of their troubles in finding a suitable mate for their son, we described Haruko. They sent their *nakodo*, go-between, to interview the girl's parents. It was not until the parents on both sides were satisfied that the young people, although quite old enough to handle their own affairs, were notified. Then there was a dignified delay of several months before a meeting was arranged.

In the meantime, Haruko attended Brides' School. There she studied flower arrangement, tea ceremony, the playing of the samisen and koto, Japanese sewing and cooking. Also there were classes on the duty of a Japanese wife to her husband and to her mother-in-law.

At last came the day of the *miai*, mutual seeing. A lucky day by the old calendar was chosen for this important event. The two, accompanied by their parents, met at the go-between's house. There was an hour of polite conversation.

This done, the young people were expected to give their decision. And it was expected to be favorable, for had not their parents gone to a great deal of trouble on their behalf?

It was favorable. It would be too much to say that the two fell in love at first sight. Love usually comes after marriage in Japan, not before. But they sensed that they were suited to each other, and they had respect for the judgment of their parents.

Now that they were engaged, it was proper, under slightly modernized Japanese custom, for them to meet occasionally.

Goro took the girl to concerts and movies and their interest in each other increased.

Then the wedding. One could hardly believe that these two in ceremonial kimono who looked as if they had stepped out of a Japanese print were a fashionable young radio singer of New York melodies and a budding lawyer and diplomat. The bride wore a "horn cover" of white gauze—to conceal the horns of jealousy which every woman is supposed to possess. The wedding took place in the Shinto shrine room of a great up-to-date hotel—more mixing of new and old. The marriage was solemnized by the mutual sipping of saké from three cups. Then the assembled families went through a similar ceremony—for marriage in Japan is the binding not merely of two persons, but of two families.

The honeymoon? It must wait until another ancient practice was observed. The bride must return without her husband to her own house for three days.

Then the two sailed on a trip to Europe. They were both eager to see and learn. However, I have not the slightest doubt that they came back just as thoroughly Japanese as when they left.

But was it only in imagination that I saw in these two young people a bafflement and confusion, a lack of final focus? They did not know whether they were coming or going. It is no easy feat to combine world vision and chauvinism.

One day in a country village I saw a Buddhist priest riding a bicycle. My fellow-traveler remarked:

"The sixteenth century riding the twentieth."

That is Japan. She rides modernity, but remains her ancient self. She rides modernity back into her own past.

Such a reversal of the normal process of development can only mean, as it has meant, a setback to world co-operation.

It affects all of us, as one backward and recalcitrant pupil affects the whole class, as one player who refuses to abide by the rules breaks up the game. It will hurt every one of the community of nations. Most of all, it will hurt Japan.

IV:

The ABCs of Aggression

SCHOOLS for soldiers. Schools for sailors. Schools for parachutists. Schools for infiltrators. Schools for spies. Schools for brides. Schools for cotton spinners. Schools for diplomats. Schools for future administrators where they may be trained to "assist" the native governments of Thailand, the Indies and India. Schools for manufacturers who are expected to supply the world's gum shoes, electric bulbs and other necessities of daily life, even including foods, at prices that will run the white man out of business.

Japan is at present swiftly expanding her educational system in response to the call she has heard to play a dominating rôle in world affairs. She regards education as the right arm of manifest destiny.

No nation expects more of education. And with good reason. Education made Japan. Education has put her on a par with the other great powers. May it not, during the next century, carry her beyond them? Her pell-mell advance, many times more swift than that of any other nation, shows no sign of slowing down. For the unknown, but not undreamed-of, triumphs of the coming age, super-education will be necessary.

Therefore Japan is undertaking intensive education with a Spartan rigor and zeal unmatched in history.

There are wrecks along the new speedway of knowledge—physical breakdowns, suicides, crushing of the weak. But the unfit must be eliminated that the nation may fulfill its destiny.

The educational task that has been carved out is prodigious. Japan is the first nation to adopt as a deliberate educational policy the synthesis of all the world's knowledge. All that the East knows, all that the West knows, Japan is determined to know. She shall be the interpreter between orient and occident. She shall not be an eastern power nor a western power—but a world power. *The* world power.

The Japanese are chauvinists. Love of country is their religion. They do not want to emigrate to other lands; instead, they bring all lands to Japan.

The currents of thought flowing through Japanese classrooms are like a parade of the nations. Chinese classics, Indian Buddhism, Russian communism, English law, French aestheticism, American pragmatism, German military drill and Danish calisthenics.

The learning of China and India came into Japan along with Buddhism. Schools were opened in connection with Buddhist temples, and Japanese youth made the acquaintance of the Chinese classics, herbalism, acupuncture, shampooing, divination, the almanac, and the composition of graceful couplets. Feudal lords opened schools for young samurai. But perhaps ninety per cent of the nation's youth received no education.

Schools of Western learning were begun by missionaries who arrived in 1859. But the real awakening did not come until the Restoration in 1868 when the feudal lords were over-

thrown and the Emperor Meiji restored to full power. He proclaimed that "henceforward education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family nor a family with an ignorant member."

Commissions of investigation were sent to Europe and America. The French educational system looked best, and was inaugurated. But it did not quite fulfill the dream for a universal system, and since America had such a system, an American expert, Dr. David Murray, was called to reorganize Japanese education. The present system is chiefly of his building.

But the American manner of education was soon modified. It developed too much individualism. So Germans came to teach the goose step and Prussian pooling of personality. As Japan's horizons broadened, she appropriated bits from many lands, set them in her mosaic, then melted the mosaic to produce what is, if not the best, at least the most cosmopolitan and most rigorous school system in the world.

America taught Japan how to insist that all children go to school, but Japan has outstripped her teacher. School attendance in Japan is today ahead of that in America. Of all Japanese children of school age, ninety-nine and a half per cent are in school.

No great nation in the world has a higher literacy than Japan.

No nation spends more money on schools in proportion to its population and wealth.

And no other nation has so swiftly mastered the lessons of past centuries and alien cultures.

Contrary to cliché, the Japanese are not imitators. They are assimilators. Nothing has been taken over as is. Everything has suffered a sea change into something rich and strange,

something essentially Japanese, suited to the temperament of the people.

English and American influence is strong—but always transmuted, Japanized. After seeing the classes at work during the day, I explore by flashlight, in company with the headmaster, the revealing contents of rooms, desks and cupboards in a great primary and middle school in Tokyo. Here is an American motion picture machine. But the films shown in it are Japanese-made. They depict the glory and predict the future of Japan. Some of them are ethical. "Ethical" means to a Japanese anything that will inculcate the abnegation of self and the glorification of Japan and the Emperor. Others are historical, reviewing Japan's always successful wars. Geography, science, literature, art, even mathematics, all presented from the distinctly Japanese standpoint, are covered in other reels.

Japanese education takes the cinema very seriously. Every middle school and high school has its motion picture study club. The reason for special stress upon cinema is the belief of educators that Japanese students are peculiarly eye-minded. Therefore the Board of Education itself produces a large number of films, not leaving this important pedagogic task to commercial concerns. Also it is insisted that the films be used, not as supplementary or extra-curricular material, but as an integral part of classroom work.

We visited the natural history laboratory. At first it looks exactly like its English or American counterpart. But all those birds and mammals in the cabinets are Japanese. The roving flashlight suddenly makes two white human skeletons leap out of a closet. They also are short, squat and native.

We find Western influence strong in the music room. Here is a grand piano on one side and an electric phonograph on the other. There is no sign of *koto* or *samisen*. And when I

open a book and study the notes of a song, I renew acquaintance with "Darling Nelly Gray." Yet some notes have been subtly changed, strangely orientalizing the southern belle. And when the Japanese verses are translated to me, they have nothing to do with Nelly at all. Their theme is purely Japanese.

Other notes unmistakably reveal "Annie Laurie," though a bit slant-eyed. And here are many other old favorites—"Old Folks at Home," "Auld Lang Syne," "Comin' Through the Rye," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "The Minstrel Boy," "Home, Sweet Home."

Many foreign songs have made themselves so thoroughly at home in Japan that they are regarded as native-born. Christian songs, picked up from the mission schools and re-strung with secular words, blaze with the national spirit. Liberal use is made of the tunes of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know." A stirring marching song by which the children goose-step back to the classrooms after recess has been salvaged out of "Shall We Gather at the River." And I remember hearing "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood" tapped out with one finger in a cinema theater to accompany a picture of Manchukuo troops in pursuit of bandits. But in all this there is no thought of sacrilege. Words have been so changed that students today have no idea of the former associations of the melodies.

"Why not use Japanese airs?" I ask.

"Because the minor scale used in Japanese music gives it an element of pathos as compared with foreign music. It is dark, passive, reflective. It is not in tune with militant Japan. We need stimulating music. That is why some of your church tunes are so useful. They are written to inspire confidence and

faith; and they do it quite as well for patriotism and veneration of the Emperor as they ever did for Christianity."

Even the English language has put on a kimono in Japan. English is taught in all middle schools. Once the teachers were Americans or Englishmen, but for many years most of them have been Japanese. The result of this preponderance of Japanese teachers of English is that an extraordinary brand of English has grown up. An Anglo-Saxon would hardly recognize it as his native tongue. This peculiar Japanese pronunciation of English has now become standardized; it makes a new spoken language in the world! Students taught by Anglo-Saxons have difficulty in passing the university entrance examinations, their pronunciation being at variance with accepted Japanese English.

But the chief value of English to the Japanese lies not in the ability to speak it, but the ability to read it. This they can do—and the whole range of English literature is open to them.

But a change is taking place. Less time than formerly is being given to the study of alien languages. A few years ago, in high school, twenty hours a week were so devoted—now only fifteen. Also, geographies and histories which were formerly printed in English are now printed in Japanese.

The result is that the older men know English better than those of the new generation. The English language, instead of spreading in Japan, is today suffering a backward swing of the pendulum.

"We must return," declares General Araki, "to the spirit, ideals and moral traditions of old Japan. All ideas from abroad which conflict with the Japanese spirit must be barred. As the basis for this, the educational system must be radically reformed."

Besides reducing over-indulgence in foreign languages,

there is a distinct effort to orientalize foreign literature, to make it have special meaning for the Japanese—give it naturalization papers. On a teacher's desk I find a copy of Irving's "Sketch Book," English on each right-hand page, Japanese on the left. The text breathes still of Sleepy Hollow. But the numerous illustrations, by Japanese artists, present an Ichabod and a Rip Van Winkle that Sleepy Hollow and the Catskills never knew, but that the Japanese countryside would claim as its very own.

A glimpse of the two-sided life of the Japanese woman may be had in school sewing rooms. There we find foreign clothes in the making. But there also are Japanese kimonos and *obis*.

Japan strives to show how up-to-date she is by requiring foreign uniforms in school—but, behind the walls of home, insists that the Japanese girl be quite another person. At school she improves her mind, at home her appearance. At school she is trained for a career, at home she thinks only of a husband. And Japanese men prefer the simple wife, not one full of *weltshmerz*. At school she wears atrocious leather shoes, at home the *tabi*, the little, white, bifurcated socks that Lafcadio Hearn likened to faun's feet. At school she perches on a chair, longing to draw her feet up under her. At home she subsides comfortably upon the straw *tatami*. At school she competes with men. At home she sits in the background and waits upon them with gracious humility.

East and West have met in the Japanese woman—with the East dominant.

But there is one phase of life in which we find no blending of East and West. There is one feature in which Japanese education allows no influence from the outside.

V:

A Framed Picture of God

IN THE masters' room we stand before a great steel vault. The headmaster informs me, in hushed tones, that within this vault are the portraits of the Emperor and Empress.

If through fire or other misfortune these portraits are injured, the headmaster must resign. On notable occasions they are taken out, placed in frames which always stand ready for them in the auditorium, and worshiped by all the students. Also, on the first and fifth of each month, the students assemble in the school yard to pray for the health of the Emperor. And they continue such veneration all their lives.

The Emperor-worship itself is not so significant as the fact that all the people join in it. It serves as a focal point for the hopes, prayers and ambitions of the nation. Japan is a family. The mystic Emperor is the father. All are his children and filial piety is the chief of virtues. The result is a family pride, stubborn clannishness and singleness of purpose unknown elsewhere in the world. The Japanese nation moves as one man; more accurately, as one family.

Not a day passes that this lesson of the family-nation is not taught in the schools. Each one for all—that Japan may survive! Not only does it enter into the teaching of every subject, but two hours a week every week for eleven years are given to "Morals." Whether it was a guilty conscience that gave the course this pious name, I do not know. Certainly the instruction has little to do with morals, as the word is understood elsewhere. Right and wrong are considered only from the

standpoint of service to the Japanese Emperor. Any betrayal of human rights is justified if done in the name of god-on-earth. Just as our own materialism sometimes shirks good faith with the filthy excuse, "The end justifies the means," so any chicanery or double-dealing becomes a virtue to the Japanese mind if it seems to praise and magnify the Heavenly King.

Not only in "Morals" but in every other subject in the school, whether it be geography, history, or even arithmetic, the national spirit is the underlying subject taught.

Students wear uniform that they may remember their kinship and forget their dissimilarities. They are not encouraged to think for themselves, but for the state. They are not trained for democracy. Japan has always scorned democracy. Just as children do not know what is best for them, so as Hegel said, "The people is that portion of the state which does not know what it wills." No, the Japanese have been trained to follow their leaders and make a solid impact upon history.

To this end, Japan relies upon education of the most utilitarian, "how-to-do" sort. She has, as yet, no time for culture. Or, as some of her pragmatist educators say, she already has culture, two thousand years of it—what she needs now is machine-knowledge.

I secure an appointment with the Minister of Education. The personnel of this office changes frequently; but policies remain unchanged, and whoever is Minister holds in his hands, while he occupies that office, the future of Japan. The Minister of War leads the nation. The Minister of Education makes a nation that can be led.

Upon entering his office, I notice that he sits with his back to the windows which look out toward the ancient moat overhung by venerable pines that give an air of deep Confucian

contemplation to the Imperial Palace grounds—and he faces the windows framing modern Tokyo, concrete buildings, three great wireless towers, a busy crossing where honking automobiles watch the stop-and-go signs.

He talks of many things—but constantly comes back to the practical nature of Japanese education.

“It is through the influence of American education,” he says, “that Japanese education tends to be on practical lines. Subjects of study are selected that will make education useful in daily life. Efforts are being made at the same time towards the development of vocational education as well as vocational guidance.”

He praises cultural studies. But he evidently feels that culture will not win the race for industrial and military leadership any more than a knowledge of Sanscrit will put a runner over the line.

For an ideal system, he grants that too much energy is being concentrated upon the infusion of scientific knowledge. But that cannot be helped. Such defects will be remedied later—after the race is over.

He puts in my hands various reports and surveys describing the amazing array of special schools organized to fit students for the machine age. Here are schools in textile manufacturing, spinning, weaving, sericulture, making of rayon, metal industrial arts, industrial designing, precision machines, industrial chemistry, ceramics, chemical engineering, brewing, mechanical engineering, electricity, radio, automobile mechanics (Japan already exports automobile parts and is beginning to manufacture automobiles), aviation (Japan makes her own planes), naval architecture (Japan builds ships for herself and for the world), colonization, diplomacy, foreign affairs, foreign languages.

There are many schools that give thorough training in foreign trade—how to gather samples of what the natives of other lands are wearing and using, how to copy and improve such merchandise, how to manufacture it so cheaply that competition will be impossible, how to market it, how to handle credits.

Nothing is made easy. Under the public school system there are six school days a week. The number of school days in the year are from 220 to 240, as against 147 in the United States. Summer vacations run from four to six weeks in length.

Primary school theoretically requires six years, middle school five years, high school three years, university three years. That adds up to seventeen years. Actually, however, examinations are so stiff that any student who can complete his education in seventeen years is a prodigy. Many a student must retake his examination three or four years in succession before he wins promotion to the next higher school. The vast majority cannot make the grade—the few who do are graduated from the university at an age of from twenty-five to thirty.

Primary school is compulsory. The higher schools are not—and only ten per cent of primary school students ever see the inside of a middle school. When middle school graduates bend over their high school entrance examination papers, they do it with the bitter knowledge that only one in fourteen can hope to pass. And of high school graduates who take university examinations, a third will get through.

Knowing these hurdles which they must leap to get anywhere, Japanese students apply themselves with such grim zeal that even the failures among them are brilliant successes as compared with Western students of the same age.

Curricula are overloaded. The President Emeritus of Ohio's

Western Reserve University, upon visiting Japan, was astonished to find that "the Japanese student takes more lectures in a week than the American student in a fortnight, or possibly three weeks."

The hardest task of the Japanese student is to learn his own language. Added to its own difficulties are the difficulties of Chinese—for modern Japanese contains a sprinkling of more than 50,000 Chinese characters. The primary student toils over his own language seven hours a week in class, seven hours a week at home, a total of fourteen hours a week for six years. At the end of that time he has mastered only about 3,000 of the Chinese ideographs (each having five or six different meanings). He can read a newspaper. But he is still baffled by a magazine or book, unless written in the most colloquial speech.

Even university students have a very uncertain knowledge of the literary language. It is supposed to be used in the composition of letters, articles, books. A student in Tokyo Imperial University, principal institution of learning in Japan, confessed to me that his uncle rarely hears from him—because any letter to him must be written in the old literary form, and its composition is a long and fatiguing task. Even the greatest scholars cannot write without a good dictionary at hand. Educated men find it easier to read old Japanese classics in English translation than in the original.

It is also difficult for a Japanese to learn foreign languages, since they are not at all cognate with his own.

The strain of preparing to meet all the world means physical breakdowns, nervous disorders, a frightful toll of tuberculosis, and a suicide cult.

An American student would hardly commit suicide if he

failed to pass an examination. But education means everything to the Japanese. His family is probably undergoing severe privation to send him to school—for there are no scholarships. If he repeatedly fails he cannot bear the disgrace. There are more than three thousand student suicides a year. The craters of the great volcanoes, Aso, Mihara and Asama, receive most victims. A relief corps is kept constantly on hand at the top of Aso to rescue those who strike a ledge and, terrified by the boiling hell close below, decide that even school is less formidable. Mihara on the island of Oshima is more popular, since once the leap is made, there is no possibility of change of mind. But some cannot wait until they reach the island. During the small steamer's trips across Tokyo Bay to the island in one month, twenty-two candidates for oblivion leaped into the sea. Asama, far inland, is not so easily accessible—yet this Moloch receives its offerings of many young lives each year.

Where the educational strain does not break a man, it makes him. The Japanese educated mind is a precision machine. It can be geared to any problem and will grind away at it with an impersonal zeal. It has been disciplined to go on and on, without fatigue.

The body too has been severely disciplined. Dormitory life is monastic, the rooms chill, the food meager. Students, no matter how rich, are expected to share the simple life of their teachers—and the average salary of teachers in Japan is 60 yen, less than \$18 a month.

An Imperial University acquaintance of ours, whose father was high in the Imperial Cabinet and whose samurai family includes a judge, a procurator, a governor, an adviser to Manchukuo and the president of a great political party, does not mind being a bit out at the elbow and down at the heel. A

right-angle tear in the knee of his uniform has been awkwardly sewed up. These things are badges of honor—signs of the stoic. When I protect my effete feet with three pairs of woolen socks against the winter chill of a Japanese floor, he is comfortable barefooted. On school days his lunch consists of a bit of rice wrapped in seaweed. Fish and vegetables suffice for his other meals. And yet his staunch frame casts doubt upon the conclusion of Hearn who saw no chance of the Japanese becoming great on greens and fish.

"The thoughts that have shaken the world," Hearn said, "were created by beefsteak and mutton-chops, by ham and eggs, by pork and puddings, and were stimulated by generous wines, strong ales, and strong coffee." But that was written in an age of the glorification of meat. Today Japan's simple fare is not only endorsed by scientists but verified by the brute strength of the Japanese on the farms, their endurance in the educational mill, prowess in the Olympics, and fortitude in war.

Physical training in Nippon's schools is rigorous, and has been credited with increasing Japanese stature one inch in the last thirty years. Bodies are built that will endure Manchurian winters or tropical heat. A jiu-jitsu school in Tokyo perversely holds its classes at the chilly hour of 4 A.M. during the coldest winter months, and at noon during the hottest summer days.

In all schools, military training is compulsory. Whereas four-fifths of American teachers are women, four-fifths in Japan are men—and these men are all soldiers. Normal school is so akin to an officer's training camp that graduates are required to spend only one year instead of the usual two in the army. They come out of school trained soldiers.

These soldier-teachers start inculcating the soldier-spirit in

their youngest charges. From that time, throughout school, and until the end of the term which every young man must spend in the army, the cult of simplicity and severity is supreme.

Plain living, hard schooling, unquestioning obedience, the habit of application, the passion of "patriotism," and the code of death rather than surrender, combine to make men who are obtuse to discomfort. They seem not to know when they are cold, hungry, weary.

And every quality that serves them in time of war serves them equally well in the unremitting industrial conflict. For industry is military. It is manned by soldiers. The soldiers, it must be remembered, are not a class apart in Japan. They are Japan. Every able-bodied man is a soldier, subject to call to the colors, and in the meantime enrolled in the industrial army. Japan's economic march has been and will be made by soldiers, disciplined, hardened, intensively trained.

Japan's entire educational system is marked by an excess of zeal. To the Westerner, there seems to be too intense a military atmosphere, too much "patriotism," too much emphasis upon the destiny of Nippon, too merciless an eye-strain, nerve-strain and brain-strain in the rush to learn. Japan is impelled by a vision that is a frenzy. She sees herself with a rôle to play, not merely in Asia but in the world at large, second to that of no other nation on earth. And she is preparing.

VI:

Soldiers Are Made, Not Born

JAPANESE babies are as human as any others. But before they are off their mothers' backs they have begun to learn the philosophy of still-feudal Japan—that the individual is nothing but dirt under the chariot wheels of the progress of the Japanese race. And the Japanese race is somehow synonymous with the Japanese army.

Active military training begins at the age of six. Little tots mark time, goose-step, march in platoons. As they get older, they go through the manual of arms with snap and precision.

When the teacher enters the classroom, a young captain brings the class to attention with the sharp command, "Stand up!—Bow down!" The teacher returns the bow and the lesson begins. Decorum in class is almost too good. There is not a whisper. In the playground, games are regimented. Quarrels are exceptional; fights are unknown. The Japanese do not believe in wasting their fighting strength upon each other.

Upon entering middle school at twelve years of age the boys are provided with light rifles and uniforms with brass buttons. They are thoroughly drilled by military instructors. There is a parade ground and drill hall in connection with every middle school. War songs are sung with fervor, new ones being constantly supplied with the approval of the government. Excursions to military shrines are frequent. These excursions are no picnics. They often involve hard endurance marches, and Spartan fare in Buddhist temples.

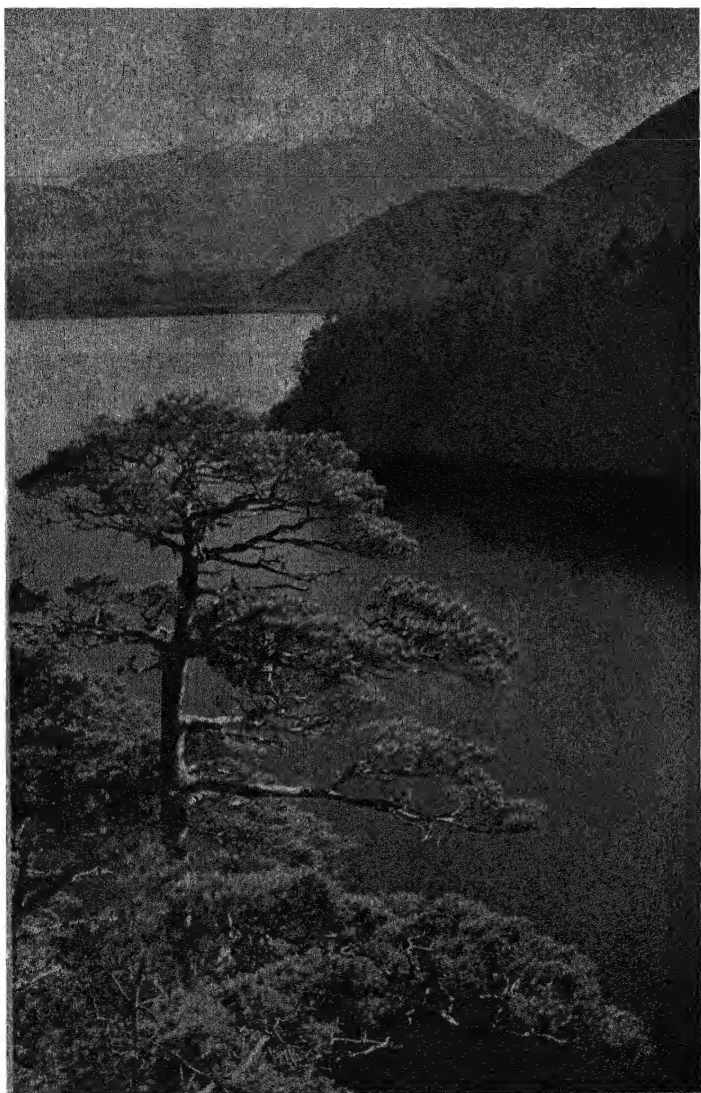
Each year there are military maneuvers of schoolboys. In



CAMELS WAITING TO CARRY VISITORS ACROSS THE WASTE OF THE OUTER CRATER UP TO THE RIM OF THE INNER CRATER OF THE ACTIVE VOLCANO MIHARA, THE MOST POPULAR SUICIDE RESORT IN JAPAN

THE ANNUAL TYPHOONS WITH THEIR ACCOMPANYING TIDAL WAVES DO STRANGE TRICKS, AND CAUSE LOSS IN HOMES, FARMS AND LIVES





LAKE ASHI AND MOUNT FUJI

such a demonstration ten thousand picked students participate. They are divided into two opposing "armies," the one intrenching itself, the other attacking the position an hour before dawn. The "armies" are equipped with blank-loaded rifles, machine guns, grenades and field guns and are commanded by regular army officers.

Perhaps more important than all this is that from age six to seventeen the future soldier is drilled in "Morals" with an imperial M—loyalty to the immediate family, the larger family which is called the nation, and the Emperor who is the Father of all. This goes on until many students when asked, "What is your dearest wish?" will sincerely enough set down this answer, "To die for my beloved Emperor."

After graduation, the Young Men's Association continues the good work. This militant body is hardly to be confused with the Young Men's Christian Association. The Young Men's Association has a branch in every village, usually under the direction of an ex-soldier, and its aim is to make patriots.

Then comes conscription. The young Japanese must put forth his best effort to be conscripted, and usually does so, for it is considered an honor. He must first pass a stiff examination. Those who pass are further weeded down by a ballot so arranged that only one out of eight can succeed. The others are drafted into the Reserve.

The new recruits are acclaimed by the commanding officers in special ceremonies, and letters of instruction are sent to their homes so that their families may know the conduct becoming to the relatives of a soldier. His life, which has been claimed by the Emperor, they must consider before their own. They must under no circumstances be a handicap to him in the performance of his duty. Many a mother has committed

suicide rather than be a burden upon her soldier-son. No great sensation was created recently when two small boys, who would have no one to care for them if their father obeyed the call to service in China, bared their bodies to his sword and died with the Emperor's name on their lips. Another conscripted father gave his motherless daughters to a brothel. It is not uncommon for wives to be divorced and sent back to their parents when the call to the front comes.

If relatives willingly endure hardship for the soldier it is because the soldier himself is the high priest of hardship. If he did not find the army sacrificial he would desert it in disgust—as people desert a religion that makes too few demands upon them.

But the army comes up to the ideals of the most Spartan. The conscript drills all day, cleans equipment in the evening, and, by way of amusement, listens to lectures on the duties of the soldier.

His pay is too small to be called a salary or even a wage, but as an honorarium he finds it entirely satisfactory. He is not allowed to receive gifts of money from his pitying parents. His officers, likewise, some of them from rich families, are not permitted to enjoy private means. They must live the common soldier's life and eat his food—eternal rice and vegetables.

Meat is regarded not as a builder of brawn but rather as a nerve-irritant. The Japanese peasant, who uses his own muscles to do the work that is done in Western countries by animals and machines, has long since demonstrated that there is no causal relationship between meat and brute strength.

Peasant lads, by the way, so predominate in the army that it has often been called a peasant army. They predominate because they are the best Japan has to offer in the way of

native intelligence, powerful bodies and unquestioning patriotism.

The conscript's required two years of training are spent in a graduated course of hardships. Whatever topographical features the country round may possess are used to the greatest possible disadvantage. If there are mountains they must be climbed where the climbing is hardest. If there are marshes they must be waded. Rivers in flood are crossed by raft or improvised bridge. Deep snow is an invitation to an exhausting "snow march." The bitterest days in winter and the hottest in summer are seized upon as appropriate times for field exercises. When the ground is frozen, trench digging is the order of the day.

All this is intended to give not merely physical training but moral stamina. It does breed a fighting machine that seeks always to submit itself to new tests, and looks upon self-sacrifice as the normal way of life.

Or of death. Death rather than surrender is no platitude in the Japanese army, but a strict rule of conduct. To be taken prisoner is "a dishonor of the greatest magnitude." During the first Shanghai incident, Major Koga, lying unconscious on the field, was taken prisoner. When released he went to a military shrine and committed *seppuku*. Fellow officers approved, in spite of the fact that his capture had been no fault of his own. General Araki praised Koga as a hero. "Whatever the circumstances," he declared, "one cannot expect to live after being taken prisoner by the enemy."

The Japanese soldier does not like death any better than any other soldier. There are many welchers in the Japanese army, weak souls who hold out on the war lords, avoid crashing their planes, surrender without committing harakiri. But when all these exceptions are accounted for it is still a simple

matter in the Japanese army to get volunteers to serve as human bombs, or to ride within torpedoes to certain death, or to wedge their bodies into the muzzles of cannon so that the obstruction may blow the artillery to bits before it may fall into the hands of the enemy. This does not mean that the Japanese soldier is braver than any other. It is the natural outcome of the ever-preached doctrine of self-immolation for the public good.

Because the army is the chief exponent of this doctrine of sacrifice it has been called "the greatest spiritual force in Japan." The army is Japan's church and religion. Buddhism is weak in comparison. As for Shinto, it has become largely identified with the army. Many of its shrines are war memorials. When Christian students objected to bowing before Shinto shrines, the Education Minister issued a statement to the effect that such obeisance was not to be interpreted as an act of religion, but of patriotism. He might have said "the religion of patriotism."

"The men in the service," an officer told me, "firmly believe that they are duty bound to be the mainstay of the morality of the Japanese race."

A strange morality, we may think, remembering Japanese atrocities.

The army is the will of the nation. The military believe that the people are incompetent to provide for their own welfare. The army thinks for the people. Is it best for the people to possess Asia? The army decides.

"The cherry is the best of flowers, the soldier the best of men." So runs the Japanese proverb, and so also runs the conviction of the average citizen.

The soldier is provided with modern military equipment and a perfectly useless sword. And the sword is more im-

portant than all the modern machinery of war. It clanks and rattles like something real, but it is actually a psychological sword, a sword of the spirit, the sword of Galahad. It may never be unsheathed, yet it gives the soldier power over his enemies. It is the old samurai symbol of devotion and sacrifice. With it beside him he feels that his strength is as the strength of ten, because the honor of bearing it permits him no thought except the service of his Emperor, and its sharp blade assures him of death rather than dishonor.

VII:

Japan on the Sea

THE lads of the Naval Academy at Yetajima, not yet old enough or sufficiently trained to enter the war, expect someday to be officers of battleships, cruisers or, at the very least, destroyers.

Yet the first deck they tread is that of an old-fashioned square-rigged sailing vessel. It is their training ship.

But why train on a wind-jammer for a navy that contains nothing but steamers?

Because, you are told, a sailor's first duty is to learn the sea, not the ship. And he is on closer terms with the sea in a square-rigger. He learns the habits of currents, waves, winds, storms. Besides, it's a hard life. It makes sailors.

My first glimpse of life on a training ship came about through a chance meeting. On the Kyoto-Tokyo train the young man in blue uniform sitting next to me suddenly asked

if I had ever been in "Seedonay." I finally made out that he meant Sydney, Australia. He had gone there, he said, on a cruise of his training ship. I indulged his desire to practice English, and was rewarded by an invitation to visit his ship. A few days later I met young Okawara at Shinagawa and we went by sampan out of the halitosis-afflicted mouth of the Meguro River and over shallow Tokyo Bay to board the handsome white four-masted barque, *Taisei Maru*.

I soon saw how an antiquated sailing ship can train sailors. The lads perched high on the yards furling sails knew where the wind was coming from. They and their officers studied the sky with an earnestness unknown to men of steam. And the toughening process was obvious. Barefoot cadets, who would be ships' captains some day, curled their toes around footropes from which one of their number had been blown into the sea during the last storm. They struggled with wet canvas that whipped back and forth in the grip of a strong breeze. The ship carried, when full-rigged, twenty-seven sails. That means plenty of exercise. Add to this the scrubbing down of the decks with sand and coconut at 5 A.M., the long lessons in navigation, and the lifeboat drills which are staged when the sea is particularly bad; and I understood the claim of the nautical schools: "There is nothing to equal work on a deep-water square-rigger to harden and toughen a youngster. Training on a wind-jammer brings out qualities of iron nerve, quickness to act in emergencies, physical toughness, all of which are necessary to the future steamship commander."

Such training, of course, is not peculiarly Japanese. In fact Japan learned it from the seafaring English.

But modern Japanese officers do not give much credit to the English—who taught Japan most of what she knows about how to fight the English! Yet the English, as well as

the Americans, French and Dutch, had considerable to do with the growth of the Imperial Navy.

The edict of the Shogun Iyemitsu forbidding the construction of any ships large enough to leave the shelter of the coasts isolated Japan for more than two centuries.

It was not until Commodore Perry's squadron arrived with demands backed with force that Japan saw the need of ships and guns. The ban on shipbuilding was removed. A dockyard was constructed at Nagasaki and a naval school started with the aid of the Dutch. The Imperial Navy began with two presents, one a six-gun paddle-wheel steamer from the Dutch, the other a four-gun yacht from the Queen of England.

The first ironclad in the new navy was the *Stonewall Jackson* purchased from the United States. Other ships were bought, and some built. The powers seem to have taken a most benevolent interest in the budding navy which was much too small and weak to be regarded seriously.

French engineers founded a dockyard at Yokosuka and taught all that the West knew about the construction of warships. Great Britain made the most significant contribution. She sent her naval officers as instructors to conduct a naval school at Yokohama and, later, a great naval college at Tokyo where Admiral Douglas and thirty-three picked English officers and seamen labored to create an expert personnel for the navy.

But your officers of the Imperial Navy emphasize the progress that has been made since these outsiders were dismissed and sent home. The Japanese, they point out, have a peculiar aptitude for the life of the sea, and show remarkable technical ability. They do not mention the early warships of Japanese construction that turned turtle because too many clever ideas had been incorporated in them.

Many estimates of present Japanese naval strength have been printed. They should all be taken with a grain of salt. Our own intelligence services have thoroughly demonstrated their ignorance of Japanese strength and Japanese strategy, from Pearl Harbor onward. The Japanese keep their secrets. There is only one way we can learn the strength of the Japanese fleet—by sinking it, ship by ship, and counting them as they go down.

But we do have a fair idea that the Imperial Fleet, on the eve of Pearl Harbor, was roughly equivalent to the combined Atlantic, Pacific and Asiatic fleets of the United States.

This does not tell the whole story, for one Japanese ship cannot be counted off numerically against one American ship. The Japanese ships are not only newer, in most cases, and have more gun power, but they carry two and sometimes three times the complement of men of the American ship of the same tonnage.

"The Japs are small in stature and they have a comparatively low living standard. These two simple circumstances account for the remarkable fact that Japanese modern cruisers have greater fighting usefulness, ton for ton, than those of the American and British navies," Jay Launer, contributor to *Jane's Fighting Ships*, writes in *Sea Power*.

"American ships require an eight-foot space between decks, but a six-foot space is more than enough for a Japanese crew because the average Jap sailor stands less than five and a half feet high. The Mikado's heavy cruisers have, therefore, only six-foot headroom and the result is that their ships can be built more compactly than those of other navies. For instance, by packing their hulls with five turrets, engine and boiler rooms, and eliminating all living quarters except those for engine room crews, they have been able to reduce their free-

board (space between waterline and main deck), and their draught. Savings in weight are then put to good use in increased armor, speed and fire-power. Above decks they have high towering bridges, sleeping quarters for deck crews, numerous rangefinders, director towers, torpedo tubes, catapults, seaplanes, anti-aircraft guns, etc. All this as a result of a simple, racial characteristic of smallness!"

Nippon's seafighter is not used to much and doesn't expect much. His bed has always been hard, his food scant, his privacy invaded. He doesn't mind being crowded in cramped quarters, and he gets better meals than at home. So the same conditions that would destroy a British or American sailor's morale, build his.

The Japanese think us spoiled, pampered, softened. There is some truth in it. But the softness, we have already proved to the surprise of our opponents, is only on the surface. The core is tough and sound—and under war conditions the surface as well soon turns hard. Pioneer America does not so easily decay.

VIII:

Japan in the Air

SCHOOL yells! School songs! Cheer leaders going crazy!
What is it? Football? Baseball?

No, the fifty thousand students are not looking down into a bowl. They are gazing up into the air.

Seven planes are doing the loop, spiral, falling leaf, split S

and even the dangerous tail spin. Each of the planes is brilliantly painted with the colors of a school or university.

An interscholastic air meet! Every one of the aviators is a student. He has had to squeeze his flying practice in between classes and homework. Yet it is quite evident that all of these chaps aloft are experienced and skillful pilots.

Some of the acrobatic maneuvers they are called upon to perform are extremely difficult—but they are the sort of maneuvers necessary in time of war. Today as we watch, one of the planes crashes to the earth, bursts into flames. The young pilot is burned to death before he can be extricated from the blazing wreck.

Does that stop the meet?

Not a bit of it! Fifty thousand hats come off and fifty thousand voices honor the fallen with the stirring strains of the national anthem. But there is no break in the program. The boys above know that they are expected to carry on.

We sometimes think of football as a savage game, but how much more grim is a school contest such as this! Japan, in equipping her schoolboys with planes, shows her passionate air-mindedness.

Japan's former inferiority in aviation has largely disappeared. Even the Germans, proud of their air record, have sent experts to Japan to study Japanese methods. American air company officials visiting Japan before the war reported that Japanese pilots were well trained. Japan-made planes and flying equipment have for many years been exported to all parts of the world, including Europe and America.

Japan learned much about aviation from the West two decades ago. But she had the idea long before that.

Three hundred years ago Japanese soldiers tied themselves

to large kites. With the wind as their motor, they flew over enemy fortifications and made observations.

Later a paper hanger, evidently longing for even more adventure than may be had balancing a roll of paper and a bucket on top of a stepladder, invented a glider. Whether he did his walls in it is not recorded, but the story is told of his descent frightening away the feasters from among blossoming cherry trees, whereupon he devoured the feast and was exiled by the hard-hearted police to a distant island. Not for stealing, but for being so mad as to fly.

Another back-yard inventor found the police unfriendly in 1874. He took his glider to a hilltop and flew down. Angry police and officials broke his plane to bits.

"It is a mistake for a man to imitate mere birds," declared the magistrate.

But nothing was said about beetles. A young man whose hobbies were kite flying and zoology made a happy combination of the two. He observed that the hard wing cases of a beetle give it buoyancy while the soft wings underneath enable it to fly forward. He built a plane in 1894, similar to the plane of today except that it was motorless.

Experiments multiplied. The army became interested. A motored plane was built in 1910. The builder, Captain Hino, together with Captain Tokugawa, were sent to Europe to study the new science. They came back with four planes.

But from the first, Japan was not willing merely to accept ready-made planes from the West. Captain Tokugawa, within a year, succeeded in building a biplane after the Farman model. He then turned to engines, and produced a forty-horsepower aero-motor which he installed in his monoplane. Thereupon he quit the service to become a motor manufacturer.

He soon had plenty of competition. Today the manufacture of aircraft is one of the major industries of Japan. Full knowledge that war was coming prompted Japan long ago to depend upon no other country for her planes, least of all her prospective enemies, America and Britain.

Our home in Japan was on a mountain side overlooking the sea not far from the Yokosuka naval base. Every day the air was alive with planes. One day a Japanese visitor pointed out a white monoplane and said:

"That was donated to the navy by the barbers."

"Barbers!" I exclaimed. "What interest have they in aviation?"

"Everyone in Japan is interested in aviation," he replied. "Ten thousand barbers each contributed one sen from the price of every shave, two sen on every hair cut, until they had enough to buy a plane for the navy. Another group of thirteen thousand barbers gave a plane to the army."

The whole nation takes enormous pride in the air force. The *tofu* (bean-curd) association of Tokyo recently advanced the price of tofu one sen a piece, and made planes out of tofu. Primary school teachers to the number of 220,000 contributed one sen monthly from their salaries to provide two planes, one for the army and one for the navy.

Schoolboys and schoolgirls have given many planes. A student will cheerfully go without a meal a day to help put one more plane in the sky for the glory of Japan. When the plane is commissioned, a half million proud students will assemble to see their ship take to the air. A solemn patriotic ceremony is held in which they pledge anew their readiness to sacrifice themselves, to die if necessary, for their emperor. Then a program of aerial stunts in which their ship is the star makes the day one to be remembered.

The larger schools and universities, as I have said, have their own planes. These are supplied by the Aviation Board of the Government. The board also supplies instructors to train the boys. All the young flyers are affiliated in an organization known as the Japan Students Air Navigation League. Each year a thrilling air contest between schools is held.

Of course the object of the government in thus encouraging student flying is to build up a corps of flyers to take the place of those being cut down in Japan's wars.

Fickle weather severely tests the beginners. In Japan, sunshine, heavy showers, thunder, blue sky, calm, strong winds, may all occur within a day. The changeableness of the weather makes things easy for the weather man. Anything he may prophesy will come true. He could write out his daily forecasts six months in advance, for they all run about the same, to wit: "Fair. Showers. Wind variable."

Simple for him—but complex for the pilot! Since Japan belongs neither to the continent nor to the Pacific, divides its allegiance between the frigid and the torrid zones, and twists the air into knots with its icy mountains and warm Japan Current, the pilot has to worry about 286 pressures a year, 148 days of rain, and many more days of hand-before-your-face visibility. The swirling mists of Japan delight the artist, but not the pilot. Because of the difficulties he must cope with, the pilot in Japan must undergo a far stiffer preparation than an American pilot.

Japanese civilian passenger planes fly over a million miles a year without accident. And they run on schedule. Japanese planes and trains have an uncanny habit of arriving on time. You will see people setting their watches when the plane or train comes in—they know it is as accurate as a chronometer.

They use planes even for fishing in Japan. Looking down

one day from a transport plane over the Inland Sea we saw three planes flying not more than thirty feet above the glassy surface.

"Fish planes," the radio operator explained. "They locate schools of fish for the trawling fleets."

Thus the oldest industry of sea-girt, fish-eating Japan has been modernized. When a school is discovered, the plane reports to a central fish research office on the coast, a siren rouses the villages and the men take to the boats.

Airplanes are also extensively used for surveying, planning reforestation projects, readjusting agricultural holdings so that the average farm will look like a farm instead of a patchwork quilt. Government maps are made from the air. Railroads never attempt new lines through the mountains without preliminary air charts. Cities use aerial maps in systematizing postal delivery.

As for navy and army planes, the commonly published estimate of their number as of the morning of Pearl Harbor is 5,000. Quite possibly there were twice as many.

At any rate it soon became evident that our military experts had woefully underestimated the air power of our opponent.

Major George Fielding Eliot, whose writings on strategy are as sound as any, expressed the view of most military analysts when he said on November 10, 1941:

"As for Japanese air power, it is almost non-existent . . . The Japanese Navy is good, but inferior in strength to that of the United States, and hopelessly handicapped by lack of air support . . . The American, British and Dutch naval and air forces are fully capable of isolating Japan from the world and bringing to bear the pressure of full blockade—a pressure which Japan could not long endure, but which she lacks the strength to break by force."

Less than a month later Japan's air arm struck at Pearl Harbor, sank the *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales* off Singapore, and cleared the way for the relentless push through Malaya and the Netherlands Indies to Australia. And back from the front came pouring reports that the "Nips" were good aviators and "devilishly accurate" with their bombs. At every point where our lines have yielded, the reason has been the same—"overwhelming enemy air power."

But if air power has been the key of Japan's victories, it will also be the key to her defeat. For no nation is better fitted than America to create and exercise air power.

It is doubtful if we can produce better airmen than the Japanese—let us frankly acknowledge it. The color of a man's skin makes little difference in his ability to handle a bomber or a fighter. But we can produce better planes. The automobile industry has left a rich legacy of experience. Mass production is our meat. So is invention. So is finance. And totalitarian methods of commandeering industry, while they look very efficient at first glance, do not stand up in the long run against the halting progress of a democracy where the public has the right to criticize and spur on officialdom, and where the workman feels that in working for his country he is working for himself.

If this is to be, in the main, an air war, we shall win it.

IX:

Son-of-Two-Acres

WHERE do the Nipponese who are fighting on the far fronts come from?

Most of them are farmers. To understand them it is necessary to understand their homes and their farms.

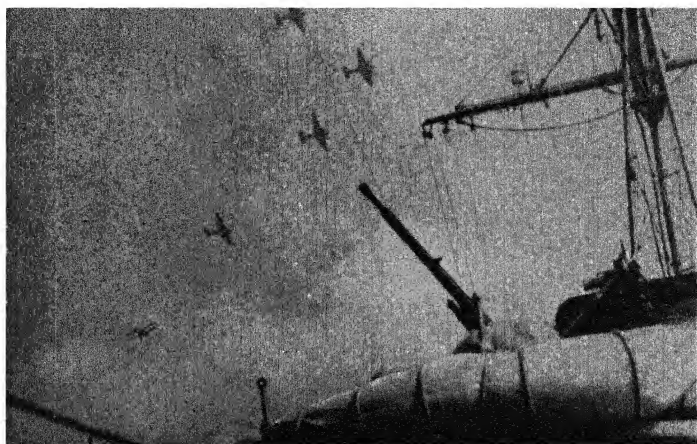
Clapping of hands wakened me. From my comfortable bed laid on the resilient straw slabs which make the floor of a Japanese house, I looked through pitch darkness toward a faint glow in the next room.

The household shrine stood open. Two candles illuminated the gilt Buddha and the ancestral tablets. Before the shrine knelt the farmer, Machida, master of this house.

But what particularly caught my attention was the scabbarded sword which he raised from the floor on both hands and extended, as if offering it to the god. Or was he making a pledge to the spirits of his ancestors? He remained thus for some time, evidently praying—then suddenly laid down the sword, clapped, rose briskly, snuffed out the candles, closed the shrine doors and snapped on the electric lights.

A sure sign that it was time to get up, although there was still no hint of daylight.

When I returned from immersion in the depths of the neck-deep Japanese bath, I found that the bed had already disappeared into a cupboard. The room which had so recently been a bedroom was in a fair way to become a dining room.



THE AIR ARM IS ESSENTIAL TO THE MODERN FLEET

RECRUITS FOR JAPAN'S NAVY AND MERCANTILE MARINE RECEIVE
HARDER TRAINING AND LESS MONEY THAN ANY OTHER MAJOR SEA
FORCE IN THE WORLD





SON-OF-TWO-ACRES AND HIS WIFE ON THEIR TWO-ACRE FARM

Cushions had been placed on the floor around an ankle-high table. Appetizing odors came from the kitchen.

Presently the servant and Mrs. Machida entered, bearing steaming bowls. Son and daughter, healthy, nut-brown specimens fourteen and sixteen years old, switched off the radio daily-dozen that came from Tokyo, and we all sat down on our heels to a meal of bean soup, rice with eels, sweet omelet, sweet potatoes cooked in sugar, lotus, bamboo, white radish, pickled chrysanthemum petals, and a delicate tea made of cherry blossoms.

Not a thing that had not been raised on their own farm. Even the eels had been caught in their own rice paddies.

"How large is your farm?" I asked.

"Two acres."

Four members of the family, and a servant, supported by two acres! Abundant meals. Silk kimonos—spun from their own silk. Electricity. Radio. Spacious house, livable (for those who have learned the art of living without furniture), and spotlessly clean. And I knew that an older son was at agricultural school, all expenses paid out of this tiny plot of land.

"How do you do it?"

Machida-san sobered. The lines deepened in his face.

"Because we have to," he said. Then he gave me the grim story of the Japanese farmer.

Only fifteen per cent of Japan can be cultivated. On the basis of arable land, Japan is the most densely populated great nation in the world. The exact figures Machida did not know; but I later found that the economist John E. Orchard had worked them out. Japan has a population density of 2,750 per arable square mile, in comparison with 2,170 in the United Kingdom, 1,709 in Belgium, 819 in Italy, 806 in Germany, 467 in France and 229 in the United St

"My name is suitable," said Machida with a wry smile. "It means that I am the son of two acres. The name was once Chimachida (thousands of acres). The 'chi' caused too many jokes and it was dropped.

"But it was once a true name. My great-grandfather—that is his picture—" and he pointed to a hanging scroll in the alcove bearing the water-color portrait of a samurai in armor—"was a rich landowner. His son, my grandfather, lost most of the lands when feudalism ended. My father had six acres and divided them among his three sons. If my two sons remain on the farm they will have one acre each.

"Less than that each, if my other son had lived. He was killed two months ago in China. They sent back his sword. You see it there beside the shrine. I suppose you would call it a family treasure. It was used in the wars of the shoguns; my father wore it in the Chino-Japanese War; it was mine in the Russo-Japanese War; my son fell with it in his hand in Tungchow. I hope it will rest now—but who can tell? My other sons may yet have to use it."

"I'll never stay and farm one acre," said the boy. "My brother can have it all. I'm going to Tokyo."

"So am I," put in the girl. She had been offered work in a cotton mill.

There is a wholesale exodus from the farms to the cities. That, after all, is the only hope of the farm. The land will not stretch, but industry will. Industry must find work for the annual million increase. And there is a chance that industry may do it. Japan's world trade, before war interrupted it, was making sensational progress. It survived the depression of the thirties without being conscious that there was one. While we point back with pride to the "peak year" of 1929, Japan remembers it only as a step, a low step, in her advance.

World depression meant business for Japan. With favorable exchange, low costs and high technical efficiency, she was able to supply the suddenly thrifty-minded world with goods at half or less of what it had been paying. After the war, no matter who wins it, Japan's industrial advance will probably continue.

"We farmers want to see Japan win her place in the world as a great industrial nation," Machida said. "Then our sons can find places in the city, and won't have to divide a two-acre farm!"

The whole side of the house had been thrown open—you can do that with a Japanese house—and we could see that dawn was beginning to gray the valley beneath.

Machida rose. "Perhaps the best way for me to help settle the affairs of the nation," he said laughing, "will be to get out and plant my rice!"

He took a calendar from a drawer . . . not from the wall. The walls of a Japanese home are as innocent of pictures and all other hanging things as the floor is innocent of rugs and furniture. The only exception is the *kakemono* (hanging scroll) in the sacred alcove. Flowers are allowed—but even they must be set in the vase according to the principles of "flower arrangement," an art requiring long study. Otherwise the only adornment of a room is furnished by the kimonos of those who inhabit it.

Machida studied the calendar.

"A good day," he said. "Great-peace-of-mind day. A very good day for planting."

The Japanese, with all his progress, is hedged in by animistic superstitions left over from olden times. No Japanese farmer, even today, would think of planting on rabbit day, because the word *usagi* (rabbit) starts with the same first

syllable as *urei* (sadness)! Sugar potato planted on the day of the cow will grow large like the cow's head. Nothing should be planted on spirit-will-be-lost day. In fact it is best to lie low on that day, do nothing, and give your spirit no reason to be restless. On at-first-you-win day, things done in the morning will succeed, but afternoon jobs will fail. On beginning-bad day the reverse will be true.

But on great-peace-of-mind day the signals are all set for "Go!"

"Where is that seed the crow picked?" Machida asked his wife.

It was brought. We went out and found our way down a path in the half dark, Machida explaining meanwhile that in the early spring there is a crow-calling ceremony at which various varieties of rice are strewn on the ground, and the variety pecked at by the first crow who comes on the scene is regarded as divinely selected for planting. Each variety thrives best in a different sort of season. The farmer cannot forecast the weather, but the crow is supposed to be able to do so.

What a contradiction the Japanese of today is—how new and old struggle within him! He reads Sinclair Lewis and Julian Huxley and, yes, even Einstein; yet he clings to the belief that somehow boiled snake is good for pleurisy, a certain abracadabra repeated over a well will insure pure water, and a bow and arrow erected on the ridgepole of a new house will scare away demons.

I wondered how a people so hampered by superstition could develop enough scientific skill to support a family on two acres.

As the morning grew and Machida's little miracle farm in

the valley began to show up like a relief map, I was gradually enlightened.

"We were taught at agricultural school," said Machida, "that *what the farmer needs he should produce.*"

Below us was a closely packed panorama of what the farmer needs. Wheat, barley, cabbages, white radish (the beloved *daikon* which grows two feet down into the earth and when pickled tastes as strong as limburger) carrots (of even greater length), bamboo shoots which grow a foot in a day, huge bean pods (*soramame*) with beans as large as hickory nuts, lotus which would later produce edible roots a yard long, the "Irish" potato, sweet potato, sugar potato and the enormous eight-headed potato (*yatsugashira*), fruit trees so trimmed as to produce fruit instead of wood. And, most charming of all, several cherry trees loaded with blossoms—perfectly useless trees so far as their fruit was concerned, but needed by the farmer for their beauty of bloom. Poems written on long strips of gilt paper by the farmer and his family dangled from the branches.

So much for food and beauty.

Clothing? Yonder was a plot of mulberry bushes, just beginning to leaf out in the April warmth. The leaves would be fed to voracious silkworms. In time, under the deft fingers of Mrs. Machida and her daughter, kimonos and underclothes for the entire family would come out of the cocoons. Mrs. Machida had little patience with frivolous mogas who find it easier to buy in the stores than to make. "Moga," by the way, is coined from the first syllables of the English words "modern" and "girl" (which in Japan is pronounced "garu"). In the same way "modern boy" has suffered a sea change and become "mobo." The sensation-seeking mogas and mobos of Japan are the despair of the solid folk.

Mrs. Machida had shown me a piece of cloth about a yard square made up of three hundred small blocks, each woven differently. It was a demonstration chart used in the rural sewing classes. Three hundred different patterns! And Mrs. Machida could weave every one of them! Think of that and blush, mogas of America!

Shoes! The shoe trees (*kiri*) furnished them. The *kiri* is grown only for its yield of shoes. One *kiri* lay on the ground and a row of shapely wooden clogs (*geta*) had already been fashioned from it by the boy of the family. By the time they had been worn out another *geta* tree would be old enough for use.

Shelter! When the house was built the wood had to be brought from elsewhere. But all repair materials came from the farm. The thatched roof was restored with rice straw—the *tatami* floors likewise. The sliding paper doors which partitioned the house into rooms were renewed with paper made by the family from their own paper mulberry (*kozu*). The chief item of equipment for home paper-making was a mammoth pot for boiling down the bark into a glutinous pulp, which was then ironed thin. The small *kozu* trees do not, like our paper spruce, require twenty years or more to become fit for use. Intensely cultivated, they grow up in a year's time, are cut down, and spring up anew.

Intensely cultivated. That brings us to the second point in the Japanese farmer's credo. The first is that what the farmer needs he should produce. The second is that intensive effort must be applied. Only so can he make two acres do the work of several score.

He is not content to let nature take its course. Some Western farmers favor the front-porch idea—that after a crop is planted the matter is out of the farmer's hands and there is

nothing much he can do but sit and watch Mother Earth and Providence work things out between them. The Japanese farmer feeds and coddles the growing crop as if it were a child. Every plant gets individual attention.

What struck me most as I looked down on Machida's farm was precision. A precision undreamed of except by a watch-maker. Every blade looked as if it had been set in with a pair of tweezers. Every plant was like a model in wax, something too perfect to be true. In the mathematical spaces between rows was freshly cultivated soil—no dry, caked dirt. The son was now hand-cultivating the wheat which was planted in rows two feet apart to make such cultivation possible. This was the third time that this wheat had been thoroughly cultivated during its growth. Nowhere, in the barley or vegetables, was there a sign of a weed a half-inch high. No insects. The plants are stroked with the fingers so that the insects rise and are caught in a hand net.

Unremitting toil. That is what it means.

Fertilizer is used intensively—too intensively for the pleasure of passers-by. But think what that intensive use has accomplished, along with the rotation of legumes with other crops to maintain the fertility of the soil. The result is that while some strong virgin lands in America and Australia have been exhausted in three generations, Japanese farms are still fertile after twenty centuries of cropping.

Water is skillfully used. All uncultivable hilltops are heavily forested so that rainfall will be conserved. I counted three brooklets which stepped down over Machida's land from terrace to terrace, watering each miniature field on the way. One of the rivulets came from the hilltop back of his house. But the other two had been conducted through tunnels which pierced the hill and brought a supply from higher

mountains. Such homemade works of hydraulic engineering are common. If water cannot be brought down from higher levels it is brought up from canals at lower levels by the use of portable treadmill waterwheels. There are more miles of canal in China, Korea and Japan than miles of railroad in the United States.

The rice fields swim in water. Not only frogs and eels, but carp ten inches long, prosper in the rice fields—so it may be concluded that they are damp! The feet of oriental farmers surely receive all the benefits there may be in mud bathing. My host was up to his knees in sludge. I tried it, to be able to say that I had done it—but the thought of fertilizer, parasites, and the viper-like *mamushi* which strike first and then warn, led me to make my initiation brief.

Water, water, everywhere, and yet no erosion! I was assured that even in a heavy rain there was no washing away on this hillside. The terraced ponds were protected by mud parapets. The almost vertical banking of the terrace, facing the valley, was thoroughly sodded. Where terracing was not used, for example on a slope among some tea bushes, an eight-inch mulch of straw prevented erosion even in the heaviest rains, retained the rain where it fell, and leached its soluble potassium and phosphorus into the soil. The spectacle of a straw stack being burned to get it out of the way, which I have witnessed in my own country, is not seen in the Orient. I have observed paper money being burned before the gods, but nothing so valuable as straw.

Another striking characteristic of the Japanese farm is the absence of animals. You may travel for days without seeing any cattle except draft-oxen, and sheep are so rare that a ram was exhibited in the back country as a lion! The East has long since decided that the animal is not an economical form of

food. This is also the conclusion of modern science. Hopkins, in his *Soil Fertility and Permanent Agriculture*, states: "A thousand bushels of grain has at least five times as much food value and will support five times as many people as will the meat or milk that can be made from it." Therefore, intensive use of little land means that all its producing power must be utilized, not filtered through animals and most of it lost in the process. That fact, and not Buddhism, explains why the Japanese are vegetarian. They do eat fish—because they have not discovered any more intensive way to use the fields at the bottom of the sea. Except that in the shallow bays they cultivate great quantities of edible seaweed!

The sun rose, Machida and his boy pausing to clap their hands and bow to it thrice. Not long after the sun came Bixler, a miller-missionary who had spent sixteen years in this remote mountainous corner of Ibaraki Prefecture. He partially supported his mission by milling and selling the products of farmers in his parish. He was healthy and rubicund, for he believed in whole grains, and ate what he preached.

"Outside of things religious," he said, "perhaps the best thing I have taught these people is the use of whole wheat and whole rice. But that's not a continental to what they have taught me!

"Look at that wheat! I was brought up on a farm in Nebraska. There we thought twenty-five bushels per acre was good. Here they get fifty bushels per acre."

Mrs. Machida, her daughter and her servant, the morning work in the house done, came down to join the waders in the sludge. The rice which the crow had selected was sown in a field no larger than twelve by twenty feet. A fantastic scarecrow was erected to keep away the very birds that had been so welcome on the day of choosing. Two months hence the

young plants would be taken out and transplanted by hand in the fields. Until then, why give valuable space to plants that would grow just as well or better in a small seed bed?

Tobacco follows the same routine.

"Up near the house," said Bixler, "you noticed those tobacco seed beds. As soon as this barley is out of the way, the tobacco will go in. When it is done, buckwheat will be planted. Three crops a year out of the same soil! After the fertilizer is paid for, the year's net yield of that ground will be at the rate of 520 yen an acre."

Three-crop rotation is not at all unusual. Sometimes five crops are raised from the same soil within one year.

But I was yet to see the most surprising example of intensive agriculture. After the missionary had gone to attend a diphtheria case—for he had to serve as doctor, preacher, teacher and miller—and morning had worn down to noon, Machida said,

"We'll have lunch in my skyscraper."

He led the way to a straw mat laid under a walnut tree beside a stream which just here had been widened and deepened into a good pool.

"You build skyscrapers in your country to save space," Machida said. "Kagawa, our Japanese Gandhi, tells the farmers to adopt vertical agriculture, skyscraper agriculture, to save space. So here is my skyscraper."

"On the ground floor, you see, I have strawberries and vegetables—the tree above is trimmed so they get plenty of sun. On the second floor, fruit tree saplings, to be transplanted when they are big enough. On the third floor, walnuts. On the fourth floor, when the tree is in bloom, bees."

"Then I have two basements for my skyscraper." He took me to the edge of the pool. Finny shapes darted near the sur-

face—others low down. “You notice this pool is screened in. I use the bottom for fish culture. I raise a kind of fish that prefers that level and another kind that makes itself at home in the upper level.

“So that gives me six floors in my agricultural skyscraper!”

We had lunch in the skyscraper. And to demonstrate that each floor was a producing unit, Mrs. Machida served the products of the skyscraper—two kinds of fish, fresh vegetables, preserved fruit, walnuts and honey.

The afternoon was endless. It tired me only to watch the indefatigable industry of these five, wrestling with a two-acre plot until it should give them a hundred-acre blessing. How *could* there be so much work on so little land? Only by regarding each sprig as a crown jewel.

In this fight with the soil is bred the fighting strength of Japan. The stubborn national spirit is born here. It is well known that the Japanese army is made up chiefly of farmers. They are strong-muscled and strong-willed. They are accustomed to a Spartan life. They need little. They are used not so much to a low standard of living as to a high standard of simplicity. “Low standard of living” hardly fits people who take two baths a day, keep their house spotlessly clean, wear silk, do not lack food, and, after a hard day’s work, write a poem and hang it on a cherry tree!

“Bushido” is dinned into them continually from childhood up. We have no counterpart for this in America. We hear little about the “American spirit.” But not a school day goes by without instruction in the “Japanese spirit.” Even in the agricultural colleges, where education would naturally be technical, I could not get the headmasters from whom I sought information to talk of anything but “Japanese spirit.”

They evidently believed that if the student once acquired that, all his other problems would be simple.

There can be too much national spirit. Japan has too much. It becomes, not patriotism, but enslavement to military masters. It changes from an elevating to a brutalizing force. The individual Japanese in his normal round is as decent a man as the average. But surcharge him with "national spirit" and throw him into the midst of the wrenching maladjustments of war, and he steps out of himself. He commits deeds atrocious and detestable that he will never tell about when he gets home.

Freed of army tyranny, close to the good earth, he is a human being much like any others who dig in the soil. And when he can be kept there, instead of treading the bloody path of war under the lash of military exhibitionists, we shall have a good neighbor.

X:

Plane's-Eye View

A LONG arm has been flung across Asia. The actuating shoulder is Japan, the upper arm is Korea, the forearm is Manchuria and the fingers tap uneasily on the border-line of Russia.

You are to fly the length of this arm. Beneath will unfold a panorama of Nipponese personality ranging from practical achievement to unspoken dream.

Or if you wish to forget the personality that seeks to re-

make Asia, and merely enjoy the scenery, you will hardly find a trip on earth more picturesque than this jaunt along the volcanic backbone of Japan; above that perfect picture, the Inland Sea done in water-colors; over the sails of the Straits; up through hermit Korea; and across sweeping Manchurian landscapes to the Russian drosky bells of Manchouli.

Waiting for the plane to warm up, the passengers have time to look each other over.

The American automobile salesman has been in Japan so long that he buys his clothes there—and they do not fit him. Beer-barrel trousers on a bean-pole figure. With every step one of his shoes asks a question and the other replies in the negative. But he is not likely to remain in the Orient much longer. His countrymen are being squeezed out. Governmental restrictions are making it increasingly hard for them to do business—and soon war will finish the job.

There is a major behind a phalanx of medals. He is on his way to Manchukuo to join a punitive expedition. He looks like a piece of granite. But he crumbles a little around the edges when he sees the geisha.

She is a snare and a pitfall. Her sunburst of kimono and obi, her mountainous coiffure bedecked with Christmas tree ornaments, her becomingly coy little made-up face, all give warning that she has broken off diplomatic relations and mobilized on every front. The squeaking salesman is enthralled by a shy smile, just for him. She gives the major an occasional flash, as if to keep him in the running. But her main barrage falls upon the bandit.

Really an ex-bandit, and now governor of a district in Manchukuo. But he looks capable of reverting to type at any moment. A romantic devil, tall, straight, a mixture of Mongol and Manchu, powerful as a bull, yet polished. A little the in-

tellectual prizefighter type. He speaks good English—and it comes out that the smack of erudition which he has used so successfully in his chosen profession of banditry was acquired at Harvard.

There is a guard who bulges with revolvers. It seems that there is some bullion in the baggage compartment bound for Mukden and he is along to see that it gets there.

And if these traveling companions do not make you nervous, as they seem slightly to make each other nervous, you are invited to fly with them in imagination for a plane's-eye view of Greater Japan.

Up—and over Tokyo, dizzy contrast of new and old. In the distance, the Imperial Palace—over which the plane would not fly even if near enough to do so, for no man may look down upon the Son of Heaven. Round the Palace, hoary stone walls. Hanging over the walls, giant pines and cryptomerias, admiring themselves for centuries at a stretch in the waters of the old moat. Within that ancient setting, the oldest ruling dynasty in the world, its unbroken line reaching back more than two thousand years and claiming divine descent from Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess.

Outside the moat, modern Tokyo, and an almost continuous city to and including Yokohama. Wireless towers, cinema palaces, department stores, streets black with fifty-sen taxis. Samurai in coats and pants. A general air of breathless haste. Must catch up with the rest of the world—and pass it.

You glide by Yokosuka Naval Base where ships are feverishly being turned out for the Imperial Navy, and where bombs will some day fall from American planes—then past the Miura Peninsula where Commodore Perry once landed and stirred Japan out of her medievalism—little realizing what he was starting!

Now, far out to sea, appears the smoke of the volcano Mihara on the island of Oshima. Why should this crater, so difficult of access and so lofty, be the most popular suicide shrine in Japan? It would seem that anyone who has the energy to climb a mountain to commit suicide has energy enough to keep on living.

The underlying explanation is that the Japanese regard suicide not as a disgraceful, sneaking exit from life to be skulked through, but as an offering to the sacred fires. There is something of the old Moloch-idea in it. If Earth will not have them, they shall give themselves back to the gods. The volcanoes are constituted Shinto shrines. They are the special abode of spirits. If life must be given, it should be given where it will appease the unknown powers and benefit the nation. Thus volcano suicide takes on some of the heroism that colors *seppuku* (harakiri).

On the other side, Fuji's gleaming cone of white seems visibly to grow as the plane approaches. Like a huge inverted fan (a favorite Japanese comparison) Fuji seems suspended in the sky as if held above by some invisible hand.

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Tea is served by the air hostess. She is a trim little moga who acts as conductress, waitress and guide, and speaks all languages with an equal lack of facility. The party loosens up. Scribblings and shoutings become more frequent. The major seems to be making a definite pass at the geisha. The bandit notices it and his bushy brows huddle. The major gives her an air pillow. The bandit puts a shot of something in her tea. She leads them both on. The Japanese geisha, with all her exotic trappings, is just another slice of the eternal feminine. She exemplifies the old truth that "every woman is as old as

the earth—but a man grows up green every spring.” Too bad neither suitor can sit beside her. But the eight seats of the trimotored, Japan-built, Fokker-F-VII-type landplane are arranged four on either side of the cabin.

“Tonight we’ll see who’s who,” scribbles the salesman. Cupid is handicapped in a plane. But all passengers must spend the night in some Fukuoka hotel.

The plane begins to bump. Below is Lake Ashi (Hakone), surrounded by mountains. And farther inland, past Fuji and beyond, more mountains as far as the eye can see. But Japan is little more than a mountain range—a rough duplicate of the Rocky Mountains set out in the sea; except that here seventy-three million people try to live, a feat certainly not attempted in America’s Rocky Mountains. Those who cannot find room in the narrow valleys, climb the slopes, and some of the less difficult mountains are terraced with fields to their summits.

In one way the mountains are a blessing, for their swift streams provide abundant water power. Nowhere else, not even in America, is electricity so widely used in remote country districts.

Ise Bay is crossed. Far out may be seen the tip of the Ise Peninsula, famous for its piety and pearls. On the shore is the Japanese Mecca, the most sacred shrine of Japan. In the water are the Mikimoto pearl fields where violated oysters are forced to have pearls whether they want them or not. An unfeeling operator insinuates a grain of irritation within the shell, and the oyster builds up a pearl around the annoyance.

You skirt the great park of old Nara where the tame deer make themselves guests at every picnic. Then a Pittsburgh smudge on the sky announces Osaka, chief industrial city of Japan. The plane left Tokyo at 9.30 and is due to alight among

the chimneys of Osaka at 12 noon. You arrive in Osaka on the minute.

The major appropriates the geisha. The bandit, probably in disgust, invites some of the others to lunch. You have *unagi to gohan*—eels and rice—a delicious dish for the unimaginative. You keep reminding yourself that an eel is really not a snake. The bandit does not appear to know what he is eating.

"Yes," he says mechanically. "Nice trip. We get to Fukuoka at 4.10."

"We spend the night there, don't we?" probes the salesman.

"Yes, we spend the night there."

But if anyone had expected him to betray himself by his tone or manner he is disappointed. The oriental mask is well set.

You take off at once, in another plane and rise into a suddenly stormy and exceedingly bumpy sky. Then the clouds which smother the plane suddenly part, as if drawn aside by a master showman, to reveal Nature's prize pageant, the Inland Sea. This magnificent waterway is 240 miles long and varies from three to thirty miles in width. It is a maze of mountainous islands. Hundreds of white-sailed fishing-boats and a few black-plumed steamers weave their way through the labyrinth.

Quaint, isolated island-villages suggest old-time Japan. But in one of them the peering occupants of the low-flying plane see a motion picture company at work with a score of actors and elaborate equipment, cameras, sound apparatus, even Klieg lights to supplement the fitful sun. The motion picture producers must be everlastingly at it in a land where the average show lasts from three to four hours, and two full-length features as well as numerous shorts are presented in each program.

The geisha shrilly sang the theme song from a recent American picture—in Japanese translation. She continued to entertain with the Japanese lyrics set to the tunes of “Auld Lang Syne” and other old favorites. The salesman joined her in “Old Kentucky Home,” matching her Japanese version with the English.

Then, on his own hook, he burst forth with “Maryland, My Maryland.” The geisha frowned. The major turned and glowered. The bandit stared. It was enough to embarrass even a salesman. He stopped.

“What’s the matter?” he wanted to know.

“This song,” said the major. “You know what it is?”

“Of course. An American song. ‘Maryland, My Maryland.’”

It was the major’s turn to look astonished. “*Sa! So desu ka?* I did not know it was an American song.”

“What did you think it was?”

“The same tune is used by the communists in Japan—for their song of revolution. Very dangerous to be heard singing it. The police would not know it had ever been a foreign song. They would not believe you. You would go to jail.”

The salesman experimented with no more songs. The major occasionally scrutinized him doubtfully out of the corners of his eyes.

That is a sample of the way the East has so thoroughly assimilated some things Western that she does not realize that they ever were Western. Frequently, in speaking about some object as occidental as a sewing-machine or a Chevrolet, Japanese friends ask the visitor from the West: “Do they have that in your country too?”

Along the right-hand shore stretches the industrial spinal column of Japan. (Bombing squadrons please note.) Japan’s war industries are concentrated in smaller areas than those of

Germany or even England. The great road from Tokyo to Shimonoseki is the war artery of Japan.

All the principal cities of the Empire are on this highway. And, as I mention this, the well-read reader instantly thinks of descriptions he has seen of the flimsy and inflammable buildings of Japanese cities, and of the retribution that may be wreaked upon the Japanese people for the cruelties and barbarities practiced by their soldiers.

I hope we shall get over feeling that way about it. It is natural to be indignant. But to sate our indignation by the bombing of civilian populations is unwise for three reasons:

First, it would only make our job more difficult, by stiffening the resistance of the Japanese. Hitler's bombing of London did not scare the English. It made them only more angry, more united, more determined. Every woman or child killed, every home demolished, made it more certain that Hitler would not take England.

Second, it would be a criminal waste of costly ammunition that should be expended instead upon the demolition of military objectives—war factories, arsenals, airdromes, naval bases. If these are left intact, no amount of civilian extermination will win the war for us.

Third, it would bring us down to the level of our opponents. We cannot afford that. We need our self-respect. Also, we need the respect of Asia. We are known to be clean fighters, fighting for international fair play, for democratic ideals, for the observance of treaties, for the liberation of oppressed peoples, for decency. If we cannot win without the willful slaughter of women and children, we had better lose. At least we should keep our slate clean.

But we shall not lose. We can play a straight game against a crooked opponent—and win.

XI:

To Russia's Back Door

DOWN at Fukuoka . . . off to a Japanese inn . . . and all meet again in the bath. The geisha does not look so attractive without her clothes. The bandit, on the other hand, gains by nudity. He is a Mongol god. The major, too, has lost nothing by removing his uniform. He is a military man through and through and, even in the tub, looks as if he still had his sword.

The American salesman remarks that he can feel the rebuking shade of his grandmother near him in that bath. "Grandmother not only bathed in strict privacy, but used to cloud the water with bran."

The bath is the only public room of a Japanese inn. There is no lounge, no dining room. Social life is limited to the bathing hour. Once toweled, kimono'd and out, there is nothing doing the rest of the evening, except a quiet meal in your own room.

Solitude—unless you call in a geisha. That is what the bandit does and the geisha is his traveling companion. Her voice, raised in song and accompanied by *samisen*, pierces the paper partitions. The bandit, as the saké warms him, roars like the bull of Bashan. In the corridor the major stands, smiling, near the *fusuma*, the sliding paper doors, of the bandit's room. He is talking quietly with the guard responsible for the safe arrival of the bullion in Manchukuo. The major seems in the best of spirits, anything but heart-broken.

You arrive at the airport in the morning to see two policemen relieving the bandit of his revolvers.

"He's been placed under arrest," says the salesman, who should have been a reporter, so delicately attuned is his nose for news. "Last night he told the geisha too much. Seems he is still in with some bandit gang in Manchukuo."

"Will he be held here?"

"No. He'll have to go to Hsinking for trial. So he'll travel along with us."

A pleasant traveling companion—a powerful and resentful prisoner! He is not handcuffed. After all, he is still a governor, and unconvicted. He is seated immediately in front of the revolver-bulging guard. That worthy must now watch over both the bullion and the bandit—and observe a nice distinction between them.

The blocks are removed at 8.40 and the ship takes off for the mainland of Asia. Below, a school of porpoises rises and falls like a living black wave in the Straits which separate Japan from Korea. A copper radio antenna dangles from the plane and seems almost to touch the sails of the fishing fleets and the top of the white lighthouse where all the family peers out and waves. Then the antenna is reeled up in time to escape being swallowed by a crowd of open-mouthed bystanders who have quit work (if they had ever begun it) to see the plane land.

The Korean is the world's best looker-on. Japanese flit past him, but he stands as immovable as the Buddha carved in the cliff of Pirobang. His whole costume is that of a spectator; surely no man could work in those wooden gondola shoes,

the voluminous white skirt, and enormous mushroom hat as expansive as an umbrella. Some vary the style in headgear by affecting a jaunty fly-trap, worn a little off center, and held on by two ribbons tied in a bow under the chin. Through the loosely woven horsehair of this creation the breezes come and go and the topknot which indicates the married man may be plainly seen. In the topknot is a small steel lightning rod. It is guaranteed to divert the evil spirits, including that of a wife.

Devil-dread is the dominant force in the life of the Korean. Even the airlines feel the effect of it. Once when a little digging for foundation work was done on this landing field at Urusan (Fusan) an official delegation came from the mayor's office to protest. The dragon which protected the town lay close beneath the surface of the soil. If his head or tail should be injured, dire results would ensue. It was found politic to shift the digging operations to a point where, according to a necromancer, the dragon's body would not be touched.

Also it is difficult to find a tract of land for a flying field where there are not a few humpy Korean graves. There is a great to-do if these are destroyed and the vengeful spirits scattered.

The airplane, with its devilish-looking motors, is regarded with suspicion. The Korean's science is simple—to him it is not *deus ex machina* but the demons in the machine that make it go. Even today the swaying *mudan* (sorceresses) in the devil-houses along the route make protective passes when the roar of a plane is heard. Many a sickness is blamed upon the evil eye of the devil bird.

One reason for the persistence of primitive animism becomes apparent as you fly northward. The country is so mountainous

that communities are isolated—buried away in mountain fastnesses along with their pet superstitions. The mountain is the school's enemy; the road, its ally. Roads are being extended by the Japanese with Roman zeal, but the natural obstacles are tremendous. Some mathematician out of a job has had time to figure that if one could take an iron and flatten out Korea it would cover the earth.

Formerly the mountains were dreaded, and properly so. Their vegetation having been torn up for use as fuel, the rains rushed down their bare slopes and flooded the rivers, which in turn ruined the farms in the lowlands. Result, famine. Today, as may be seen from the plane, the mountains are being tamed by reforestation. The cutting down of a tree has been made a prison offense.

Now, below, appears a beggar with a silk hat. That is the impression given by Seoul, city of squalor and splendor. Its thousands of mean little huts covered with straw thatch rounded at the corners so that they resemble huddling beetles are in sharp contrast to the magnificent buildings of the Japanese Governor-General and modern commercial structures. Its old walls, great gates and the crumbling palaces of its ousted Emperor tell the pathetic story of a day when the Koreans ruled themselves.

Forty minutes after noon the ship drops into the Seoul airfield. There is just time to snatch a *bento* (a lunch on the wing) and observe an odd incident. Some time before, a Korean had died in one of the airport buildings. Now that, it seems, was not according to Hoyle. The Koreans believe a man must die at home. Otherwise his spirit will wander homeless. So the relatives of the deceased had come to get his spirit and take it home. A strip of red carpet had been stretched from the point where death had occurred through the build-

ing and out the front door. On the end of the carpet, near a waiting taxi, stood a box containing food. A sorceress danced and chanted down the carpet, enticing the spirit to the box, which it entered in quest of food. The lid was clamped on, the box placed in the taxi, and the spirit triumphantly borne homeward.

The punctual plane informs Pyengyang by its arrival that the time is 2 P.M. and flies on after a ten-minute stop to Singisyu. The only apparent reason for the existence of Singisyu is that it marks the end of Korea and the beginning of Manchukuo. Passports and customs. Here the Japan Air Transport plane (bound for Dairen) connects with the line of the Manchuria Aviation Company—and you change to a plane bound for Mukden, Hsinking and points north.

Over Manchukuo at last! Asia's bone of contention, now in the teeth of Japan. The "Manchurian Incident" of 1931, which consisted of the blowing up of a bit of railroad track and blaming it on someone else, opened Japan's way to the conquest of Manchuria. The League of Nations looked on supinely, Britain and America could not agree upon action, and Japan's disregard of the Nine Power Treaty guaranteeing the integrity of China emboldened Mussolini to invade Abyssinia, emboldened Hitler to reach out, brought on World War II.

If Woodrow Wilson's conception of a League of Nations with teeth in it, U.S. teeth, had prevailed, this tide of events might have been checked when Nippon's armies began to march through Manchuria.

Our isolation has cost us dear.

When the Washington Treaty was signed in 1922 the popu-

lation of the Japanese Empire was eighty million. The conquest of Manchuria together with population growth left Japan in control of 130,000,000 people—roughly the population of the United States. Along with this enormous increase in population went a tripling of land area. The Japanese Empire without Manchuria covered 681,000 square kilometers; with Manchuria 2,097,000 square kilometers.

The country flattens out a little. More fertile than Korea. Large farms. More roads. Among the flat-roofed Manchu houses are still a great many Korean beetle-thatch homes, reminding one that there are 760,000 Koreans in Manchukuo. Nearly all of the rest of Manchukuo's 35,822,000 people are Chinese, Manchus and Mongols. Most of the Chinese have immigrated during the last three decades of Japanese influence to escape the chaos and famine south of the Great Wall.

There are only about half a million Japanese in Manchukuo. To date, large-scale immigration plans have failed.

The plane's-eye view reveals constant villages, closely placed. In fact, Manchukuo's density of population is 70 per square mile, double that of the United States. And labor is cheap. A Manchukuo workman will work for less than half the pay of a Japanese; even though the Japanese gets less than half that of the European.

The bandit never takes his eyes from the ground scudding below. Like a general studying his field of operations, he surveys this "bandit's heaven."

Something of the pride of the long and honorable tradition of Manchurian banditry is in his expression as he looks down. He is not properly disheartened by his arrest. He keeps smiling, and it is an odd smile. It makes no wrinkles round the eyes; a wolf smile, only with the mouth. Ever since Fukuoka he has seemed quite satisfied with the world and

very agreeable to the tattling geisha. The salesman scribbles: "He has something up his sleeve."

At Mukden, it comes out. The plane circles over the golf course patronized by foreigners who take the precaution of carrying a rifle in the bag along with the golf sticks; over the walled stronghold of the late ex-bandit warlord Chang, and the busy city which the Japanese are spending three million yen to modernize; then slides into the airport.

It has scarcely come to a standstill when there is a salvo of shots. What appears to be a mob of ragged men, some in dirty uniforms, are making a rush on the airport. After the shipment of bullion. Perhaps the Harvard bandit's confederates. That worthy does not move—the guard's revolver is in the small of his back. He continues to smile—but his smile goes into sudden eclipse when every spot of concealment disgorges soldiers, evidently fully informed in advance of the intended attack. Machine guns go into action. The disciplined troops make short work of the mob. And when there is nothing more to see yonder but a cloud of dust, the bewildered passengers look back to find that the smile has now side-slipped to the major's face.

The bullion is transferred to an armored automobile for delivery to the city, the bandit is taken to jail for the night, and his fellow-passengers are escorted to an excellent hotel. They feel a twinge of conscience, perhaps, over the discrimination. All men are sinners—only he has been caught at it.

During the evening the American automobile salesman has a visit to pay to an automobile dealer. He comes back to report that there is still a market, a shrinking market, for American automobiles, but the picture in general is not good. American and other agents for goods which Japan can supply more cheaply have closed up and gone home. No use competing

with Japan! Even the great oil companies are gone. Opportunity is limited to the goods Japan cannot supply—or of which she cannot supply enough. Communities of foreign houses are now deserted villages, or are being occupied by Japanese. It is the miserable end of many fine adventures. Young men who were going to take the world by the horns have been summarily tossed home by the same horns. There is heart-bleed and bitterness.

The next morning the plane follows the strongly fortified line of the South Manchuria Railway, to the fastest growing town in Asia, Manchukuo's new capital, Hsinking (Changchun if your map is old). You look down upon a scene of indescribable confusion. Dust rises in clouds from the wheels of endless processions of wagons filled with building materials. Outside of the old city a new one is being erected.

But with all this building it is difficult to find shelter for the night. The major, the geisha and the bandit are provided for. Headquarters, geisha house and jail respectively. The other passengers drive to the Yamato Hotel. No room. The clerk obligingly telephones to other hotels.

"When I came here in 1931," says the salesman, "this was the end of the earth. There were only two other guests in this hotel. Now there are dozens of hotels and all full."

Finally passable accommodations are found. But they avail little, for the din makes sleep impossible. Building operations go on day and night, Sundays and holidays.

It is almost a relief to escape this city-in-the-making, whose dusty rush makes New York seem tranquil, and fly north along the track of the quondam Chinese Eastern Railway, now Manchukuo's by right of pressure and purchase from Russia, to the half-Russian city of Harbin. Then west, over the Hsingan Mountains. Over magnificent Mongol prairies

teeming with vast herds of cattle and horses. Over caravans of camels, moving across the roadless plains, like ships sailing by compass.

Down, finally, at Manchouli on the Russian border.

It is not generally realized, perhaps, that territories under the control of Japan even before December 7, 1941, extended from the 116th meridian to the 175th and from the 54th parallel (the latitude of Labrador) to the equator!

The cherry is in bloom in Japan. Coconuts are ripening in the hot sun of Nippon's South Sea Islands. Here in Manchouli snow-flakes are falling. You rattle through the streets in a rickety Russian drosky, its high yoke swaying in the air above the horses' necks, bells on the harness jingling frostily.

But even here in remote Manchouli the streets are lined with Japanese stores. There are clean Japanese inns, and it is only your perverse predilection for the different that makes you choose a dubious Russian one. And as you sip *borsch* that evening and eat *zakuska* you wonder at the stretch of Japan's two arms of destiny, the one to the equator, the other to the snows of Siberia. And you can only dubiously hope that upon the shoulders which guide those two powerful arms there is a head that is wisely aware of consequences.

For there is the pulse of danger in the air. A few miles away is Soviet Russia. Japan's adventure in Manchuria has as yet resulted in no benefit to Japan, but it has had one result—it has roused the Soviet. Manchukuo presses up into Russia like a thorn into the flesh. Nerves, political and economic, carry the sensation to Moscow—and there comes back a motor reaction in the form of fortifications and a permanent Far Eastern Army that, even in these latter days of German aggression in the west, has scarcely been diminished.

Does Russia await the time when Japan will be deeply in-

volved with America and Britain in the far Indian Ocean to attack Japan's spinal column from Vladivostok and to bring true the old dream of a Russian Manchuria?

XII:

How to Make a Slave State

MANCHUKUO is a slave state, from the Emperor Kangte (Henry Pu-Yi) down to the humblest peasant.

Japan's methods of bending a population of thirty-five million to her own service are ingenious.

It is done through education. Japan believes in education. She has found that it could teach her own seventy-three million that they should exist for the glory of their Emperor and his army. Then it can accomplish equal wonders in Manchuria—but of a slightly different sort.

“Cultural emphasis in education?” the Manchu puppet premier repeated after me. “That must wait. No, our education program is twofold: agricultural, industrial. We need farmers, and mechanics.”

“Robots?” I asked. But he did not recognize the word.

The half million Japanese masters fill all positions of responsibility. They are the brains. They pay the wages and take the profits. But for the vast exploitation of the country they need workers. These must be dumb and docile. They must be sufficiently skilled for all manual requirements. Unskilled slaves are of little use in a modern machine economy. But they must not be trained for positions of leadership. They

must be kept out of the professions, out of law, out of politics, out of banking, out of industrial management.

The Japanese feel that they have learned much from Britain's experience in India. There, the mass was hardly touched, but a proportionately large few were highly trained. Universities were provided for them, and posts in government offices after they were graduated. The result? They knew too much. They were able, cultured, competent to lead their people toward autonomy. Their knowledge and capacity gave them the itch for power.

That shall not happen in Manchukuo, say the Japanese. Therefore higher schools and universities are barred, and primary schools are sharply specialized as agricultural or mechanical.

Arithmetic, before the Japanese renovation, was given one hour a week in the first year of primary. Now, five. Hygiene is out. Nature study, which began in the first year, now waits until the fifth. Drawing is cut to half time. Music is gone. The study of history and geography, which used to begin on the first day of school, now waits until the fifth year. Botany and zoology are dropped.

The time formerly occupied by these "frills" goes now to "hand work."

But there are three subjects which the Japanese would call cultural but which the Manchurians dub propagandist. They are Japanese Language, Morals and Classics.

A man to be conveniently directed must know his master's language. The Morals course inculcates obedience to authority, as in Japan. Classics is left over from the Chinese curriculum but now dips into ancient Chinese lore to bring up only such principles as will teach subservience, meekness, and loyalty to a monarchical form of government.

The schools look more like truck gardens or factories than halls of learning.

The textbooks drive a wedge between Manchuria and her former mother country, China, by relating stories of conflict between the two. There is no recognition of the fact that Manchuria was ever a part of China.

Chinese history has been reduced to a few dates and Japanese history substituted. World history is ignored. It is considered better that Manchurian youth should know nothing about the West. Such strong meat, as Japan has found out, can make a powerful and independent nation. Manchukuo must be preserved from the virus of individualism.

The great Northeastern University at Mukden, one of the foremost institutions of learning in Asia, was closed. Its professors and students were dismissed and their books sold by weight in the streets of Mukden. The building was reopened as a Railway Training Institute.

The halls no longer echo a classroom murmur of history, philosophy and literature, but resound with the squeal of air brakes and the click of telegraph keys. One thousand men are being trained here. Under high pressure. They are allowed two weeks' vacation a year—and those two weeks are used for an organized railroad inspection tour of Manchukuo!

With railroads extending at the rate of seven hundred kilometers a year, the Railway Training Institute and Work Shop at Dairen was found insufficient—in spite of the fact that it is one of the greatest in the world. Its superintendent, whom I met, would perhaps be inclined to drop the "one of" from this statement. This shop, he said, with pride, could do in a week a locomotive repair job that would take two weeks in Japan and forty days in the best shop in England.

Such efficiency was credited to training. Workmen are not

simply hired from the outside on the strength of a letter of recommendation. They are caught young and trained rigorously in the Institute for three years, without charge, on condition that they then remain in the employ of the shop for at least three years more. Means are then usually found to prolong this indenture.

Workmen for building construction, bridges, roadbeds, concrete reinforcements are trained in the great technical school at Tsitsihar.

Expert moles for the coal mines are trained in the Fushun Mining School.

The agricultural schools and connected experiment stations are teaching the cultivation of yellow tobacco of American origin, and American cotton. They are showing how the silkworm of Japan can adjust itself to the new environment and how Oregon apples can be made to feel at home in the vigorous Manchurian climate. They are breeding better sheep and hogs; and improving the Mongolian horse by the introduction of horses from England and North Africa.

Schools are not ready-made; they are fashioned to fit the students. The schools of the Kirin lumberjacks are quite different from the schools of future city clerks. The nomadic Mongols who move their yurts from place to place over the great plains of the northwest and tend great herds of horses and cattle and immense flocks of sheep, are taught the arithmetic of stock-raising, the geography of Mongolia, the planting of trees in a treeless land. The Mongol boy's schedules are stiff and his vacation brief—only ten days in summer, but somewhat more in winter, depending upon the weather. He must learn Mongolian, Chinese and Japanese. Not English, for he will never have much contact with the outside world.

He is not being trained for city life. He is expected to go back to the yurts, raise more and better stock.

There is even a school for bandits. It is in Kirin city. Attendance is compulsory—very!—and they are not graduated until they know a trade and agree to follow it in preference to their ancient profession.

"In your country," a young Manchurian Chinese said to me, "one may enter any profession or business and go to the top. There is nothing to stop him, if he has it in him. But here . . ." He opened his hands in an expression of despair. "*Mei yiu fa tzu.*"

Meaning, there is no help for it.

XIII:

Wild West of the Far East

THE Wild West of cowboy, bronco, lasso, gun, endless prairie without fence or road, ten thousand cattle in one herd, the scream of thousands of stampeding wild horses, white square miles of sheep, the stock-raiser's paradise, the old hell-raising, six-shooting, man-hardening West.

Gone. No longer to be found in America, except in the movies and the pulp magazines. But it still lives in the land of the Mongols.

At five o'clock in the morning I stepped off the Trans-Siberian at Hailar in that part of Mongolia contained in the far northwest corner of Manchukuo just short of the Russian border.

I might have been on a Hollywood lot devoted to "westerns"! A complete set of a cowboy town! Hitching posts. Soft dirt streets imprinted with the hoof-marks of flying horses. General store. Feed store. Windows full of saddles. Interior glimpses of bars and bottles. Early morning horse fair in progress down the street. Cowboys (pig-tailed and slant-eyed but nevertheless real cowboys) who sped by on horses that scorned any vertical bobbing motion and flattened out into a horizontal streak.

But there was one automobile in town. I chartered it for the day. The Chinese chauffeur, in fixing his price, took full advantage of his monopoly of the town's motor facilities.

I wanted to see stock-raising and Mongols. Once clear of the town, my chauffeur scanned the horizon as if he were a captain on the bridge. Then, abruptly leaving the hint of a road, he struck off at forty miles an hour over the sea of green toward a brown skyline.

The brown proved to be cattle. Not a polite Texan bevy of a few hundred head, but more thousands than I could estimate. A gray skyline resolved itself, as we approached, into ten acres of horses and a white horizon became a mile-wide blanket of sheep. To give an exotic touch to this Wild West, there were also herds of Bactrian camels, sarlaks and oxen. All these herds were tended by fast-riding Mongol cowboys, each armed with a fifteen-foot pole at the end of which dangled a long loop of rope used as a lasso.

Instead of ranch houses, we found occasional groups of dome-shaped, felt-covered tents or yurts. Here the herdsmen and their families lived, gypsy fashion. We visited some of the dirty and fly-infested yurts.

Eleven o'clock. I was walking about an interesting camp of yurts, taking photographs, side-stepping savage dogs. Suddenly

my chauffeur announced that we would now return to Hailar.

I reminded him that our contract was for all day and at such a price. No, he said, all day would be double that price. I was reminded of the boatmen at Hongkong who get you halfway across the harbor, then stop and demand double fare. We were fifty miles out from Hailar. A boundless green sea spread on all sides until it reached the inverted bowl. One felt like a sailor adrift on a spar in a very wide ocean.

But these Mongols were human beings.

"I'll stay here," I said. "Tomorrow I can get a cart from these people to take me back to Hailar."

He laughed. "You can't do that," he said easily. "They wouldn't keep you. And if they did—the food would kill you. The yurts are full of fleas—and worse. And half these people are bandits. You would be held for ransom."

"As at present!" I said. "It seems to be only a choice between bandits. I prefer these."

He rode off in high dudgeon but stopped a mile away, waited half an hour, then returned. Finding me in the same mood, he at last took half the day's fee and departed in earnest, the car swiftly diminishing to a speck on the horizon, leaving me with a sinking feeling and a collection of savage-looking companions with whom it was positively necessary to make friends. Although this was not my first journey through Mongol country I had never before shared bed and board with the nomads. But had not Marco Polo said that the traveler never knows the native until he has eaten and slept with him?

My elected hosts were rather bewildered by the turn of events. They stared after the now microscopic car. I pointed to one of the four yurts which made up this isolated colony, laid my head on my palm and closed my eyes. At once they smiled and nodded vigorously. One hastened to pour tea. An

old man produced a snuffbox, and we each took a ceremonious pinch.

Meanwhile a lad was dispatched on horseback over a nearby rise—and came back presently in the company of a fine-looking young fellow who greeted me in very acceptable English:

“How do you do? Yes, I learned English in America. My Banner sent me there to study stock-raising. And to Argentina. Do you speak Spanish?”

Even before Manchuria became the official responsibility of Japan, the Japanese were beginning to take an interest in the vast herds of the Mongols. They had not yet begun to acquire them, reducing the former owners to a sort of serfdom. But in apparently friendly fashion they did everything possible to improve the stock, even helping to send promising youths abroad to get practice in the best methods of stock-raising.

And here was one of them. His name, he said, was Genghis. Yes—he claimed proudly—a true descendant of Genghis Khan, mighty Mongol who overran all Asia and Europe from the Yellow Sea to the Baltic and the Adriatic.

“Greatest Empire in the history of the world,” said the modern Genghis.

And one of the briefest, I thought, but did not dampen his enthusiasm by saying so. After all, a dweller in an evil-smelling tent needs some noble tradition to buoy his pride.

The Mongols may still be proud of the extent and wealth of their domain. Mongolia in all is nearly as large as the United States. To be sure, Outer Mongolia is under Russian influence, Inner Mongolia under Japanese. But Mongols still dream of a day when all Mongolia will become an independent Empire. The Japanese let them dream—and, in fact, encourage the dream. It helps to keep the warriors of the great plains quiet.

If Russia and Japan come to grips, as they quite possibly will before these words are read, the chief issue between them will be Mongolia, not Manchukuo.

And what an El Dorado! Even the Gobi Desert is fabulously rich in minerals, and responds promptly to cultivation when water is supplied. But the Gobi is only a small fraction of Mongolia as the American desert is of the United States. Surrounding it are thousands of miles of ideal grazing country, already the greatest stock country in Asia and well on the way to being the greatest in the world.

"Great open spaces" are necessary for stock-raising. America used to have them in her West. But today America must accommodate 132,000,000 people.

Even with only 5,000,000 people from which to draw its herders and shepherds, Mongolia has today more than 2,000,000 horned cattle, half a million camels, 12,000,000 sheep and goats as well as unestimated millions of fur-bearing animals, fox, wolf, bear, tiger, lynx, polecat, skunk, squirrel, marmot, sable and ermine.

That is today. But tomorrow is another day, and a greater. Although the wild animals may decrease in number, the domestic animals are due for a sharp increase. The plan of the Manchukuo government for that part of Mongolia which lies within Manchukuo includes provision for 2,000,000 more horses, 4,000,000 more sheep, and an additional 2,700,000 cattle. More noteworthy than mere increase in numbers is the fact that all these animals will be of improved breeds, utilizing the best experience of Europe and the Americas. Already, model specimens in great numbers have been sent from Buenos Aires, New York, Hamburg, and Algiers to the Mongolian plains. And some of them had come to Genghis.

"Would you like to see our herds?" he said.

A horse was saddled for me. Genghis and I rode toward a low hilltop. I wondered if the centaurs looked anything like this man and his horse who seemed to be so much a part of each other. Genghis had seemed a plodding sort on the ground. Now he moved like a breath of air.

The Mongol wears boots many times too large for him so that they can be padded with wool in the winter time. They are intended to keep his feet warm in the stirrups. They are not meant for walking. His walk is a ducklike waddle. He has all the grace of a walrus out of water. But a walrus does not expect to be out of water and a Mongol does not expect to be off his horse—that is why he affects no better walking gear. His home is on horseback. Four-year-old boys, and girls too, ride. If they cannot stick on they are strapped on. Each spring, in the children's races at Urga, youngsters of this age are tied on and sent at full speed over a mile-long course. Seven-year-olds ride, untied, in a twenty-mile race.

Anything that cannot be done on horseback, the Mongol hardly considers worth doing. One reason why he never raises a vegetable or a spear of grain is because he cannot manipulate a shovel and a hoe from the deck of a horse. "A Mongol would make a splendid cook," Roy Chapman Andrews reports a foreign resident in Urga as saying, "if you could give him a horse to ride about on in the kitchen."

Standing in short stirrups and leaning far over his horse's neck, Genghis soared up the hill. I labored up after.

What a panorama of animals we saw from the top! Nowhere, not even in Argentina, could one see the like. Cattle, horses, sheep, hogs, camels, in vast herds, but each herd distinct, were spread over two miles of slope to a shallow lake which was also half full of animals.

All these belonged to Genghis, his brothers and his uncles; but they were soon to lose them to Japanese promoters.

Before me was Genghis' bank. The Mongol counts his wealth in heads of stock, not in money. He rarely uses currency. With all his means, it is doubtful whether Genghis could have lent me the price of a cup of coffee. Purchase is by barter. If the family wishes to buy an alarm clock, they take a sheepskin to town and trade it for one.

Larger transactions are carried out in the same way. A thousand head of cattle will be sold without a dollar changing hands. And without a word being spoken. The two bargainers sit quietly smoking, each with one hand up the other man's sleeve. Onlookers might suppose them to be half asleep. But although the lips are silent the fingers are voluble. Pressing, nudging, stroking, pinching, with various numbers and combinations of fingers, straight, or doubled, the traders are using the age-old bargaining code of the Mongols, almost as intricate as the finger-language of the deaf. At last they burst into a roar of laughter, withdraw their hands, and exchange snuffboxes. The deal is closed.

This method of secret negotiation is very useful in a land where there are no soundproof partitions.

Every spring the camel caravans of great city merchants encamp on the plain and spread out an alluring display of crockery, piece goods, fancy goods, flour, brick tea, ornaments before the eyes of cowboys and their wives who have assembled from all the yurts within a radius of perhaps forty miles. The first day is spent in mutual admiration. On the second day, busy fingers up sleeves trade wool, hides, furs, and entire herds on the hoof, for enough clothing, snuff, tobacco, manufactured articles and city foods to tide through another year.

XIV:

Not Brought Up Like Ladies

WE RODE down to see the horses.

They thundered away as we approached, leaving a few mares who remained steadfast beside their foals—and a dead horse upon which two cowboys were at work. One was salvaging hair from the tail. The other was hacking out some meat.

"The hair goes to America," said Genghis. "The meat, you will have for dinner." He eyed me to see how I was taking the news. "I know foreigners don't eat horse meat—but you will like it. Foreigners have strange ideas. But then," he granted magnanimously, "I suppose they think some of our ideas are strange too."

"Did they slaughter that horse?" I asked suspiciously.

"Oh, no!" declared Genghis. "We never slaughter animals. There are always enough of them dying from one disease or another to furnish us with plenty of meat."

"But you must slaughter animals in order to sell hides and sheepskins."

"Never!" Genghis said. "We are Lamaists—our religion does not permit the taking of life. This is the greatest hide-shipping country in Asia. But ninety per cent of all the hides sold are from animals which have died a natural death. As for the other ten per cent—the animals have been bought alive from us by unbelievers and slaughtered by them."

A few hundred of the horses, enticed by curiosity, charged back past us in a swirling stampede. Magnificent animals, a

bit small, but all muscle. They live on grass the year round—no grain, not even hay. In winter they must nuzzle the grass out from under the snow. They have no shelter against north winds that pull the temperature down to forty degrees below zero. The result is that only the hardiest survive—and they can stand anything and eat anything. “Not brought up like ladies,” said Genghis. One could understand why the Cossacks in World War I preferred the unlovely but tough Mongolian horse.

In the herd were a few dozen horses that stood a head higher than their fellows. Their beauty, grace and speed marked them out as Arabs and Anglo-Arabs. By cross-breeding these imported animals with the native, Manchukuo is producing what visiting British breeders have called the finest piece of horseflesh in the world—aristocratic in appearance, lithe and swift, but with muscles like cables and an appetite as catholic as a goat’s. Thanks to their progenitors, who came from the icy steppes and the burning Sahara, cold and heat mean little to them.

The horse is the Mongol’s express—the camel is his freight train. A good camel will carry a load of five hundred pounds seventy miles a day. If there is no food or water to be had, he will not worry. With his disdainful nose in the air, as if so rapt in the contemplation of higher values that he cannot give thought to creature comforts, he will go ten days without eating or drinking. He lives on the “canned goods” which he has stored away in his two humps. As the nourishment is drained from them they sag and droop. Among the camels of Genghis I noticed some with completely collapsed humps.

“They have just come back from a long journey through bad country,” he explained.

The wind was blowing large balls of brown wool across the

prairie. A boy was pursuing them on horseback, hanging almost head down from the saddle to catch them. This was camel's hair—a valuable article. But the Mongol never combs or shears it from the camel. He waits until it falls off—then chases it. The reason is that the camel, with all its appearance of hardihood, is really a delicate animal, and succumbs to the cold if suddenly deprived of its wool.

We rode over to see the sheep. A cloud of tiny flies about them made it undesirable to approach them too closely. The shepherd was on horseback. On his back was a large bag in which to deposit newly dropped lambs. In his hand he carried a pole-lasso.

What need would a shepherd have for a lasso?

"Does he lasso the sheep?" I inquired in surprise.

"No," laughed Genghis. "That is for wolves."

Another reason, besides boots, why the shepherd rides a horse! He must be ready to pursue wolves when they tear at his flock. He rides down the marauder, lassoes it and drags it to death; or if he is more brutally vengeful, pegs it to the earth, skins it all except the head, and sets it free.

The Mongol has intense hatred for the wolf. He does not fear it. Russians and Chinese run from a pack and are sometimes killed. The Mongol goes straight to meet his enemy; not only because he is naturally courageous, but because he is used to Mongol dogs which are even larger and more dangerous than wolves.

The sheep is the Mongol's general store on four legs. It supplies meat, milk, butter, cheese, wool for clothing, felt for the walls and roof of his yurt, rugs for the floor, hoods for his carts, leather for boots and ornaments—and *argol*. The dried manure of sheep and horses, called *argol*, is the only fuel in this treeless land.

The Mongolian sheep is large, the male standing thirty-one inches high and weighing more than one hundred pounds. It is marked by an extraordinarily fat tail which often weighs eight pounds. These animals are hardy. They can stand weather that would send the herdsmen to shelter.

But their wool is poor, coarse and straight. Therefore the government is introducing merino in large numbers and, by crossing, has combined merino wool with Mongolian hardihood.

In the flocks of Genghis and his clan were two thousand of these cross-breeds, large, heavy-coated animals, the objects of immense pride.

Japan has imported most of her wool from Australia. But, looking ahead to trouble with Australia, she has been developing her own supply. There is no room in Japan for sheep. Therefore she launched the Japan-Manchukuo Sheep-Raising Association through which the textile manufacturers and the government join in subsidizing a ten-year program for the improvement of the quality of sheep and a large extension of sheep-raising in Manchukuo.

The left ear of every sheep was nicked in peculiar fashion, and when we went to look at the herds of cattle we found branding going on much as in the American West.

"Do you lose many cattle?" I asked.

"Not unless we sell too much milk," replied Genghis.

"What has that to do with it?"

He smiled deprecatingly. "You would probably call it a superstition," he said, "but we Mongols believe that if we sell milk the cattle will follow it. That is, they are apt to stray away and be lost. Therefore we must brand them, and guard them day and night."

Because of this belief, the Mongols formerly sold no milk.

They endeavored to use it all themselves, thus keeping the cattle at home. Milk and milk products are still the chief articles of the Mongol's diet. He delights in sour milk, sour curds, vinegarish cheeses, rancid butter and, most atrocious of all, an intoxicating milk liquor about as palatable to Western taste as kerosene. I tried it at dinner!

But congested Japan had no space for cattle (except, to a limited extent, in Hokkaido). She imported butter from Australia, powdered milk from America, cheese from Europe, hides from Argentina. That would never do. So while the great experimental farms established by Japanese initiative in Manchuria have been breeding up the quality of Mongolian cattle, Japanese pioneers with the help of some White Russians ambitious to enter the butter business have been breaking down Mongol superstition. They have bought milk on a guarantee to repair any damage the gods might wreak upon the sellers of it. But there have been few dire results and the export of milk products has rapidly increased.

Several butter factories have sprung up in Mongolia. The butter is an improvement on Australian butter. Samples of it sent to London met with the highest approval. It is now being exported, along with milk and cheese, to all parts of Asia, particularly Japan and China.

"What in the world is that?" I asked Genghis when I saw a woman holding up what appeared to be the trunk of a calf, legless and headless, before a cow that was being milked.

"The Mongolian cow," he explained, "will not give milk unless she has a calf beside her."

"But that is not a live calf."

"It doesn't need to be. A stuffed calfskin does quite as well. We have used that one a long time. The head and feet have

worn off. But it's lighter to carry than a whole calf, and the cow is just as well satisfied!"

On the way back to the yurts we passed several hundred hogs, large and small. I supposed them to be old and young. But as we came closer, it appeared that the difference was one not of age but of breed. The small ones were original Mongols. The large ones were cross-breeds obtained by the use of imported Berkshires. Another result of careful experimentation on the national stock farms.

We found the women busy about the camp, hurrying to finish their work before the sun sank into the green ocean. One was industriously sprinkling sand on sheep's wool to increase its weight so that it would bring a higher price! Water and sugar had previously been applied to make the sand stick fast. The overlords are trying, not too successfully, to break down this custom. Wool arriving in Tientsin or Japanese ports where it is subjected to hot washing yields up half its weight!

Another woman was making thread—with a hammer! The hamstrings of cattle are buried in the earth for a time, then taken up and pounded until they separate into fibers. These fibers make excellent thread for sewing boots, saddles and other leather articles.

Another was gruesomely at work surrounded by buckets of blood. The blood is dried, then shipped to a factory where the albumin is extracted to be used in the manufacture of veneer. A high pile of bones did not make the scene more cheerful. The bones go to Japan for use as manure.

But I was most fascinated by the lady who was preparing our evening meal. She was squeezing half-solidified mare's milk through her hands to form cakes of *koumiss*. Judging from the startling difference in complexion between her clean

palms and the grimy backs of her hands, I should say that mare's milk is to be highly recommended as a skin freshener and cleanser. Occasionally she paused to pick up *argol*, with the same hands, and place it in the sheet-iron stove.

When the salted water in the two-foot-wide iron caldron which crowned the stove was boiling she dropped in generous chunks of the deceased equine whose wake I had witnessed that afternoon; also pieces of beef, mutton and pork by way of variety, and some squares of evil-smelling cheese.

Tea was being brewed on another fire. The Mongols use bricks of tea made from the dust and sweepings of the leaf. Shavings are cut from the brick and stewed for half an hour in milk to which salt and "butter" have been added. I use quotes since the "butter" made in the yurts is unlike anything we know of by that name. It is an indeterminate something that seems to stand at the crossing of the ways, not knowing whether to go on and become butter, or cheese, or curds, or whey, or go back to milk.

XV:

Mongol Night

DINNER was called.

With all the bowing and smiling that might grace a banquet we sat down on the ground in a circle before the yurts. Sinister dogs snarled behind us, ready to thrust their fangs in after a piece of meat.

The black witches' caldron was placed in the center. We

dipped solid silver bowls into it—what little the Mongol does not put into animals he invests in silver. Up came soup, meat and cheese. The soup was drunk and the solids were picked out with the fingers. The women chewed the tough pieces soft and gave them to the babies.

The meal was punctuated by sips of tea—and long draughts of milk and milk liquor from skin bottles made from the distended and tanned stomachs of animals. The *koumiss* cakes were not so bad. In fact no lunch, a good appetite, and fresh air, gave a savor to everything.

The meal over, each banqueter politely licked clean his bowl. Dishes are never washed, and it would be most unmannerly to leave one's bowl dirty.

Water is so precious on the plains that abstinence from the use of it has become imbedded in the religion of the Mongols. One may drink moderately—but to use water on the body is a wicked and selfish waste. Why wash off the dirt? It is clean plains dirt—and it will wear off in time. He who has much to do with water will be a fish in the next incarnation. Even Mongols of high estate, though fairly clean, use water very sparingly. In one of the Mongol schools I later visited, a Mongol princess demonstrated before the girls of the domestic science class how to cleanse thoroughly a pair of doughy hands with a single mouthful of water.

Genghis put on an after-dinner entertainment of wrestling between two of the young braves. It seemed to be chiefly a shin-kicking contest. Then darkness descended, a chill wind blew up, the howl of a wolf made the solitude of this little oasis seem more intense, and it was pleasant to go inside one of the warm smoky yurts and sit on sheepskins about a glowing fire.

The problem of sleep began to concern me. Of course there

were no beds. The ground, covered with skins, is the bed. The sleepers pack themselves closely together for warmth. How all the cowboys of this camp with their wives and children were to find space to lie down in four yurts and still leave room for a stranger without overlapping was a puzzle to me.

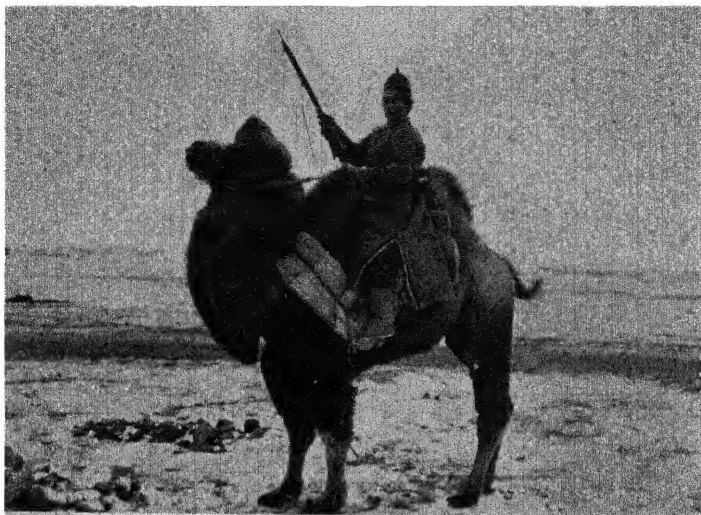
Genghis solved it when he mentioned the fact that the plains bandits were especially active at night. Therefore the herds must be even more heavily guarded by night than by day. Guards were also on duty about the tents—for the brigands would take women if they could not get horses.

I need not have worried about sleeping quarters. My friends, in spite of my protests, gallantly wedged themselves into the other three yurts, leaving one entirely free for me. And this would be the place for a few remarks, if there were room for them, which there is not, on the good-heartedness that the traveler finds in every land and among every people—the ready sympathy and courtesy that assure us, far more than the pronouncements of diplomats, that all mankind is one brotherhood.

With such humanitarian reflections, encouraged by the lazy warmth of sheepskins and of the embers in the iron basket sending up their languid spiral of smoke through the hole in the felt roof, I dropped off to sleep. There was no night attack by bandits. And the night attack that did take place within my own covers failed to rouse me. It seemed hardly ten minutes later that I heard Genghis calling:

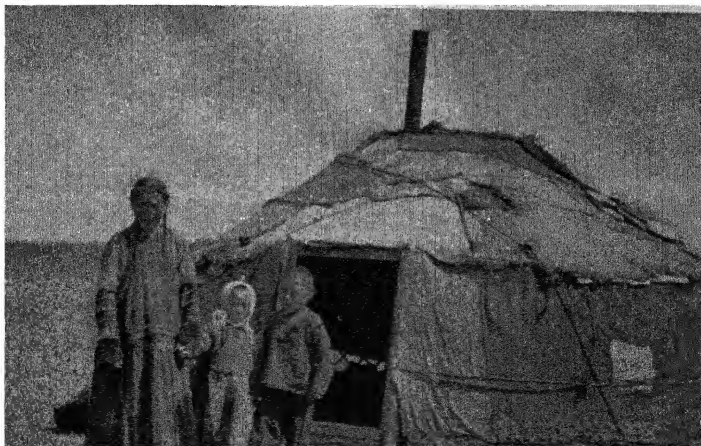
“Come. We should start early if you wish to get to Hailar today.”

Breakfast under the cold stars. The mysteries of the meal were blessedly hidden in darkness. Then as dawn began to break, we rode away, Genghis, his younger brother and I, to



A MEMBER OF THE MONGOL CAVALRY, NOW AN ADJUNCT OF THE JAPANESE ARMY IN MANCHUKUO

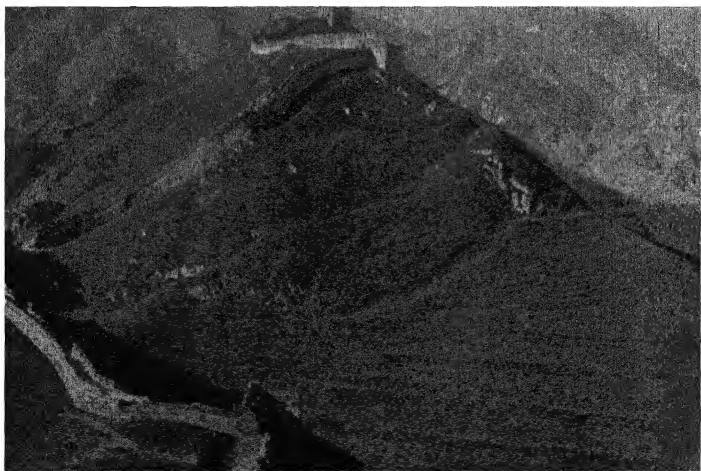
THE HOME OF THE MONGOL CAN BE QUICKLY TRANSPORTED TO ANY SPOT WHERE PASTURES ARE GREEN





THE YALU RIVER, HIGHWAY OF MANCHURIAN COMMERCE

"THUS FAR AND NO FARTHER." BUT THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA IS NOW
ONLY A DECORATION ON A JAPANESE LANDSCAPE



the north. Fifty miles to do! The thought was appalling. But I soon discovered that my horse, a magnificent Mongol-Arab cross-breed, was a natural ambler. The favorite steed of the great Genghis Khan was an ambler, and Mongols ever since have taken pride in teaching their horses the pace. My horse was more like a moving platform than a horse. On such mounts it is not uncommon for good Mongol riders to make one hundred miles in a day.

I found fifty plenty! And was glad of an excuse to stop occasionally, perhaps to photograph a herd, or to lunch, or to have my saddle girth repaired, which Genghis did by taking hairs from the horse's tail and weaving them into a band.

The pageant of animals was absorbing. In those two days I was seeing one hundred thousand animals. Fourteen thousand horses in one herd. But in all those miles—not a vegetable! Except in the tiny settlement of a Japanese colonist.

Such colonists will multiply. They presage the conquering of the West. Pioneers from the cities of eastern Manchukuo are coming, to till and plant, much to the disgust of the riders of the plains. Most of the newcomers are Chinese—but the Japanese Government is endeavoring to transport thousands of Japanese farmers to Manchukuo. Even the Mongols themselves, in the new schools, are being taught to raise vegetables, grain and trees! If they swallow such unpalatable learning, they must in time cease to be nomads. You can pick up your tents and drive your herds to new pastures—but you can't move a farm!

The great building boom in Manchukuo, the rapid increase in population, the extension of railroads, all mean that the days of the picturesque Wild West are numbered. The Japanese expect it to become, with proper exploitation, the greatest scientific stock-raising country in the world. But even that day

will come and go, people will crowd in, animals will be crowded out, and a hundred years from now may see the cycle of history through which the American West has gone repeated in Mongolia.

We arrived at Hailar shortly before dusk. Genghis and his brother would take no money. But they would consent to have dinner with me at a Russian restaurant and go to the town's only theater. The picture seemed an omen of the passing of the Far East's Wild West.

We saw Charles Chaplin in an ancient print of "City Lights."

XVI:

Korea from a Nunnery Window

ANY of the native races of Southern Asia who may wonder how they will fare under Japanese rule need only to study that vivid object lesson . . . Korea.

∴

We sat in a nunnery on a mountain side and looked out over the Korean landscape. We ate pine nuts and talked politics.

"You now see before you a terrible example," said the wise old abbess who had known the world and rejected it. Her young feet had even trod Piccadilly. Her old feet preferred the paths among the pines. In this ancient temple there were no phonographs, radios, telephones, electric lights. But there

was a Buddha to give one peace, a heated floor to comfort one's bones, and a few books in English and German nudging the sutras on the shelf. And, although the abbess had refused an invitation to lecture at an American college, she took delight in haranguing the travelers who stopped to spend the night at the convent.

"If you want to know what the Japanese will do in Manchuria and in China and the Philippines and India . . . look! Here it lies before you. Poor little farms, houses like cowsheds. The Japanese have been in Korea now for three decades. They have had an opportunity to show what they could do. And today the farmers, and that means eighty-three per cent of the people of Korea, are worse off than they were before."

The Japanese officer drew in his breath apologetically.

"That is quite true," he said. He was not of the usual arrogant type. He was used to making a point by indirection. "We have not done very well with Korea. It was our first real experiment in colonization. Yes—Formosa—but that was a small matter compared with this. And our mistakes bear down most heavily upon the farmers. See how the stock manipulators lower the price of rice just before the farmer sells his crop, and raise it just after he sells. And the government can't, or won't, stop it. Cheap manufactured goods take the place of the things the farmer used to make by hand. He spends for rubber shoes instead of making his own out of rawhide or straw."

"Ah, but," said the abbess, "I wouldn't go without my rubber shoes. They keep my feet dry. The old ones never did."

"The farmer has been changed from a maker to a buyer," went on the Japanese, "and since he has no money to buy with, his lot becomes worse every year."

"But," the abbess admitted, "it is true that your people have done wonders here. Wonders! Look at that railroad line in the valley. Those fine roads. Those telegraph and telephone lines. Electric power lines. Dikes along that river—it used to break loose like a demon every spring. But no more. Thousands of trees planted on that mountain . . ."

The Japanese officer sat on his hands which were pressed against the heated floor. He could now safely leave it to the abbess to say all that could be said for Japan. She talked on while dusk deepened, while the little bean-oil lamps were being lighted (for though the blessings of civilization were wonderful for the valley and for Korea they would never be admitted to the convent) and while we drew up to a foot-high circular table in the center of which was a vast bowl of steaming rice girdled by small bowls each containing a pickle—pickled mushrooms, pickled seaweed, pickled cabbage, pickled beans, pickled pine nuts, pickled millet seeds and pickled maple leaves. She paused only long enough to ask grace beautifully and simply by bowing the head and striking an ancient bronze bell with a deer's horn. The bell had hardly completed its message of prayer echoing out of the past ages before the abbess burst forth again about tractors, trams and bank deposits. Blessed with an active mind and many visitors, she knew what was going on.

And, if we supplement her observations with facts obtained from many other sources during rather extensive travels through the peninsula, the credit side of Japan's ledger in Korea may be briefly summarized as follows.

Life has been made safer. Epidemics are now rare, smallpox is almost gone, asylums house lepers who formerly roamed abroad, pure water is provided in cities. The witches and magicians who were formerly the only practitioners of medi-

cine are giving way to licensed physicians. There is now one physician to every eight thousand people. That seems scanty provision, but it is much better than none.

With the drain of disease curbed, the population now grows rapidly. Japan established a protectorate over Korea in 1905 and annexed the country in 1910. The population, thirteen million in 1910, is now twenty-two million. The rate of increase even exceeds that of Japan, whose own rate is sufficient to bewilder the government and distress the world. China's rate falls far below—for although she gives birth to more, she buries more. Rapid increase is by no means a certain blessing but it at least indicates that living conditions have improved.

What of mental progress? Outside of the excellent institutions conducted by missionaries, there were formerly no schools except those teaching Chinese classics. Japan introduced such subjects as arithmetic, geography, Japanese language and practical agriculture. While there were only one hundred common schools in 1910 they now number more than two thousand with half a million students. This is a fair record as compared with Britain's in India or America's in the Philippines, but it still leaves much to be accomplished. Two million Korean children of school age are without schools.

There is romance in the story of the development of Korean transportation. The hermit kingdom yielded only with difficulty to violations by roads and rails.

The first electric car line in the capital of Korea was built by an American. The long-skirted conductors on the cars used coin registers made in Chicago.

When this tram line was first put into operation, a drought occurred. The sky blazed and the earth rolled up clouds of dust. Day followed day with no sign of rain, and the paddy fields were parched. Farmers flocked to the geomancers and

the ground prophets. The verdict of these seers was: "The devil that runs the thunder-and-lightning wagons has caused the drought."

Mobs attacked the tram cars, rolled one over, set fire to another and exploded the tracks. Then rain fell, and men smiled at each other, well satisfied that they had given the tram-devil a terrible fright.

The American who introduced the electric car went on to build the first fine road in Korea. He also built the first railway. All the glass in the first coaches was soon broken by excited passengers who thrust out their heads without first raising the window. The Koreans knew nothing of glass. A material so invisible that one could see through it, and yet so solid that it would bruise one's head, was beyond their comprehension.

Finally the same expedient which had been adopted in nearby Japan was repeated here. A white strip was painted at eye-level across each window in order that the Koreans might have a constant reminder of the reality of the unseen! It protected both glass and passengers.

A more serious difficulty was the propensity of Koreans for lying down between the tracks at night. Since the stone road-bed was exactly as comfortable as the Korean stone bed, and the iron rail was the exact height and width of the Korean pillow, travelers on warm summer evenings would save the cost of a room at the inn by dropping down upon this luxurious outdoor couch to spend the night.

They knew that trains rarely ran at night. But occasionally a special would be sent out, and the task of the engineer was a harrowing one as he peered anxiously ahead, watching for a white form across the track and a head lopping backward over the rail. The bell must be kept going and the whistle

blowing lustily to awaken the slumberers, who would sit up and rub their eyes in the glare of the headlights, while the train, with grinding brakes, came to a heavy stop within a few yards of them. Sometimes the slumberer did not wake and the train could not stop.

But the hermit people became accustomed to the devil-carriages and were soon to be found in them, not under them. When I first visited Korea in 1915, only five years after annexation, I saw stations thronged by would-be travelers in white or baby-blue gowns with ventilated hats tied under the chin; they boarded cars made in Wilmington, Delaware, drawn by locomotives made in Philadelphia over steel rails from South Chicago, lolled upon cushioned seats, wielded very large knives and forks in the diner, ate American ice cream, and looked out with blasé air upon the forty-miles-an-hour panorama as if they had been used to this sort of thing all their lives. At every later visit I found the crowds increasing and the American equipment diminishing. Today all rolling stock is Japan-made. There are two thousand miles of railroad in Korea. The number of passengers has grown from two million in 1911 to an estimated thirty-five million in 1942.

Travel has taught Korea that her old map of the world is out of date—the map which showed Korea as the center of creation surrounded by the kingdom of the Three-Headed People, the Land of Fire-Eaters, the Fork-Tongued People and the Round-Eyed Cyclops Kingdom.

With travel has come trade. Korea's foreign trade has increased seventeen times since 1910. Before annexation the annual trade was about fifty million yen; now it is a billion yen. Korea in 1912 imported three times as much as she exported. Now the tables are turned and she exports more than she imports.

Korea's resources are made to order for Japan. Every year about forty million yen worth of gold is mined, ten million of coal, twelve million of iron, and the largest production of graphite in the world. Korea is believed to be as richly mineralized as Mexico. Many mines have been operated by Americans. But their concessions, granted in 1896, were seized by the Japanese some time before war began.

Industrial production in Korea has increased nineteen times since annexation. Bank deposits are twenty times as large.

"Now, that is all splendid," said the abbess, who had spared no effort to give full credit to Japan. "But where has this wealth gone? It has gone to enrich the rich. The great men of the cities become richer and the small men of the country become poorer. You say it's because this is an industrialized age . . . the same thing is happening all over the world. In England, in America, in Japan too, the farmers are in trouble. Perhaps . . . but you come with me down to the farms tomorrow morning and tell me whether you have ever seen suffering like this."

I accepted the invitation. And we went to our rest. If it can be called rest to lie on a stone floor with a wooden block as a pillow. Fortunately the floor was heated. But there was nothing to mitigate the harshness of that pillow. It was not even made of soft wood. Every hour it became firmer, impressing itself more deeply upon the skull and memory, so that the night remains unforgettable.

Buddhism, so ornamental in some lands, has in Korea become as plain and hard as that pillow. The priests and nuns were long ago demoted by Korean rulers who feared their political power. They now live as hermits, in unadorned temples, on the edge of poverty, giving nothing to the world and taking little from it. Our abbess was somewhat unusual—

most of the clergy become ignorant and shiftless, flotsam of a former glory. Half a million Koreans have become Christians. The rest of the twenty-two million are inclined to rely upon the abracadabra of their animistic wizards and witches rather than upon the rites of Buddhism.

Today Buddhist priests are being sent from Japan in an effort to regenerate Korean Buddhism. The newcomers have ideals . . . but perhaps not quite so much the ideals of Gautama Buddha as the ideals of *Yamato Damashii*, the spirit of devotion to the divine Emperor. Buddhism as well as Shinto in Japan has been bent to the national purpose. Japanese priests, who are more Japanese than priests, can hardly meet their Korean brothers on a common platform of belief . . . therefore their work is hard.

XVII:

How It Feels to Be Conquered

MOONLIGHT filtered through the translucent paper windows into the altar room which served also as a guest room. It illuminated the huge drum, which, suspended from the ceiling, seemed to float in mid-air. It picked out highlights on the polished brass candlesticks and the brass incense bowl on the altar. It gave an even more remote air than usual to the face of the little gilt Buddha who sat above the altar shelf, immune from the distress and dust of this world in a glass case. It made the great wooden pillars which supported the heavy thatch roof seem like misty columns of incense.

The dawn hardened everything into reality, the pigs which the nuns are too pious to eat but not too pious to raise for sale to sinners began to grunt, wooden bowls began to rattle and firewood to crackle in the kitchen.

The Japanese rose and greeted the morn with a paean of hawking and gargling. The abbess achieved slight competition with the recitation of a sutra, but did better when she attacked the great drum. Pounding it with one drumstick, and a small floor-drum with another, she stirringly proclaimed to the peasants of the valleys beneath that Buddha was still on his lotus flower and all was right with the world. Perhaps there was a minor message to the effect that it might be well to set aside a penny or two for the nuns who would come later in the day to collect alms.

After the pickled breakfast, the abbess donned her overcoat and beaver hat. She put on her Japanese rubber shoes. She brought out a London-made briefcase which had won admittance to this retreat only because it was such a convenient receptacle for alms in cash or kind.

We descended to the farms. Where the steep path met the plain, we came upon a white-clad farmer prying pieces of bark from a tree-trunk.

"His breakfast," said the abbess.

She spoke to him and we went with him to his house. He was a large-boned man, perhaps in his thirties, but he walked so deliberately that even the old abbess had difficulty in slowing her pace to match his. We came to a forlorn little beehive of a house—a beehive in appearance only, not in any air of activity. There was a pig-pen but no pig. A chicken coop but no chickens. A scrawny courtyard with nothing in it except a large empty jar which had once held the winter's store of pickle, now exhausted. The house had mud walls, mud-and-

straw roof, and mud floors. Outside the house was a mud stove in which some pine needles were smoldering. The heat passed through a mud conduit to the space beneath the floors and the smoke came out of a mud chimney which rose from the ground four feet outside the opposite wall of the house.

We entered. A woman was ironing—beating with two clubs a white garment, slightly moistened, laid across a flat stone. She ceased her tattoo and came to greet the abbess. She took some of the bark, dropped down beside a small feverish form that lay on a pallet and began to feed the bark to her son. The child's stomach was a great bloated mound. A sign, not of plenty, but of poisoning.

"These people are fortunate," said the abbess. "Their Japanese landlord has not turned them out. I could show you much worse 'spring suffering' than this."

The season most rhapsodized by poets is known to Korean tenant farmers as the time of "spring suffering." And most farmers are tenant farmers. Only four per cent of the farming families own their land (as against fourteen per cent in Japan and vastly higher percentages in Europe and the United States). Tenants must pay half of their crop as rental. This payment is made in the autumn immediately after harvest. Out of the other half the tenant must make his landlord an additional "present," pay the taxes, buy seed and fertilizer, and pay the interest charges on old debts. Very little of the crop is left to feed the family through the year. The supply gives out in mid-winter or early spring. Then comes "spring suffering." For the majority of the tenant population the time of most desperate need is from March to June inclusive. Then bark, roots, acorns, grass, weeds, become food and thousands die of malnutrition, poisoning or downright starvation. In desperate straits, the tenant settles himself still further into

the mire by borrowing more money from the usurers—if he can get it.

"They will not lend me any money," our host told the abness.

"Perhaps that is just as well for you," replied the abness cheerfully. "How much do you owe now?"

"About ninety yen."

"What interest do you have to pay?"

"They knew my father—so I got a low rate. Three per cent."

But that means three per cent a month. Thirty-six per cent a year. Comparatively he was lucky, since four per cent a month, forty-eight per cent a year, is not unusual.

"But whatever made you borrow so much as ninety yen?"

"I didn't. I borrowed ten yen. That was long ago. In good years I paid the interest and in bad years I couldn't. Altogether I have paid seventy yen in interest. And I have ninety left to pay."

Thus a trivial debt of ten yen (about three dollars) multiplies itself endlessly and is sometimes passed down from generation to generation, always rolling larger. Of course if the farmer has any land or other possessions they are confiscated to pay the debt. Thus, in the words of the official report on Administration of Chosen (as Korea is officially called), "seizure of land from defenseless owners in Chosen has been the habit." The land has passed into the hands of Japanese who do not work it—in fact many of them live far from their property and do nothing but collect. Half of the cultivable land of the whole country is owned by twenty thousand absentee landlords.

It is taken for granted that a farmer will be in debt. Eighty per cent of the farming community of Korea, according to the

official Japan Year Book, has debts, bearing interest at three per cent or four per cent a month.

There was nothing surprising to the abbess in the condition of this family. Her only surprise was indicated in her next question:

"How did it happen that you borrowed only once?"

"We had two girls we could use."

The abbess, translating his answer to me, explained that he was euphemistically stating that he had sold two of his daughters.

"Did they become dancing girls?" she inquired.

"No, no," the man laughed. "They had no talent. They could only do what any woman can do." One had been taken by a house of prostitution. The other was a drudge in a landlord's kitchen.

Both had been sold outright. The proceeds had served to keep the rest of the family alive—and the girls were fed. Slavery seemed better than starvation. Slaves rarely try to escape—since there is nothing better to which they may escape. Moreover, they would be promptly returned to their owners. Japanese law theoretically condemns slavery, but one can hardly expect enforcement in view of the fact that even in Japan the merchandising of daughters by destitute farmers is not uncommon.

We went on to other houses. The net impression was one of abject resignation. The people did nothing because it seemed hopeless, and their lot was hopeless because they did nothing. The Koreans have had long training in doing nothing. Not that they are more lazy than many other races—but they have learned by long experience that their toil merely fills the purses of landlords and politicians.

We saw twenty Koreans sitting in a sort of jaw-hung trance

watching one Japanese saw a log. In a field five Koreans were shoveling—with one shovel! One man guided the handle; the other four lifted the shovel by means of ropes attached to the blade.

The Korean farmer has more land than the farmer in Japan, but does less work upon it. The density of population in Korea averages eighty-two per square kilometer less than in Japan proper. Cultivated land per family averages four acres, almost double the size of the Japanese farm. This advantage is canceled by the fact that the yield per acre is only half that in Japan. The Korean farmer works on his land from seventy to one hundred days a year, the Japanese farmer from 200 to 250.

In Japan both men and women work in the fields. In Korea the female half of the population is busy washing clothes. Korea's greatest extravagance is white clothing. White was originally the mourning color, worn for thirty years after the death of an Emperor. But Emperors died in such rapid succession that the populace found itself always in white—and the habit became fixed.

A white-clad tiller of the soil does not stay white long. Hence the women are slaves to the washing-stone and ironing-stone. They occupy odd moments with taking garments apart and putting them together again—for a robe, especially if padded, must be ripped apart and sewed up again each time it is laundered. The statisticians have estimated that Korean women spend three billion hours a year washing, ironing and sewing.

The government, impressed with this waste of productive power, has recently ordered the wearing of black. The edict is on the books, but the people still wear white.

Of course, the donning of snow-white linen does not put a

man in the right mental attitude for grubbing in the soil. He is prone to excuse himself for staying indoors by the fact that it will save his wife work. He is also dissuaded from too much exertion by the numbing delights of a heated floor. The Korean floor is the most comfortable in the world. The Japanese floor of *tatami* or straw slabs is delightful in summer; but in cold weather it is a grill through which the chill vapors rise from beneath. Who shall say to what extent the Japanese urge to be up and doing is due to the impossibility of relaxation upon a frigid floor in a draughty room heated only by a few coals in a *hibachi* full of ashes? There are only two ways to get warm: step into the hot bath; go out and work in the fields. Therefore the Japanese are the best bathed people on earth and among the most industrious. Work is an escape. One cannot understand how men and their wives can cheerfully wade barefoot in the near-freezing water and mud of the paddies until one realizes how much more agreeable this vigorous motion is than sitting still in a Japanese house while winter winds swirl up through the sieve-like floor. I am prepared to believe that much of the greatness of Japan is due to the cult of discomfort. Spartan endurance is inculcated from childhood. The poverty of pleasures is such that the greatest pleasure is work.

Often the only sign of life about a Korean house will be the crackling of fire in the stove which heats the floors. These are sometimes so hot that they blister the bodies of sleepers. Here the Korean is inclined to hibernate two-thirds of the year. He makes brief sallies for fuel, stripping his mountains, and causing despair to the reforestation experts who can hardly keep pace with him even by the maintenance of 338 seeding stations and the planting of some 5,000,000 trees in the last twenty years.

But when every allowance has been made for the influence of heated floors and white gowns and human laziness, the fact remains that the great reason for Korean apathy is that the industrious do not reap their reward.

"The officials take everything," said the abbess. "It is better to have little. We have a saying that the amassing of wealth is the beginning of disaster. Prosperity is dangerous."

XVIII:

Valley of Pain

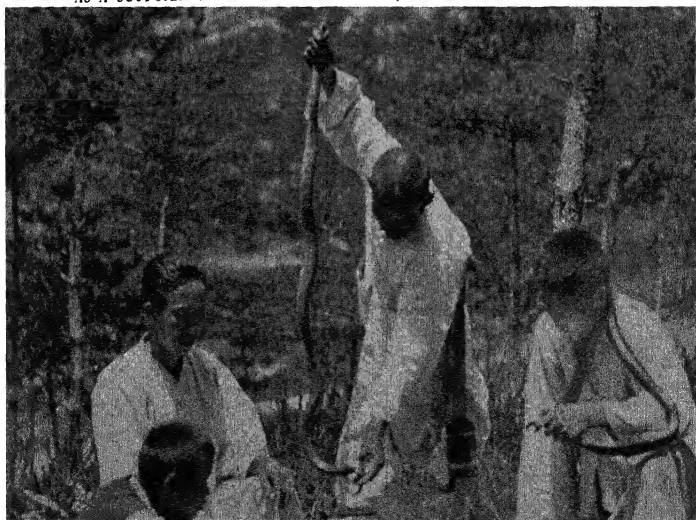
SCREAMS of agony issuing from a little mole of a house drew us thither. We entered without ceremony—but immediate protests from the inmates caused the male visitor to retire in confusion. Yet he had seen enough to leave a permanent scar on memory. A woman in labor lay on the floor. Across her abdomen had been placed a board and upon either end of it sat a girl, see-sawing to force delivery, while the unhappy woman shrieked with pain. A dirty midwife stood by, directing the proceedings.

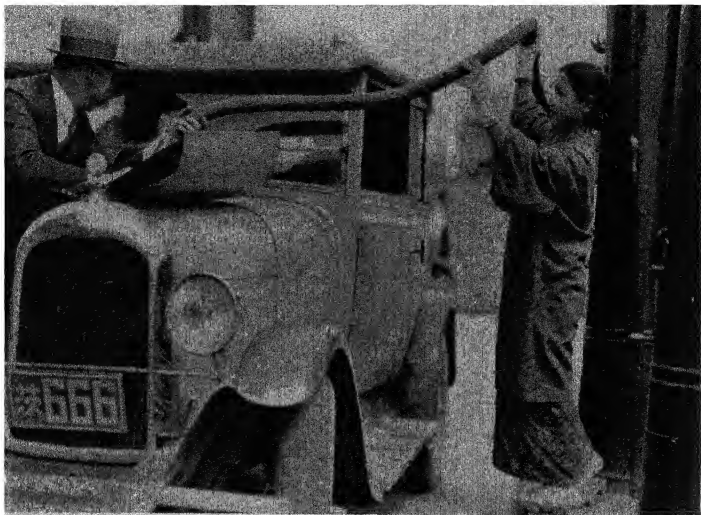
A doctor later informed me of the grave effects that follow this common practice. Organs that have been forced out are pressed back by the midwife and contracted with a swab of nitric acid so that they may stay in place. The contraction is often too severe, closing the passage entirely, or leaving just enough opening for conception but not sufficient to allow delivery. Therefore the few hospitals are bombarded with "nitric cases." When a midwife does not have nitric acid



THE JARS ARE FILLED WITH ENOUGH PICKLES TO LAST ALL WINTER.
THIS DONE, THIS KOREAN FAMILY HIBERNATES UNTIL SPRING

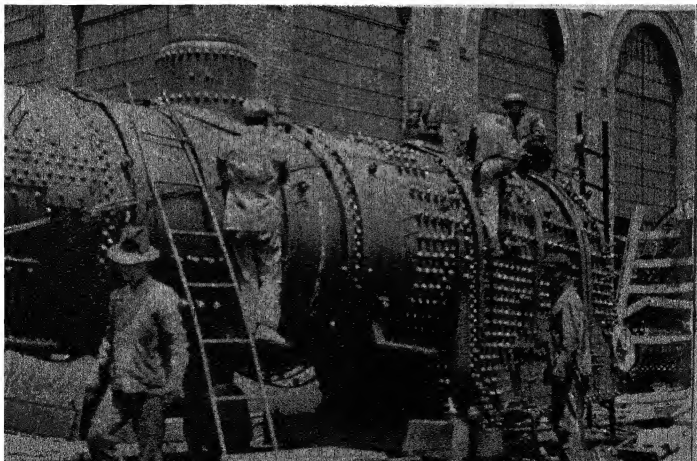
ALIVE INTO THE POT. THERE BOILED, AND SOLD AT A HIGH PRICE
AS A SUPPOSED CURE FOR TUBERCULOSIS (KOREA)





GIRLS TAKE THE PLACE OF THE MEN WHO HAVE BEEN CALLED TO
THE COLORS

PART OF THE TRAINING OF A RAILWAY COLLEGE STUDENT IS TO TAKE
A LOCOMOTIVE APART AND PUT IT TOGETHER AGAIN



available she may soak a rag with kerosene, stuff it in and set it on fire.

Japan, having been in Korea now for a third of a century, has had plenty of time to teach elementary hygiene and train doctors in modern medicine. And yet the degradation of the peasant is immeasurably increased by the almost incredible ignorance and superstition attending native medical practice.

Wherever there is pain a *chimsi* or needle may be forced into the body, sometimes to a depth of six inches. Through the aperture thus made the evil spirit is supposed to escape. The needles are never sterilized, ailments are passed from one person to another. The needle embroiders minor complaints into serious ones. In a hospital I saw a convalescent whose leg had been amputated above the knee. The sequence had been: lame ankle . . . acupuncture . . . infection . . . amputation.

A hole for the release of the trouble-making spirit may also be made by cautery or burning. The fire-ball is made by crushing mugwort, and rolling it into a ball. It is lighted and placed on the body. The burn varies according to the ailment, the maximum burn being about an inch deep. The occasional beneficial effects of slight cautery have led ignorant practitioners to injurious excesses. They doubtless argue that where a little is good, more must be better.

Another case of a good idea carried too far appears in the use of the tourniquet to stop circulation in an arm or leg after snake-bite. To be effective according to Korean ideas the tourniquet must be of woman's hair . . . and it must be left on for a month or more. I photographed the wearer of such an arm-band. He had worn it for three months. His fingers had rotted off with gangrene and his arm would have to be amputated.

Speaking of snakes . . . boiled snake is thought to be a sure cure for tuberculosis. Near a tuberculosis sanatorium I had seen a vender of snakes doing a thriving business, boiling snakes to order in an iron pot and selling them at one yen each (a large sum in Korea) to patients.

In the village visited with the abbess was a small hill crowned by a "devil-house." From it came the sound of drumming and chanting. The abbess was willing that I should satisfy a natural curiosity, but would not go with me. Professional ethics forbade. The Buddhist nun could not politely intrude into the shrine of the devil-priestess. I climbed to the devil-house, one side of which was thrown open. A baby lay on the floor, eyes closed. Over it bent a woman, probably its mother, and several relatives, watching for any movement. A *mudan* or sorceress beat a drum—another danced, with much mystic waving of hands. Both chanted incessantly. The baby did not stir and I rejoined the abbess.

She happily showed me the contents of her briefcase—two potatoes, some pickles, a live and lively chicken (the latter acceptable only to a Buddhist of liberal mind). She was ready to return to the convent.

Buddhism in Korea does nothing to lift the pall of medical superstition and suffering. Japanese doctors and health services are doing something. The work of western mission doctors has been brilliant. But perhaps the greatest credit of all is due to the young Korean doctors of the new school, for they alone have climbed steeply from an abyss. The fathers of some of them are old-time practitioners. Nearly five hundred modern doctors have been graduated from the great missionary institution, Severance Union Medical College, at Seoul. Others have been trained in the medical colleges of Japan.

They are the medical hope of Korea—because mission doc-

tors are few and Japanese doctors cannot be persuaded to bury themselves in the villages where most of Korea lives. The young Korean doctors are passionately devoted to their country and their people—as the visitor finds out when they protest against his photographing primitive practices because they fear that the publicizing of superstition and ignorance will discredit their country. They fail to realize that credit comes not by concealing what is, but by building what is to be.

Korea can become great—she was great in ages past. She had a higher literacy than China or Japan. She printed from metal type a century before Gutenberg printed from wood. She built the first great suspension bridge three hundred years before Brooklyn Bridge. She built the first iron-clad warship and defeated Japan with it. She gave Japan arts, Confucianism, Buddhism. Then she fell upon evil days, and became so weak that Japan easily mastered her. Japanese policy is to keep her weak. The material improvements that have been made are for the benefit of Japan. The visitor will be taken to see certain conspicuous schools and hospitals for the native population. But the plain truth is that Korea is in a pitiable plight. Millions have no doctors, no hospitals, no schools, and, worst of all, no reason for ambition. Effort seems to get them nowhere. While pushing forward they go backward.

“The most unfortunate aspect,” admits the *Japan Times*, “has been the decline of the status of the farming population which has taken place hand in hand with increase in production of agricultural produce and even with increased investments and general raising of the land wealth of the country. . . . We thus witness in Chosen a development which has taken place to a degree in Japan also—namely, the welfare of the agrarians being sacrificed for progress in the urban centers.”

That is putting it mildly.

Do the people of Malaya, the Indies and India who place store in the promise of Japan's slogan, "Asia for the Asiatics," know about Korea?

XIX:

To Avoid Color War

UPON the way we meet the Japanese propaganda of "Asia for the Asiatics" hangs the very fate of the white race.

The white man must lay down his "burden" before it is snatched from his back. He must champion the independence of the yellow and brown peoples before they become independent in spite of him. He must, above all, see to it that Japan's effort to divide the world by a color line is checked.

What is the tint of a skin that it should be allowed to rule and wreck civilization? Let us stop classifying human beings by their pigmentation. Surely that is too childish for a grown-up human race. Unless we abolish such criteria now they will react against us with overwhelming force.

If we hope to preserve our precious white skins we had better forget about them. To avoid becoming the subject race of the future, we must now wipe out forever the whole evil idea of subject races.

Japan, again the unintentional benefactor, has afforded us the opportunity to do this. She has shorn the white race of its supremacy over other races in the southwestern Pacific. Very well. Now we can start with a clean slate. Firmly cementing

our bond with the Chinese, uniting indissolubly yellow and white, scorning Japan's narrow ideal of Asia for the Asiatics, we can stand for the human rights of all men, regardless of creed, race or color.

The people subjected by Japan have already begun to understand that the "co-prosperity sphere" is just another name for old-fashioned imperialism, but more harsh than ever before. They will respond to the rallying cry of self-determination. But it must be made crystal clear to them that Holland will never again seek to dominate seventy million Malays, nor England 387,000,000 Hindus and Moslems, nor America 15,000,000 Filipinos.

America is, by a lucky circumstance, in a position to lead this crusade. Our own hands are relatively clean. This is no credit to us. Our appropriation of American Indian lands has been pretty well forgotten. Our suzerainty over the Philippines was ended just in time. We stepped out, we were not pushed out. Our sugar barons, who so largely prevailed upon us to quit the Philippines, proved to be the prophetic evangels of a new day.

Whatever our not altogether idealistic reasons for freeing the Filipinos, we freed them, and they are fighting by our side today. And MacArthur, joining a Filipino society, received an injection of Filipino blood.

Cannot we all receive an injection of brown and yellow blood? Cannot we remember that we are all descended from the same monkeys, or from the same clay in the hands of the Maker?

America, fighting shoulder to shoulder with the Filipinos for their independence, and with the Chinese for theirs, claiming nothing in Asia but the freedom of its peoples, may lead the

movement to obliterate color distinctions. Thus only may be forestalled the Great Color War which otherwise, within a decade or so, may be expected to devastate the world.

XX:

Mistress of the Yellow Seas

WE MAY as well make up our minds to it, Japan is nearly unbeatable on the high seas of the western Pacific.

On land—that is a different matter.

The world's waters seem to have been divided for the convenience of the world's three great navies.

The American navy may control the American seas, laving both coasts of North and South America. The British navy has long dominated the European Seas. But Japan has become "mistress of the Yellow Seas."

So long as the American Seas, European Seas and Yellow Seas remained mutually exclusive, the three navies did not need to be of immoderate size. But before one power could undertake to invade the waters of another, its sea-arm would need to be vastly strengthened.

A great British leader whom we shall not name because the people look to him for encouragement and he may not wish to have his rather discouraging words of a decade ago recalled, said then, referring to the three dominant navies:

"If any one of these fleets traversed the thousands of miles of ocean spaces to attack one of the others, it would suffer an au-

tomatic diminution in naval power which would, at least, reduce it to a third of its actual strength.

"Here is the explanation of the newly revived dominance of Japan in the Far East. Neither the British nor the American navy is strong enough to attack Japan. Even if today they were united it would take three or four years of immense effort and expenditure by the whole of the English-speaking peoples to bring predominating naval power into the Yellow Seas."

This was said before Japan began her recent armament race. It took on added truth when Japan overturned the Washington and London Naval Treaties and ended the ratio system by which her navy had been limited to a proportion of three as against five each for the navies of Britain and the United States.

Following this achievement, the Navy Ministry issued in 1937 a pamphlet in which "the advent of a non-treaty era" was hailed as "a remarkable advance of the Japanese state." And while the pamphlet scored other nations for entering upon a naval race, it succeeded in imparting the glamor of a holy crusade to such a race on the part of Japan.

"A naval construction race during the non-treaty era may, from one point of view, be regarded as a stage in the process of the rapid expansion of our national strength. We therefore must be firmly resolved to overcome any sort of difficulties that may arise ahead of us so that the glorious position in which our Empire now finds itself may increase in glory."

Out of the debris of the Washington and London treaties, a rather frail Anglo-French-American treaty was constructed in 1936 after the Japanese delegates had gone home. By this new London treaty the caliber of battleship guns was to be limited to 14 inches, provided that Japan would also agree to such a limit.

The three powers sat back, confident that they had called

Japan's bluff. Surely Japan would not face universal condemnation by shattering a generally useful treaty, useful also to Japan because it placed a curb upon her rivals. She would not allow herself to be used as the electric button to touch off a new naval race.

Japan accepted the challenge. In a formal note to Great Britain in March, 1937, she rejected the 14-inch limitation. Thus she nullified the new London Treaty (except the provision that the three powers should exchange information concerning their naval programs).

A practical and immediate reason for Japan's dislike of a 14-inch limit was the rumor that her close neighbor, Russia, was experimenting with 18-inch guns. Since Russia was bound by no agreement it would be perilous for Japan to be bound. Also Japan was seeking advantage over the United States; for larger guns implied the probable use of ships of more than 35,000 tons to carry them, and such ships could not pass through the Panama Canal. Rear-Admiral Phelps suggested that this problem might be solved by building mammoths no wider than before but longer.

Then came the naval race. In this race, Japan was at a serious disadvantage—for she was attempting to do out of her weakness what Great Britain and the United States could easily do out of their strength. Japan confronted the most difficult stage of finance and politics in her history. Her people were still calm in the face of a situation that would cause panic and revolution in other lands. They bowed to the Finance Minister's warning that still greater burdens were about to be laid upon them. It was unavoidable, he admitted, that the national livelihood would be seriously affected by execution of the military program. "It is necessary for the people to determine to make sacrifices for defense." While more than half of the nation's

entire budget went into arms, conscription agencies and health bureaus reported that the physical condition of the people was growing steadily worse for lack of sufficient nourishment.

How can the people of a poor nation be so marshaled and stimulated that they are ready to match the fleets of the richest nations on earth? Only through intense loyalty to their Emperor. But does the Emperor call his people to arms? Never. The Emperor says nothing. Yet a silent Emperor is the greatest moving force in Japan. This is because so much can be done in his name. The navy takes in its plans to the Emperor and comes out with the Emperor's seal. The people obey. Only the army and navy are thus free of the people's legislative control and stand "next the Throne." Thus they partake of the supreme authority and their word is not only law, but law readily obeyed because of its sacred source.

Therefore it was possible for Japanese naval expenditure during the years of comparative peace from 1932 up to the China outbreak of 1937 to increase 223 per cent, while Great Britain's increased 168 per cent and that of the United States 151 per cent. During 1931, the war year in Manchuria, Japan spent about 30 per cent of her total budget on army and navy; but later, with no war, about 49 per cent. But, the military authorities kept saying, a war might break at any moment which would make the Manchurian Incident sink into insignificance. Japan must be prepared for greater things than the disciplining of Manchuria. They proved to be good prophets; China's slowly fermenting boil burst in July of 1937.

An extraordinary war budget was at once put into effect; and, simultaneously with such action, a call was issued for the "spiritual mobilization" of the Japanese people so that they might rise to the heights of this supreme sacrifice. And this sacrifice, instead of exhausting the people, seemed only to dis-

cipline them for the far greater sacrifice entailed by the effort that began with such auspicious treachery on December 7, 1941.

More impressive than Japan's military expenditure is what she does with it. Every penny goes much farther than in the West. Japan was still below the other two powers in expenditure in 1937-8. Since that time the figures have been of doubtful authenticity. But in 1937-8 the naval estimates of Japan, Britain and America were \$195,000,000, \$419,000,000 and \$530,000,000 respectively.

But the joker is that costs are so low in Japan that a dollar will do several times as much as in Britain or America. A private soldier may be had for about \$1.50 a month. A sailor's wage is less. Similar savings are made on the man-power used in building ships and manufacturing munitions. Supplies of all sorts cost less—often only a third or a fourth of what they cost in Western lands.

Moreover, Japanese warships are claimed to be ten to twenty per cent more efficient than Western vessels, because a larger proportion of the space is given to actual fighting equipment and a smaller to the crew. Japanese battleships are not built to "see the world" in. The sailor's life is no junket. He expects no more luxury aboard than he gets at home.

The vessels have many clever and original features. They are soundly constructed, and models of compactness. According to the impartial *Jane's Fighting Ships*, Japanese cruisers afford "ample evidence of the initiative and ability to cram over two pints into a quart pot." Also, Nippon's ships are newer than their rivals—for Japan has been building feverishly during recent years. Still another fact of importance is that Japan has been outstripping all other nations in rate of increase of the mercantile marine and now has a fleet of brand new cargo ships, capable of eighteen knots or better in contrast with the

less than fifteen knots of the average American freighter, and all made convertible for war use.

Thus the Japanese navy became not only equal but vastly superior to any opponent fleet if the fighting were to be done in Japanese waters. And that is the arena the powers must enter if they wish to contest with Japan. There Japan, like Antaeus invincible while in contact with the earth, is formidable because she is at home.

Japan proper is a fortress that has never been successfully invaded during the more than two millenniums since the nation was founded. Japan's new possessions lie close as compared with the far-flung outposts of other powers.

A good base for a battleship is fully as important as the ship itself. Japan would fight within easy reach of her own bases. The bases fringing the main island are supplemented by bases in the Bonins, the Loochoos and Formosa, not to mention the newly acquired Singapore, Amboina and Soerabaja. Almost as vital as formal bases are the informal ones—the hundreds upon hundreds of lagoons and harbors of the South Seas available to Japanese warships. Indeed the Japanese Empire is itself a fleet . . . more than three thousand islands strewn the sea from the ice fields to the equator like anchored ships, every one of them of strategic and fighting value. Japan's island character makes her in a peculiar sense a naval power.

In this nest of islands today Japanese capital ships command the main arteries. Less spectacular than the capital ships but as deadly are the submarines. They alone may make the Japanese Pacific almost untenable for enemy fleets. They lurk in the shelter of islands where they can be sure of fuel, supplies and repairs at any time. German submarines on our Atlantic Coast have piled up a startling record—but Japanese submarines operating in home waters should do infinitely better than the

Nazi ships in hostile areas, often a thousand or even three thousand miles away from support.

Defense of the Japanese labyrinth would not be left to the submarine, even though that alone might be sufficient to make invasion impossible. Another naval arm, which is strongest when short, is the air arm. Bombing planes do best when near home. From the Arctic to the tropics, Japanese planes would always be within a few hours' flight of an airdrome. Even in Micronesia, in addition to the lagoons which afford ready-made haven for flying boats, air fields have been laid out on the principal islands.

Certainly we may send scores of planes on aircraft carriers—but such planes are necessarily of a light type and far inferior to the heavy land-based bomber. Moreover a carrier worth a fortune may be put out of commission by one accurately dropped bomb. Equivalent damage cannot be inflicted upon a landing field. Aircraft far from a land base may be written off as of modest value if it must contend with land-based craft.

A home-based bomber costing \$100,000 may be a match for a visiting battleship costing \$30,000,000. And since 300 such machines may be put in the air for the price of one capital ship, it becomes obvious that a warship intruding into the Japanese archipelagoes would be making a daring gamble.

The nation is strongest that does its fighting at home. The Russian fleet of 1905, weakened by a long trip around the world, was wiped out in one battle. The Japanese fleet, if it should enter the trap consisting of the jaw-shaped American coast and the Hawaiian steel spring, would be in serious danger (provided we still had a fleet to oppose it). By the same token, the American fleet or the British, or both, would have hard shrift within the territorial waters of Japan.

We have comforted ourselves with the thought that Japan

was weak in the natural resources necessary for a long war. That is no longer true. The acquisition of Malaya and the Indies has given Japan resources richer than may be found in any area of the same size in the world.

As for food, the opinion that Japan can be starved into submission by a blockade is not borne out by statistics. Her food production is increasing more rapidly than her population—she even exports more food than she imports. True, this is under the compulsion of poverty. She exports the food that she ought to eat in order to be properly nourished. But at least it is clear indication that Japan can feed herself.

Nor is it true, as too complacently supposed, that Japan, although she has the fighting equipment, is still a tyro in the arts of war and no match against the military knowledge and experience of the West. The truth is that ability for war and organization is embedded more deeply in Japanese character than in Western. More than three centuries ago Japanese armies four times as large as England's were common. In 1592 a lieutenant of Hideyoshi led an army of 205,000 men in Korea; whereas, according to Murdoch's *History of Japan*, "Europe had never seen more than 60,000 men in the field together under one flag in that century." Four hundred years before that, when the American nation was not yet even a gleam in God's eye, and English fighting was free adventure rather than organized system, Yoritomo built his magnificent war machine of 240,000 men. Such "national aptitude for warlike enterprises," as Murdoch calls it, was dormant during the two centuries of Japan's hibernation, but has now been revived in full force.

In short, the Yellow Seas are the worst place on earth for American and British ships to encounter Japanese ships—or the best place on earth, from the standpoint of Japan.

XXI:

Then, How Can We Beat Japan?

Not by sea.
But by land and air.

Ships will play their indispensable part. But they can only follow and supplement land-air progress.

But with a Pacific to cross that is 5,000 to 6,000 miles wide, how can we attack Japan from the land?

Bombers can fly from China. And from Russia, when Russia co-operates, which may be soon.

And by way of the Aleutian stepping stones, if we do not let Japan steal a march on us and oust us from them before we have a sufficient force there to take the offensive. It is only 700 miles from the United States to Japanese territory if we take the route "north to the Orient." Attu, the westernmost of the Aleutians, is but 700 miles from Shumshu, northernmost of the Kuriles.

The Kuriles and Aleutians link Alaska and Japan. Whichever power is faster on the draw may move across the forehead of the Pacific along this island chain, sending bombers ahead to establish at each step a new solid-land airdrome from which the next step may be made—exactly as Japan has proceeded through the Indies.

But there is still another chain of land bases by which Japan may be approached. And, in some ways, it is most suitable to our purpose.

This is the archipelago of Micronesia.

We have heard little of Micronesia, and yet it has been our chief obstacle in waging the southern Pacific war.

Why was it impossible to get prompt aid to the Philippines? Because of Micronesia. Why was Singapore beyond help from America? Because of Micronesia. Why must American ships and planes go ten thousand miles roundabout to reach Australia and the Indian Ocean? Because of Micronesia.

From mysterious Micronesia, rather than from Japan, probably came the attack upon Pearl Harbor. From it may be launched the attempted conquest of Hawaii and the invasion of our West Coast. It has been the magical key that has opened the door to the Philippines and the Indies. It spelled the fall of Wake and Guam, and may mean the end of American Samoa and all American and British possessions in the Pacific. It is the Japanese spearhead against the Panama Canal.

It is the pivot of Japanese strategy.

And yet, it is unknown.

There is good reason for our ignorance of it. The No Trespassing sign has been on it ever since World War I. The Japanese have drawn a veil over it and behind the veil have done many dark things.

American and all other foreign ships have been barred from its waters. Foreigners who wished to visit the islands have not been flatly refused. That would have created too much international suspicion. But they have been gently dissuaded by stories of the discomforts they would have to experience—sailing on small Nipponese ships in stormy, reef-infested waters, eating raw fish and seaweed, taking potluck with the natives on islands where there are no hotels and no provision for tourists, catching tropical diseases, risking the ill will of head-hunters.

If the traveler smiled at this rather too elaborate catalogue of terrors, he was allowed a ticket; but urged to pass straight through the archipelago on the boat without staying on any of the islands.

If he still insisted upon stopovers—as I did—his every movement upon every island was watched lest he take soundings of harbors, measurements of channels, altitudes of elevations. He could make no maps, except in his brain. He must always maintain an air of innocence, with a touch of dumbness, and a pocketful of chocolate bars for Japanese policemen. He must put nothing in his notebook but the most vapid observations and carelessly leave the book where it could be inspected day or night. And he must warily keep in mind the penalty for indiscretion as exemplified in the case of Colonel Earl Ellis of the United States Marines who died mysteriously on Palau after investigating the fleet base on that island.

Where and what is Micronesia?

It is an archipelago of 2,550 small islands peppering the Pacific all the way from Japan to the equator. It comprises the Mariana, Caroline and Marshall Islands. It stretches 1,300 miles north and south and 3,000 miles east and west.

Micronesia means the sea of small islands. This sea is larger than the Mediterranean and its area is almost equal to that of the United States. It forms a screen across the entire eastern face of Asia from Shanghai to Singapore. It discourages any attempt to aid China, except by the back door.

It is the Great Wall of Japan behind which she hopes to construct her "Asia for the Asiatics," the subjugation of half of the human race to the will of Nippon.

Until this Great Wall is penetrated, it is difficult to foresee a Pacific counter-offensive against Japan. Our ten-thousand-mile arm twisting through the far South Seas to Australia and the Indian Ocean will strike some good blows, but our real strength will only be felt at the end of an arm less than half as long smashing down the ramparts of what Japan has long called "the bulwark of Asia."

We have made a slight dent in this bulwark with the brilliant attack upon the Marshall Islands, February 1, 1942. Admiral Halsey did not know what he would find there, but he found plenty. He destroyed a 17,000-ton aircraft carrier, one light cruiser, one destroyer, three large tankers, two submarines, five cargo ships, three smaller vessels, two large seaplanes, fifteen fighter planes and twenty-one bombers—not to mention hangars, ammunition dumps and coastal batteries. But the actual capture of the islands is yet to be accomplished.

The Marshalls are low atolls of coral formation. An atoll is an island without a middle. A ring of reef encloses a lagoon. On the reef, which may stand only a few feet above sea level, palm trees fight with the wind, native houses sway on their stilts, and brown children run back and forth between the thundering ocean shore and the still shore of the lagoon.

Apart from the native houses are other houses—thoroughly Japanese from peak to foundation, paper doors to sacred alcove, Buddhist shrine to Shinto godshelf, neck-deep bath to ankle-high table, pebbled entrance in front where you leave your shoes to the diminutive garden in the rear where you feel like Gulliver in Lilliput as you step among tiny lacquer bridges and stone lanterns.

Nearby is a typical Japanese post office, a police station, a store, a hospital and a school. Where the reef broadens, there is an airfield with hangars and tanks. There are warehouses that may contain anything from copra to torpedoes.

But the best of the island is the part that has been left out of it. The lagoon is of inestimable value in Japan's proposed conquest of the Pacific. The lagoon is a nest for the warbirds. Battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, cargo vessels, slip through the narrow break in the reef into the safe harbor that polyps built. Seaplanes settle down upon the smooth surface.

"These islands," said Admiral Suetsugu, "are naturally built aircraft carriers."

Imagine hundreds upon hundreds of such nests covering a sea as wide as the United States and you will get some conception of the advantage which Neptune has conferred upon Nippon. Our Pacific between the coast and Hawaii is a vacant waste. The Japanese Pacific for more than that distance is a swarm of naval bases.

Nor will the bases within the labyrinth be as easy to attack as the Marshalls. Over the low reefs of the Marshalls, American ships could fire directly into the lagoon. But the islands farther west are not of the same type. They are mountainous, of volcanic origin. They conceal vessels from the view and fire of enemy ships. They are grouped in clusters, and each cluster of high islands rests in a lagoon girdled by a coral reef. Thus the multitudinous bases in the Carolines and Marianas have all the advantages of those in the Marshalls without exposure to sea-fire. A magnificent example is Truk.

Truk appears on the map as one island. It is in reality a group of 245 high wooded islands in a vast and beautiful lagoon forty miles in diameter protected by a reef and containing enough deep water to accommodate the entire Japanese fleet. The islands are small but abrupt, excellent shields for warcraft. The only means of attack would be by air, and aircraft batteries on the hilltops would make this hazardous. Submarines could pass out unseen through the deep channels into the open sea and attack enemy ships without warning. There are good airdromes for land planes. I witnessed the slicing down of an island three hundred feet high and half a mile long to form a perfectly level field ten feet above high tide.

From the small schooner in which we skimmed over this mighty lake of the sea, we could study the lagoon bottom.

Roughly half of the vast lagoon is deep. Where it is not, a kaleidoscope of red and white coral slides by underneath, sprinkled with vermilion and magenta fish. But suddenly you have the sensation of stepping off the edge of a cliff into a chasm, as the boat shoots out over a channel cut deep into the lagoon floor. By these ship channels vessels of heavy draught may move from one basin to another—whereas enemy vessels, unprovided with charts of the labyrinth, would be knifed on the coral.

The islands of Truk are so numerous that a system of naming almost equivalent to numbering has been employed. The charming Polynesian names have been abandoned and the Japanese have unimaginatively labeled certain islands Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and so on to the end of the week, while others have been called Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter (although there is no spring, autumn or winter in this latitude). Still others bow in humiliation under names not of their own proud flowers but of alien Nipponese varieties, iris, chrysanthemum, cherry, peony, and so on. The shores blaze defiantly with giant crimson hibiscus and riots of purple bougainvillea.

Coconut trees, breadfruit, mango, papaya, orange, sugar cane and hundreds of vegetables introduced since the Japanese occupation, and limitless supplies of fish within the lagoon as well as outside of it, would balk any plan of cutting off Truk's supplies and thereby starving it out.

Ponape has a magnificent mountain-ringed fleet base, the entrance dominated by mighty Chokach Rock, 937 feet high, a South Sea Gibraltar. At Kusaie, where American whalers once caroused to the detriment of native morals, a fine harbor is flanked by towering heights on one side and, on the other, a flat islet providing a perfect airdrome.

Yap is a cluster of reef-ringed islands, their great palms bow-

ing their heads over a central basin many miles long. Radio towers and landing fields give a serious air to Yap's hilltops.

Saipan, sugar island, differs from the others in that its fleet basin is man-made, but no less important.

Within motorboat distance are Tinian and Rota, and from Rota you could readily paddle a canoe to Guam. Its blue hills rise only forty miles away from the nearest of the ring of Japanese strongholds.

It would be tedious to name the scores of other Japanese bases. The heart of the entire amazing labyrinth is Palau. This group of 26 islands, reef-girdled, has a small commercial harbor that the transient sees, and, concealed by mountains, a fleet basin large enough to accommodate all the war vessels of the world.

It was on Palau that Colonel Ellis met the fate of the too inquisitive. Here my pencils and pen disappeared, my camera was put out of commission, and, to step out of my thatch hut was to find a toothy, smiling, white-clad and spectacled Japanese policeman asking if he could be "of any service." I was accompanied everywhere—for my "protection." I was allowed to see, but not to measure or map or record.

One place I was not allowed to see—the island of Arakabesan. The lame excuse was offered that lepers lived on an island only half a mile from it, therefore I might contract leprosy!

Arakabesan was being equipped as a great air base for an attack upon the Philippines and the Indies, less than 600 miles away. It has without doubt been in constant use since December 7, 1941.

Palau is the seat of Japan's government of all Micronesia and the headquarters from which Japanese naval strategy radiates in the South Pacific. It is only three air-hours from the Philip-

pinos, Celebes, Amboina, New Guinea and the islands of the Australian Mandate.

It has for years been developed as the supply depot for the Japanese fleet. To dismantle it would be to strike a mortal blow at Japan.

Its facilities, built up over a decade, are not likely to be abandoned soon in favor of those of Singapore—for Palau, not Singapore, is in the right spot for the projected assault upon Australia. Palau, not Singapore, is a control station for the Philippines. Palau bars the way between America and the scene of battle.

We once had Micronesia and let it go. We did not want to be imperialistic. So we let Japan be imperialistic.

It happened in this way. Micronesia had been ruled by Spain. The three-thousand-mile-wide sea of islands, along with the Philippines, fell into the American lap at the close of the Spanish-American War. Choosily, we picked Guam, because it was the largest of the Micronesian islands, and the Philippines. Possibly future historians will say that it would have been better if we had taken all of the islands, or none of them. At any rate, we generously returned all the other islands to Spain.

But Spain was weary of Pacific absentee ownership and its hazards. She sold her islands in 1899 to Germany for \$4,500,000.

There were murmurs of dissatisfaction in America. To have our new possessions hedged in by the islands of a defeated and futile Spain was one thing; by the outposts of a rising Germany, quite another.

And some American newspapers actually sang a song of relief when our faithful ally, Japan, sailed south during the first days of World War I and wrested the islands from Germany. But the more judicious grieved. For Micronesia, which had

been much too far from Germany for her to use effectively, was now in the hands of a power which could make it an integral and contiguous part of her empire.

President Wilson endeavored to solve this problem by persuading Japan to hold the islands, not in outright ownership, but as a mandate under a League of Nations. Japan agreed. A Japanese journalist wrote, "A mandate is a temporary arrangement; Japan will find means to make it permanent."

President Wilson suggested to Japan that the island of Yap be under international control, since it was a cable station. Again Japan agreed. But the devious document which was finally worked out and signed gave America all the courtesies and gave Japan the island. It read in part as follows:

"The United States and its nationals shall have free access to the Island of Yap on a footing of entire equality with Japan or any other nation and their respective nationals in all that relates to the landing and operation of the existing Yap-Guam cable. . . . Nationals of the United States shall have the unrestricted right to reside in the island. . . . Nationals of the United States shall have complete freedom of entry and exit in the island for their persons and property."

Having thus mollified America with words, Japan put armed guards around the cable station with orders that any American meddlers should be reported as having died of fever; and considered the matter closed.

The Washington Conference in 1922 asked Japan to promise not to fortify her islands if the other signatories did not fortify theirs. Japan blithely promised. The other signatories kept their pledge. Japan smiled and fortified.

Her fortifications took the form of harbor works, channels, supply depots, ammunition dumps, airdromes and, more recently, a few gun emplacements. I could not report actual forts

or fortifications in the old style because I saw none, and believe there are none. That is not because Japan agreed not to build them. It is because Japan believes that the day of the fort is past. Hongkong and Singapore were fortified in the old manner. The new fort has wings and is called the dive bomber or the torpedo plane. Japan places little reliance upon big land guns, either in Micronesia or in the Malaysian arena. Her cannon shoot from the sky. Land artillery is too awkward, too immobile. And fixed forts are an invitation to destruction—unless one simply ignores and goes around them. The Japanese have built no Maginot Line in Micronesia.

But they have made full use of the Maginot Line created by Nature. Wilhelm in his *Military Dictionary* lists as one of the varieties of fortification the "natural fortification" which, he says, "consists of those obstacles which Nature affords to retard the progress of the enemy; such as woods, deep ravines, rocks, marshes, etc." The 2,550 islands of Micronesia add to these "fortifications" some of the most dangerous reefs, shoals and currents in the Pacific. Further "fortifications" are certain recurrent islands, pushed up by submarine volcanoes or earthquakes only to subside a few months or years later. Their erratic behavior renders old charts unreliable. Another great natural advantage is in the complete visibility of any intruder. In eight thousand miles of travel our ship was never out of sight of land. Strange ships may sail, and have sailed, the vacuous ocean about Hawaii and off our Pacific Coast without detection—but in Micronesia every island is an observation post and together they completely command the view of an area as wide as the Atlantic.

XXII:

Help from the Head-Hunters

BUT there is another side to the picture. Micronesia is a none too secure hideout for the pirates of the Pacific, thanks to the native fifth column. Trouble from within would match trouble from without.

The natives are Polynesian with a touch of Melanesian. They are mahogany brown, usually naked except for a G string, powerful, a head taller than the Japanese.

At first the invaders confidently staged meets between native warriors and Japanese wrestlers. They were soon discontinued, for the brown men always won, and yellow face was lost. Now Japanese superiority is asserted by means of a revolver.

The natives are allowed no arms. However, they do very well on occasion with homemade weapons. Unfortunately for the cause of vengeance, American missionaries of the long ago taught some of them to be blessedly meek and forgive their enemies. Many, however, preferred head-hunting to church-going, and still do. But today, in the *olgal* or head-cup around which the dancers circle, there is likely to be a close-cropped, bullet-shaped object still wearing the owl-round glasses purchased from an optometrist in Tokyo or Yokohama.

A proud chief in Ponape showed me his shelf of twenty-six skulls, not all of them well aged. "This one—and this one—and this one—" he laid his finger upon them one after another, until he had indicated eleven—"are Japanese."

It is hard to deal with a head-hunter, because he never shows his face. Centuries of practice have developed a skilled tech-

nique. He attacks from behind. He is no more troubled by Western ideas of sportsmanship than are his Japanese victims. Just as the samurai used to strike the unsuspecting foreigner from behind, laying him open from shoulder to thigh with one slash of the heavy two-handed sword, so the head-hunter does not ask leave before disposing of his enemy. But, less given to exertion than the samurai, he adopts the easier method of merely severing the spinal column at the back of the neck. A strong native knife, somewhat similar to a machete or bolo, does this nicely.

When I complained that attack from the rear gave the opponent no chance, I was asked, "Do you give a serpent a chance to bite you?"

It is true, I do not, nor is the analogy far-fetched. Indeed it was only after the natives had been sorely bitten that there was revival of the old-time head-hunt in the wild interior of the great island of Ponape, in the outlying islands of Palau, in the mountain forests of Kusaie and in the slave-camps, plantations and fisheries among the myriad islands away from the steamer routes.

The head-hunter of Micronesia is not a cannibal. His purpose is merely to rid his island of undesirables—and to gain honor in his tribe. Every head on his shelf is a jewel in his crown. If the Japanese suspect him and he dies, Yalafas, the greatest of all gods, gives him a place in his own war canoe, and his people on earth make daily offerings for his comfort and sustenance.

The naïve and pitiful rebellions of the natives against a power they cannot hope to shake off without help from the outside are the natural result of the campaign of oppression and extermination carried on by the conquerors. The Japanese

see no reason why there should be any brown people in the South Seas.

The islands—most of them—are small, and the Japanese are many. Migration to the islands from Japan has been heavy. The Japanese did not migrate to Manchuria because it was too cold; nor to China, because it was too crowded and the Chinese were too hard to kill off. But the eternal summer of the South Seas has proved irresistible.

Crops grow all the year round. Much of the land, unlike China's, has never felt a plow. Most of the islands are not thickly settled, and the natives, unlike the Chinese, are not multiplying. Their birth rate is one of the lowest in the world, while that of the Japanese invaders is one of the highest.

The native population of Micronesia stood still at about 50,000 for twenty years after Japan took the islands in 1914. During recent years, up to 1942, it has been actually declining, and at an accelerating rate.

The Japanese population of the islands in 1914 was a few hundred; in 1935, 52,000; now, well over 100,000.

These two currents, traveling in opposite directions, are likely to continue (barring American interference) until there is not a brown face in Micronesia, and the islands are filled with Japanese. Possibly the capacity of the islands is a population of about one million.

If this is allowed to come to pass and the heart of the Pacific (for Micronesia is the heart of it), becomes Japanese, it is hard to imagine that the rest of the Pacific will be unaffected. Unless the trend is drastically altered, the Pacific must become a Japanese ocean.

As for the brown man, he would then be remembered only by his monuments such as the extraordinary stone coins on the island of Yap—and by a limited admixture of his blood

in the veins of the yellow man, slowing the tempo and softening the machine-gun speech of the Nipponese.

The destruction of the Polynesian was begun—let us admit it honestly—by our own whalers and traders. They inflicted their diseases, rum and devitaminized foods upon the islanders.

The demolition has been vastly speeded up by the Japanese.

Their tuberculosis has gone through the native population like a hot wind.

Their clothing, when they succeed in plastering it upon the natives as they do in the native schools, cuts off ultra-violet and leads to unaccustomed troubles.

Their *oiran*, prostitutes, imported in great numbers from Japan, trade syphilis for hard-earned copra money. Their geisha who have slid down the scale until they are no longer accepted at home, come to the islands to rot and to spread rot.

Their toughest thugs and crooks come. The worst of the Japanese are always to be found outside Japan. The natives are swindled out of their land, their copra stolen, their women raped, their villages burned. Their boats are "requisitioned" by the government. Their labor is impressed on roads and other public works, usually without pay.

When they do receive pay, it is a pittance. In the phosphate diggings of Angaur the Japanese common laborer receives 3.19 yen a day; the brown worker on precisely the same job gets .77 yen. He is lucky to get anything. When his health breaks and he is allowed to return to his own island he may find that his family has been removed, no one knows where, and his home has been torn down to make room for some Japanese enterprise.

"This is dying the slow way," an old chief told me. "It would be better that we should all walk out into the sea. The sea knows us. She would be kind."

The Polynesians would leap at the chance to help Americans oust the Japanese overlords. Nor would this help be inappreciable. Bloody uprisings have before now temporarily crippled Japanese administration in certain islands. Such a rebellion, if it synchronized with attack from without, might just tip the scale.

XXIII:

Cut Japan's Life Line

I HAVE tried to convey the idea that the capture of the Micronesian nest would not be easy. But we must capture it or else.

If our withering assault upon the Marshalls was a grim lesson to the enemy, it should be one to us also. We discovered vast air and fleet preparations in these islands. Preparations for what? The finger of probability points straight at Hawaii and California.

In the Marshalls Japan had accumulated an amazing concentration of naval strength as far away as possible from the place where she was doing her actual fighting! The Marshalls are 4,400 miles from Singapore.

But they are only some 2,200 miles from Hawaii. They are the nearest Japanese point to Pearl Harbor. They lie roughly halfway between Singapore and San Francisco.

We did not take the Marshalls. That was not possible, for lack of troops to garrison them, ships to guard them, planes to canopy them. By this time the Japanese High Command has

probably not only restored their strength but, thanks to the lesson learned, greatly increased it.

If we also have learned our lesson we shall not wait for another assault upon Hawaii. The discovery of the vast importance Japan attaches to her mid-Pacific base must spur us to prepare an attack upon the Marshalls that will not be hit-and-run next time. The first step in the protection of the Panama Canal, the West Coast and Hawaii is to take the Marshall stronghold and keep it.

This might be followed by a drive straight through the Micronesian archipelago to the China coast. I am not competent to determine naval strategy. As a layman who knows the islands, I can only point out certain advantages of such a drive.

We would be doing first things first. Micronesia is nearer to continental United States than any other part of the Japanese empire. It is within easy reach of Pearl Harbor. We could strike many times harder than at a point three times as far away. True, we should have to cross water to reach the Marshalls from Hawaii. But it would be American water, not Japanese water. And it is not too great a hop for the new long-range bombers. They could do the job and return to their Hawaiian land bases. As soon as the Marshalls were reduced, our bombers would be based there, ready for the next step farther into Micronesia. And so it would go, step by step, from land base to land base, our warships, supply vessels and transports following closely to consolidate the gains.

The Marshalls are Japan's Achilles' heel. They are the most exposed point of the Empire. Their capture should be relatively easy.

By taking them, we would be disposing of the most immediate threat to our own shores.

We would be relieving our shipping lanes to the present war scene of their chief menace.

By proceeding from the Marshalls through Micronesia to the China coast we would be aiding Australia perhaps even more than by sending aid to Australia itself—although we must do that too. But by destroying Japan's South Sea headquarters, and, at the same time, cutting the lines of supply that connect Japan with the far southern arena, we would dry up at their sources the streams of Japanese power now flowing to the south Pacific. Troop movements to India would also be cut off. The entire complexion of war in the antipodes and the Indian Ocean would be changed.

Micronesian waters together with the China Sea constitute the bottleneck between Japan and the scene of her ambitions. Plug it, and Japan would be shut off from the Philippines, Malaya, Singapore, the Indies, Australia, Burma, India, and the more remote objects of her avarice, Afghanistan, Iran and South Africa. She could then endeavor to advance only through China—and the Chinese would have something to say about that. They alone, of all the proud ABCD, have stymied the Japanese—and they did it alone. Now they would have help.

The attack upon the island bases could be a pincers attack. On the east, Micronesia would be penetrated by our fleet. On the west, in the waterways along the China coast, Japanese reinforcements proceeding southward could be blasted by squadrons of American bombers based in China. Nor would they need to come from Chungking. We think of all coastal China as being occupied by the Japanese, but this is far from true. Japanese claws reach two thousand miles back into China, but they are only claws. Between the slender and far-flung Japanese lines are large areas that remain Chinese. From bases in this territory, heavy bombers could harass the Japanese shipping

lanes, bombard Formosa. It would not be safe. Their bases would, in time, be destroyed by the Japanese. But they could inflict severe damage before that happened—then use new bases.

We would, by penetrating the Micronesian screen, cut a straight path to the Philippines.

With Micronesia under foot, we should have solid ground from which to attack Japan itself.

There has been clamor for an all-out attack upon Japan. The day will come for that. But Japan's whole body is too strong for us now—let us begin with the outstretched arm. It is that arm that is doing the mischief. Not only does it strike in the south, but it brings back to Japan the invaluable oil, tin, rubber, and other rich materials of Malaya and the Indies to keep the war industries of Japan going. So long as that arm does its work, the body can live.

The Japanese use a different metaphor. "Micronesia," they say, "is our life line to the south."

Let us cut the life line.

NOTE: for a more complete discussion of the character and strategic significance of the Japanese mandate, the reader is referred to the author's *Pacific Adventure*, published in 1936.

XXIV:

Japan in the Philippines

THE Japanese are no newcomers in the Philippines. They have long had their eye upon its resources, and their hand as well. Their presence in the islands has hardly been noticed, because they did not make themselves conspicuous in the chief city, Manila.

For years, since America declared her intention of giving up the Philippines, Americans have been coming out of the front door, Manila, and Japanese have been entering at the back door, Davao. Cannily preparing for the commercial and industrial conquest of the Philippines, which they intend shall follow its military conquest, Japanese have been flocking in from Palau, capital of Japanese Micronesia, less than 600 miles away.

Mindanao is the richest island of the Philippines, situated at the southern end of the archipelago. Its port of Davao is four to seven days from Manila, depending upon what boat you take.

Beautiful Davao stands against a superb backdrop in the form of volcanic Mount Apo, 9,600 feet high, its top coated with sulphur cast out from a boiling crater.

As one walks along the streets of Davao he might imagine himself in a sort of Yokohama, with tropical variations. Japanese kimonos, Japanese speech, Japanese bustle. Very little sign of anything or anybody American. Of course even in Manila there have been more than ten Japanese to one American . . . but in Davao the proportion has been 150 to one. And the one has now been interned by the invading troops. But even

before Japan landed troops, there were twenty thousand Japanese in Davao. They dominated the island of Mindanao—which is second only to Luzon in size and second to none in wealth. They made fortunes for themselves in the two great industries of the island, hemp and lumber.

Eighty per cent of the imports of Davao province have been from Japan. Promises of independence quickened Japan's interest in 1934; and during that year \$279,000 worth of goods came from Japan as compared with \$11,900 worth from the United States. Ninety-eight Japanese vessels called at the port of Davao, and four American. In the fishing industry, there were eighty-seven motor boats of more than three tons' capacity owned or operated wholly or partly by Japanese, seventeen exclusively by Filipinos, two by Americans. Every day the port and the island became more thoroughly Nipponized.

According to the Japan Year Book, "More Japanese emigrants now go to the Philippine Islands than to any other country except Brazil." Japan's own foster-state of Manchukuo, of course, received the largest number of migrating Japanese. But the tide only waited for Mindanao also to become a foster-state. Then few would choose the forty-degrees-below-zero Manchukuo winter to Mindanao's eternal June. Davao, although closer to the equator than Manila, has a cooler and more equable climate. There is no "hot season" and no "rainy season." And every season is a growing season.

Seventy per cent of the roads in Davao province were built by Japanese industrial interests. Japanese stores have been competing with Chinese, Filipino and Indian stores. The former have fixed prices, the latter, sliding prices. You did well to look at the name over the store before entering so that you would know whether to deal in occidental or oriental fashion. I took

back to a "Bazaar Oriental" a shirt they had sold me wrongly marked as to size. It was necessary for me to bring in a constabulary officer before I could get it changed. Nothing like that would happen in a Japanese store. There the treatment was more than fair—and the prices so astonishingly low that even the thrifty Chinese was being forced out of business.

The few Americans left in Davao saw their business fast disappearing. Sooner or later they had to get out—they could not stand the competition.

The story of how the Japanese first came to Davao is a pioneering romance. It was long ago. A fiery lad by the name of Ohta was adopted into a wealthy family of Japan with the intention that he should later marry the daughter of the family. He had trouble with his adopted father and left. He roamed the seas—fished for pearls at Thursday Island and Zamboanga—penetrated to Davao and saw the growing of hemp—then went to Luzon.

The Americans had recently taken over the Philippines and were building the famous Benguet Road up the mountain side to Baguio. They tried Filipino laborers, Chinese, Russian—all failed. Then they brought down two thousand Japanese from Okinawa. These were equal to the very difficult and dangerous work and the road was completed, but not without great loss of life due to accidents and epidemics. When the road was finished in 1904, the American engineer wondered what to do with the five hundred Japanese who were left. Mr. Ohta, with a vision of the possibilities of hemp, offered to take them to Davao and was commissioned to do so. There they worked for a time for American, Spanish and Filipino planters—then organized the Ohta Development Company and went in for themselves.

During the depression the world price for hemp dropped so

low that other nationalities, unable or unwilling to carry on at a starvation income, quit the business. In Davao Province few but Japanese remained. They raised one-half the hemp of the Philippines and exported most of it to cordage concerns in America, who acknowledged it to be the world's best. Time after time, on the basis of quality and low price, the contract of the United States Navy in the Philippines has gone to the Furukawa Company, the only Japanese company bidding, all the rest being American.

A remarkable experimental farm financed by the Japanese planting corporations is introducing hundreds of useful plants to Philippine soil. To walk over this great farm is to make a world tour in a day. Here is cotton brought from Peru, coffee from Liberia, oil palm from Singapore, pepper and vanilla from Borneo, teak from Jolo, beans in all their varieties from Japan, seedless pomelo from Siam, lime from Tahiti, oranges from Majorca, avocados from California, passion fruit from Australia, the great pineapple from Hawaii, sisal from Africa. Exhaustive soil tests are conducted. There are experiments in swine raising, poultry raising and fish farming. There are detailed meteorological studies of wind, atmosphere, rainfall, temperature (air and earth), evaporation and sunshine as agricultural factors.

In other words, the Japanese were not in Mindanao to snatch a few easy earnings and depart. They were there to do a scientific and painstaking job in the development of the resources of Mindanao for the sake of a long and very Japanese future.

Now and then a Land Commission came feverishly down from Manila to investigate charges that the Japanese were acquiring land in spite of the fact that sale or lease to foreigners was forbidden under Philippine law. Secretary of Agriculture Rodriguez came for this purpose while I happened to be in

Davao—and he sat out at a Filipino dance long enough to tell me:

“More than half of the 164,000 acres of cultivable land in Davao Province is controlled by Japanese. The question is whether their tenure is illegal. The intent of the law is plainly that land must not be sub-leased to Japanese or other foreigners, but what constitutes a ‘sub-lease’ is not clear.”

It was not clear because Filipinos of Davao did not want it to be clear. They made too much out of the ambiguity. Collectively they shouted, “The Philippines for the Filipinos,” but individually they were usually only too glad to add to their private income by serving as dummies in a land deal. The procedure was described to me by a veteran American planter who has seen the entire drama, having been here since before the first Japanese came and indeed before American occupation of the islands.

“The Japanese are the most law-abiding, or you might say lawyer-abiding, people around Davao. When they want land they go to a Filipino lawyer—he goes to the Bureau of Lands and gets the land.

“The government will lease land to a Filipino or American on a twenty-five year lease. It’s common practice for the lawyer to get one of his Filipino friends to lend his name. The land is taken in his name, the Japanese farm it and give the Filipino ten per cent of the total proceeds—not just ten per cent of the net profits. Who wouldn’t lend his name for that? And at the end of the twenty-five years if the Filipino wants to re-lease from the government, the land and all its improvements are his and the Japanese who have spent twenty-five years developing it are left out in the cold.

“Since most of the Filipinos thus lending their names are

Filipino officials and constabulary officers, the sub-lease rule has been quite liberally interpreted!"

Large tracts of government land were leased only to corporations, and the corporation must be sixty per cent Filipino. The Japanese readily complied with the law but at the same time accomplished their own ends by engaging a number of Filipino lawyers to hold sixty per cent of the stock.

In cases where the owner of land has absolute title to it because it is a Spanish grant antedating American occupation of the islands, he may sell it outright to any foreigner. The Japanese ferreted out all such properties and bought them up.

The Secretary of Agriculture once mentioned the possibility of buying all Japanese interests for \$5,000,000—but Consul Kaneko, uncrowned ruler of what the Filipino newspaper wryly referred to as "Davaokuo," claimed that the holdings were worth five times that amount.

As a matter of fact it is doubtful whether the Japanese would have surrendered their holdings at any price. No temporary advantage could compensate for the loss of the future.

Whether we know enough yet about this globe to say with General Hugh Johnson that there is no richer spot on the earth's surface than the Philippines, certainly it is a treasure-house. Americans have not undertaken its development because of the uncertainty that America would remain in the islands. The Japanese were not uncertain.

As soon as America made clear her intention to leave, the American Institute of Mining received word that Japanese interests were endeavoring to sign contracts for the entire gold output of the islands. Since that time large shipments have been made to Japan.

There has been lively interest in Japan over the recent discovery of chromite in such large deposits that the Philippines

promise to be the world's chief source of chromium, invaluable to the armament makers. One Osaka concern alone ordered half a million dollars' worth.

The iron ore is the best in the Far East and is desperately needed by Japan, especially while at war.

Timber is plentiful in the Philippines. Gutta-percha and cotton can be produced on a large scale and both are vitally required. Sugar, coffee, hemp . . . the list might be continued at great length.

In fact the Japanese consider the Philippines the natural answer to many of Japan's problems. Japan is an industrial nation but lacks raw materials to keep her industries going. The Philippines have raw materials in plenty.

The two fit as hand and glove. Thousands of manufactured articles, necessities, comforts, luxuries, are to flow in at prices that the Filipinos can afford to pay . . . prices one-half or one-quarter those of similar articles from America. And the stuff of which these articles are made will flow from the Philippines to Japan.

The industrial age of the Philippines will be, if Japan has her way, adroitly postponed. The Filipinos will farm and mine while the Japanese will fabricate . . . a rather ideal comity, ideal at least for Japan.

Being near neighbors helps, of course. Steamers from San Francisco to the Philippines take about three weeks. From the nearest Japanese territories (Palau on the east, Formosa on the north), one day. From Japan proper, less than a week. Air travel would make the time factor negligible. It is only a nine-hour non-stop flight from Tokyo to Manila. The regular Japanese airline from Japan through the mandated islands to Palau can at any time be extended to the Philippines by the addition of a simple two-hour hop.

The Philippines are more than 8,000 miles from San Francisco, 5,000 even from Hawaii, but only eighty from the nearest important Japanese territory. The Philippine Batan Islands are but eighty miles from Formosa. Because of the proximity, because of interlocking needs, Japan-Philippines trade is a "natural."

Even before Philippine independence was declared, Japan had outdistanced all other countries, except the United States, in supplying the Philippine market.

XXV:

The Philippine Future

WHAT the Filipino shall wear, eat, read, put in his home, has been increasingly dictated by the Japanese. Ironically, the Chinese helped to bring this about.

They were formerly the shopkeepers of the Philippines. They patriotically boycotted Japanese goods. Japan's comeback was decisive. Japanese bazaars blossomed out almost overnight in cities and towns from Manila to Zamboanga. The display, the goods, the prices, were commanding. An official report to Washington in 1937 estimated that even at that time thirty-five per cent of the retail trade of the Philippines was in Japanese hands.

American capital and all other foreign capital has been flowing out, except Japanese, which has been flowing in. Hemp holdings have been increased, lumbering and mining concessions purchased. Some American interests desperately hung

on, hoping against hope that both America and the Philippines would do a little rethinking before it was too late. Judge John W. Hausserman, called "the gold king of the Philippines," president of the Benguet Consolidated Mining Company, clutched at straws as follows:

"We have, to be sure, been offered large sums for our properties by the Japanese. But we will not accept. We will not permit ourselves to harbor the thought that all that has been brought to the islands in the way of American civilization is to go for naught."

Not only economically did the Japanese consider the Philippines made-to-measure for Japan—but strategically. On the map the Philippine archipelago looks somewhat like a large key fitted into a lock composed of Australia, the Dutch East Indies, Singapore, French Indo-China and China. Who holds this key may unlock the treasures of southern Asia. Former Chancellor Von Bulow said:

"The control of the sea may rest on the question of who rules the Philippines."

This is true because of the peculiar position of the group, nudged in between magnificent New Guinea, Celebes, Borneo, and the mainland. It is placed like a reviewing stand before which all ships bound north to China must pass. Who controls the Philippines may dictate Chinese trade, the Chinese destiny. The northern end faces Hongkong, the southern end, Singapore. For the Philippine labyrinth concatenates over a length equal to the distance from London to Algiers, from the Canadian border to the Mexican, and its total coastline is greater than that of continental United States.

From the Japanese standpoint, the Dutch islands, Australasia and the Philippines are a unit. From Japan's mandated islands, it is but five hundred miles to the nearest territory of any

of them. Australia and Japan actually rub elbows, their mandates joining at the equator. The nearest important island of Japanese Micronesia to Philippine, Dutch and Australian territory is Palau, less than three hours distant from any of them by plane. Palau, capital of Micronesia, may be designed to serve also as the capital of all equatorial Japan.

Today Filipinos are fighting magnificently beside Americans. But it would not be accurate to say that such loyalty to America marks the attitude of all Filipinos. The Japanese have for many years been developing a fifth column in the Philippines. One does not wonder that the ignorant are easily won over by skillful propaganda. But it is surprising to hear such words as these from a Professor of Law in the University of the Philippines, Pio Duran; speaking of possible absorption by Japan, he said,

"That would simply mean that we would be citizens of the most powerful empire in the Orient, or perhaps in the world."

The doctrine of Asia for the Asiatics has had some appeal. The East, many of her leaders believe, is well on the way to a greatness the West has never known. And East and West have never mingled much better than oil and water. In three hundred and fifty years of Spanish rule and forty-three of American there was no assimilation of brown and white. But the Chinese blend readily with the Filipinos. The Japanese are more exclusive, yet their Malay-Mongol blood makes them racially related to the Malayan Filipino. In the long run amalgamation is probable.

Cultures are also related. To make capital of this fact, the Philippine Society of Japan was created, headed by Marquis Tokugawa of the House of Peers, its purpose being to exchange professors and students between the Philippines and Japan,

swap radio programs and motion picture films and in every way possible inter-relate Japanese and Philippine interests.

There has been an ably financed Japanophile movement in the Philippines. Such uprisings as that of the Sakdalistas, while doubtless not instigated by Japan, were at least inspired by a strong pro-Japanese sentiment in certain Philippine groups. The Sakdal organ was printed in Japanese as well as in the island languages, and the leader, Major Ramos, visited Japan to seek support for his campaign for immediate severance of all ties with the United States.

Of old, the Filipinos studied Spanish; then English, during the American regime. Lately the trend has been slightly but increasingly away from both languages toward Japanese. Six years ago the Philippine Constabulary started classes in Japanese and these became so popular that they spread throughout the islands.

As Japanese employers increased in number it was natural that their associates and employees should wish to understand their language. Because many of the Japanese were involved in large deals requiring negotiation and litigation, there was a rush among young lawyers to learn the language of Nippon—they saw money in it. Also some studied Japanese law, anticipating that it would gradually displace American law.

The Philippine Chamber of Commerce has for some years been edging up to Japan, if we may credit the words of its President, Leopoldo Aguinaldo, who stated that the endeavor of the Chamber, during the ten-year withdrawal period of America, would be "to cultivate and stabilize our commercial relations with other countries, Japan foremost among them." Mr. Aguinaldo was educated in Japan and later returned to that country at the head of a highly successful Philippine trade mission.

President Quezon, most loyal of Philippine patriots, has nevertheless seen the need of avoiding open insult to Japan. He has defended Japanese land and trade rights in the Philippines, saying, "The Filipinos, at this stage in their history, need all the good-will that they can muster." A Philippine newspaper, agreeing with him, editorialized:

"Our old bridges have been burned. Our new bridges must be oriental."

Thus Japan already had her foot firmly planted in the Philippines long before December 7, 1941. To dislodge her is not merely a military problem. By her commercial, industrial and "cultural" activities, she has wormed her way into a strong position in the islands. During her present tenure she may be expected to increase her economic grip.

At the same time, however, her "cultural" grip will grow less; for Filipinos, who welcomed the idea of collaboration with the Japanese, will not take so readily to Japanese domination. The undoing of the Japanese is his brutality when placed in authority. The Japanese merchant in a Filipino village is polite and smiling; give that same merchant a uniform and a revolver and he becomes an insufferable bully. The Philippines are now by way of being bullied into an acute realization of what they have lost. They can probably be relied upon, when the American wave returns northward, to rise and fight for their own freedom.

XXVI:

Night with a Gun

HE WAS one of the last of the Americans. It was 1937. Most of his countrymen had been forced out by the Japanese. But he hung on.

He sat on the ground with his gun between his knees. I was supposed to be asleep. But I was wondering about the wisdom or unwisdom of America's plan to leave the Philippines. And whether Japan, when it came her turn, would do any better with the islands than America had done. Here we were, the American planter and his visitor, spending the night under a *lauan* tree to guard the estate against a possible foray by the Bila-an tribesmen.

"It wouldn't be this way if America really took things in hand," the planter had said. "But now, with what little control there has been gone, it will be worse than ever."

It was my first night spent in this fashion. But Scott had not been in a bed for three weeks. Except for daytime naps.

"Why don't you call in the constabulary?" I had asked.

"I could call but they wouldn't come. The constabulary are afraid of the tribes. These Bila-ans have a standing challenge to the constabulary . . . dare them to come up into the hills and fight them. There are no takers. That's under American government. Then how will it be under 'independence'—the independence of a bunch of antagonistic races scattered over seven thousand and eighty-three islands and speaking ninety different languages and dialects? How can you build a stable Philippine government out of such a hodge-podge? Now that

Uncle Sam is leaving, the Bila-ans don't even stay in the hills. They come down, raiding the plantations."

The night was still. High between the trees hovered a great golden cloud of fireflies like a phosphorescent sea. Now and then across this light slowly sailed a black cloud—one of the enormous Philippine fruit-bats, five feet from tip to tip and with a body as large as a cat's. The glow dimly lit the old gravestones. The plantation employees were also on guard, but elsewhere—they objected to this spot since they claimed that the graves were visited by ghosts in the form of balls of fire. Evidently the ghosts were off duty tonight. Of more concern were certain rustlings in the neighboring corn field which might mean prowling head-hunters, but probably meant only insects and birds.

My companion heard me scratching the ground to make a hole for my hip.

"Why didn't you sleep in the house?" he asked.

"Because I was afraid," I admitted. "Your house seems to be the only place you leave unguarded."

He chuckled. "These savages don't want the sort of things we keep in houses. They want our crops. Too lazy to raise them for themselves."

"What crops do you raise?" I asked. "You must find farming in the Philippines worth while if you keep at it in spite of all."

When I got him on that subject, the disgust and contempt left his voice. He was all enthusiasm. Yes, it was worth while. He reminded me of the hardy pioneers of the American West. Tall, tough, powerful, he had the same conquering spirit, the same vision, the same joy in taming the earth and bringing life and beauty out of it.

And here, he said, the soil responds as it never did in the

homeland. The Philippine archipelago is one of the most fertile spots—some agricultural experts say the most fertile—on the globe. The rainfall is abundant throughout the year but rarely excessive, the temperature is always high enough to encourage plant growth, and the soil has magic in it. Scott had his plantation on the shore of Davao Gulf in Mindanao, prize island of the Philippines and therefore the first choice of Japan.

The resources of Mindanao have hardly been touched. Large sections in the northern and eastern reaches of Davao Province are marked on the map, "Unexplored." While the seventy-three million inhabitants of Japan are standing on each other's toes and the Japanese farmer sees his farm squeezed down to an average of less than two acres, much of Mindanao is uninhabited. In the island as a whole there are only fourteen people to the square mile, as against 404 in Japan. The rest of the Philippines is more thickly populated—and yet the entire archipelago of 7,083 islands, although sixty-six per cent the size of Japan, has only twenty per cent the population. The Philippines have a mere handful of fifteen million people and could accommodate a dozen times that number.

Only twelve and a half per cent of the land area of the Philippines is being farmed. So plentiful is land that natives, rather than fight the cogon grass which invades cultivated fields, simply move on to virgin soil. It is the lazy man's paradise. But, paradoxically, it is also the place where a real pioneer can put up a hard fight—a fight to keep out the jungle and keep up with the astounding pace of his crops. It calls to all the instincts of a born farmer.

It is a race. There are no off-seasons. No sitting in the house all winter twiddling thumbs while the earth sleeps under snow. In fact, twiddle for a week and you find the jungle swallowing a year's work. No monotony. Every morning something new

has burst into fruit. Every day is harvest. The versatility of the soil is amazing—what it produces is only limited by the wits of the planter.

"Sorry you couldn't have seen what I've got here," said Scott. "I'm sorry too."

But there seemed nothing that we could do about it. I had come too late in the afternoon to walk about the plantation, and had to leave at dawn for the mountains.

"How about now?" suggested Scott with sudden alacrity. "We can't use a torch—it might draw fire. But the bugs are good tonight—and we have real stars down here."

"Yes, that will be fine," I said weakly. There was a certain lack of charm about the idea of prowling around in the dark listening for the "poof" of a blow-gun and the whish of a poisoned dart, or running the chance of being potted by one of Scott's own guards.

But Scott was up. I rose and he gave me one of his guns. I don't know its caliber but it made me think of the Big Bertha used by the Germans in World War I.

"Bananas over there," said Scott. The Milky Way of fireflies and the blaze of Orion illuminated the swaying leaves of banana plants twenty feet high. "Perhaps you know how it got its botanical name—*musa paradisiaca*. There's an Arab legend that the first clothing of Adam and Eve was the banana leaf—not the fig leaf."

I had a sudden vision of a more respectable Eden than I had ever imagined before. The banana leaf is fourteen inches wide and six feet long.

"There are seventy-two varieties of banana in the Philippines. I have forty varieties right here. Fruit all the way from two inches to a foot in length. Some of the large varieties can't be eaten raw—but they're grand boiled.

"And here's a banana that isn't a banana." We stopped before huge plants which looked exactly like those we had left—except that the fruits were baby bananas an inch long. I picked one. It was just as hard as a pencil.

"Can't be eaten," Scott said. "We get rope, not fruit, from this tree. The finest rope in the world. *Abacá*. 'Manila hemp,' they call it in the States. I remember back in Indiana Manila hemp was the only kind of fiber my father could use in the self-binding reaper. And the ship-chandlers swear by it—it's the only thing that will stand sea water. They've tried without success to raise it in other parts of the world. This island is its home."

This unique plant shoots up twenty feet high in a year. Then it is cut down—only to pop up again from the same root. And one root may send up many stalks, each of a different age. So that it is often possible to harvest one stalk a month from one plant. The root keeps up this amazing performance for fifteen years. Then the planter digs it up, or abandons it and moves on to virgin territory, and plants seeds, suckers or root sections.

The precious fiber is in the stalk. After the stalk is cut down, the long fibrous outside layers are peeled from it. These are then drawn through a "stripping machine" in which a knife scrapes away the soft pulp, leaving only the long white fibers, lovely, hairlike strands perhaps ten feet in length. After drying in the sun, the material is baled and shipped on the back of a carabao, or by truck if the planter can afford such conveniences, to the coast.

The industry, eighty per cent of which has long been in the hands of Japanese, is carried on with remarkable efficiency. The Filipino lacks the patience to raise *abacá*. He prefers to hire out his land to Japanese who work it for him and pay him a percentage.

We came to the fruit orchards. When Scott insisted that I sample every fruit I decided that he was a good host after all; and forgave him for walking me about over his precious plantation at dead of night. Here was the heavenly mango. One we found weighed a pound and a half. How the natives appreciate the mango is indicated by the fact that food imports drop forty per cent during the mango season. A good mango tree continues to bear for two hundred years.

And here was the durian, "king of fruits," a prickly green rind full of a sweet white paste that smells like the devil but tastes like the frosting on a cake. It is easily the most popular fruit in the tropics. Just how long a man has lived in the tropics can be gauged by the amount of durian he can stomach.

Then the luscious papaya. If you've ever had a poor one, don't blame the good ones. Papaya, like people, have all sorts of personalities. A huge Philippine papaya, the melon that grows on a tree, is not only delicious but its pepsin is a great help if the stomach isn't firing on all eight. Also it has the peculiar property of softening meat. The toughest steak becomes tender if left a few hours inside a papaya, or even hung up in a papaya tree overnight. The leaves of the tree are used instead of laundry soap.

Fruits, fruits, in bewildering variety—pineapple, pomelo, lemon, lime, orange, grapefruit, avocado, litchi, loquat, passion fruit, mangosteen, jackfruit, pomegranate . . .

Scott now had me eating out of his hand, so it was time to play his little trick. He gave me a soft-shelled fruit about the size of a lemon. When I opened and bit into it I got a mouthful of cotton.

For this is a fruit to wear, not to eat. Kapok, the cotton that grows on trees, is exported to cold countries to stuff clothing

and to make warm comfortables and cushions. Unfortunately its staple is too short for weaving.

We felt our way into the comparative gloom of a rubber grove. Cups hanging on the trunks were filling with the oozing latex. A rubber tree is little trouble—it cares for itself, feeds itself, milks itself. It drips wealth. As Nicholas Roosevelt has reported, “During the rubber boom in 1925 one little town in Sumatra with only two miles of motorable road boasted more than sixty expensive cars in which the newly rich natives ‘took the air’ every evening.”

“We’re just beginning on rubber in the Philippines,” said Scott. “We’ve concentrated too much on sugar. But now that the home country has hinted she may not want our sugar, we’re diversifying. There’s enough potential rubber land in this island alone to supply, at the East Indian rate per acre, two-thirds of America’s rubber imports. And if America doesn’t want it, China and Japan will. Here we are right at the front door of China—in 1921 China had less than a hundred miles of motor road outside Shanghai—now she has 40,000 miles. It will be double that in five years. And look at Manchukuo—already going strong on a program to build 50,000 miles of road in the next ten years. And the Philippines are the nearest point of rubber supply—for a fifth of the human race!”

“I suppose rubber will make coconut a back number,” I said.

“Don’t you believe it! Say—I’m glad you mentioned coconut—come and see my trees. Only a mile away.” I bit my tongue. Gripping Big Bertha, I trailed after the eager planter between vast stretches of sugar cane and rice to a grove of lofty trees, on which huge objects like footballs were silhouetted against the firefly sheen.

“Bombs!” said Scott. “Bombs for the next war. Coconut a back number? Not while you can make TNT out of it. Of

course there was a bad slump in the copra price—but it's climbing fast again, now that treaties are going into the discard and the armament race is on. Coconut oil is the best source of glycerine for making explosives. And they need coconut charcoal for gas masks—it filters chlorine and phosgene from the air. Coconut is one of Japan's best reasons for being interested in the Philippines.

"Of course coconut has peaceful uses too. Without coconut oil the human race would go dirty. Most soap is made from it. You remember how lack of soap irked the Germans in World War I—people who love cleanliness, but they couldn't get coconut oil, and a bit of soap of guest-cake size was worth five dollars. The Philippines supply one-third of the total world production of coconut oil. No country in the world produces more. Now we'll walk back."

We did. On the way we stopped at another grove—this time of bamboo. It is a jack-of-all-trades. Turn it to work and it will make a chair or a cart, a fish trap or a hat, a spoon or a bridge, a cup, a water-pipe, a scaffold, a house, a raft, a basket, a fence, a surgeon's lancet, a spear, a sledge, a remarkably strong rope. And bamboo salad is delicious.

Exhausted by the tramp over Scott's three hundred acres I thought again of my visit to the two-acre farm of farmer Machida in Japan. And it was not difficult to foresee the time when the sword he had held before the shrine would come, along with other weapons more deadly, to contend for the possession of these lush Philippine acres.

XXVII:

Head-Hunters' Heaven

AT DAWN we returned to the house. I was ready to retire for the day, but my guide to the mountains, Scott's Filipino assistant, Rizal, had his way and we started at once. We were to skirt the territory of the hostile Bila-ans and visit the more friendly Bagobos.

After a few miles over plantation land we plunged into the cool gloom of the jungle. Immense trees towered like cathedral columns. Great vines hung like cables, ready for any Tarzan who might wish to swing through the forest without touching the ground. Monkeys chattered above. Deep-voiced birds honked and bellowed. We saw no pythons but Rizal regaled me with stories of them—how it took thirty-five lumberjacks to hold a thirty-foot specimen and get it into a box—how it gave birth to sixty-one baby pythons—how one night they got out of their cage and sixty-two snakes were at large in the lumber camp!

The island lumberjacks are dapper little Filipinos who look as if they could twang a guitar better than skid a three-ton log. And their foremen are studious-looking young Japanese, wearing spectacles, pith helmet, shirt and shorts, golf socks, and revolver. The industry is and has been controlled by Japanese. Nine-tenths of Mindanao's 36,906 square miles is covered with forest. And what forest! The most valuable varieties are to be found and the trees are enormous. I was to witness later the felling of a giant *apitong* tree estimated to be five hundred years old (it is hard to tell exactly since the equatorial tree does

not have age-rings). It towered 170 feet high, and measured a sheer 120 feet from the saw up to the lowest branch.

The trail became steep. We stopped for lunch, to the lively interest of a gallery of monkeys. We carried no water, since anywhere in the Philippine forest one may slash the thumb-thick vine of the rattan and drink the water that streams out.

In the late afternoon we came out on a tableland where there were signs once more of human habitation—but of a new sort. Here were no great modern plantations. We were in the land of the Bagobos, who till according to the will of the gods and have little respect for science. Now and then we passed a thatch house perched high on poles, out of reach of the professional killer who makes up his quota of deaths by thrusting his spear up through floors into sleeping bodies.

We climbed a notched pole into the house of Ang, an important *datu* or chief who can boast of large estates, three wives and eleven deaths.

"How many have you killed?" is the commonest question in the Bagobo country and you may ask it without embarrassment. Indeed, if you do not ask you are hardly courteous. Ang explained the system of credits. He who has taken three lives may wear the *tangcolo*, a red turban of special design. Three more and he may don a red coat. Three more, red pantaloons. If the bag is ten or more, the hero is privileged to wear garments of similar cut but all in black instead of red.

I asked Ang how any such custom of systematic murder could exist under American government—wasn't he afraid of the law? He quite evidently did not understand what I was talking about. And Rizal explained politely that, away from the populated centers, there was no government. Except in the regions where the Japanese had their plantations.

Ang's house was a bamboo cradle. It rocked in the breeze on

its high stilts. Walking on the elastic bamboo strips between which one could see the ground twenty feet below gave one the sensation of treading on air.

The walls were lined with great brass gongs, which the Bagobos use as currency. Spears, knives, daggers, bows and arrows, blow-guns, made the place look like an arsenal. From pegs hung gorgeous apparel, for the Bagobos have genius in dyeing and weaving hemp, polishing it with shells, and decorating it with thousands of disks of mother-of-pearl and beads in elaborate designs. Needless to say it is hard to wash such a garment—so it is simply worn until it rots.

In one corner was the kitchen stove, consisting of a layer of dirt six inches thick upon which large stones were placed to support pots. Food was suspended in baskets from the ceiling out of the way of ants and snakes. Dirty dishes were ingeniously cleansed by placing them in a bamboo cage outside a window, covering them with papaya leaves, which have the properties of soap, and waiting for the next shower.

Our dinner consisted of rice, grasshoppers, wild pig and fish. The rice came from the lowlands. The grasshoppers are gathered by digging a pit within the apex of a V-shaped fence, then driving the grasshoppers into the pit from which they are gathered by the bushel. Broiled, they have a chicken-like flavor. The wild pig is the victim of the ingenious *balatik*, a device which lets fly a spear when the pig, running along the path, trips over the trigger cord. The fish are caught with a drug. Roots of the narcotic *tobli* plant, held in the water, cause fish to swoon belly-up to the surface. There they are stabbed by the fisherman's spear.

My pride suffered a shock when I learned that my host knew nothing of America—except that it had something to do with

a game played with a bat and ball. I recalled the statistics I had read of America's profound influence in the Philippines—how she had increased the number of school children from 200,000 to 1,300,000; how she had taught English; how she had curbed disease, reducing the death rate from forty-seven per thousand to eighteen and accelerating the birth rate from thirty-five to fifty, how she had multiplied the number of newspapers by twenty, installed three broadcasting stations serving 35,000 radio sets, strung telegraph lines, and built 15,000 miles of first-class road.

All true. And yet the job was only begun.

In the back country schools are often a hundred miles apart.

There, hospitals do not exist—the only physician is the sorceress. She treats disease by carving a wooden doll in the likeness of the patient, then inviting the evil spirits to quit the body of the sufferer and take the doll in his stead.

Newspapers are not printed in the tribal dialects—and could not be read if they were. Half the population of the Philippines is still unreached by modern civilization.

Even that torch of progress, American kerosene, which illuminates so many of the world's farthest hinterlands, is rarely found in these mountain fastnesses. Our host used candlenuts—half a dozen of them strung on a sliver of bamboo. The nut at one end is ignited and, as it burns, lights the second nut, and so on. The oily black spheres burn with a sputtering flame insufficient to read by, but quite all right for people who have nothing to read.

At bedtime we all lay down in a row on the sleeping platform which is raised one foot above the floor. I believe the bed was hard but could not stay awake to find out. At dawn we went out to see Bagobo farming methods.

The country here was fairly open but with many small

groves in which thatch homes nestled. The people were all in their hilly little fields. From every side came the "clack-clack, clack-clack" of the *palakpak*—in fact the name is supposed to suggest the sound. The *palakpak* is a long stick sharpened at the lower end so as to dig holes in which seed may be placed. At the upper end of the stick is affixed a giant bamboo clapper which applauds every time a hole is dug. Its loud report can be heard a mile away. The sound is supposed to be pleasing to the god of the fields. Following the man with the *palakpak* comes the woman with a basket from which she drops a few seeds into each hole.

In each field stood a *tambara*, a stand holding an offering of food for the gods so that they would bless the sowing and grant a good harvest. From field to field trudged the *mabalian* or sorceress to make a prayer at each *tambara*. In some tribes a human sacrifice is made at the time of sowing. A slave is tied to a tree and hacked to bits with knives, each portion being loudly offered to the great demon, Darago. But this village denied that they ever perform the rite.

Every farming operation has its superstitious ceremony. When new land is cleared a slave should be sacrificed. It is sufficient if the land-owner buys a share in a public sacrifice. A decrepit slave is furnished by the chief and all those who wish to receive the blessings of the sacrifice help bear the expense of the ceremony. Tribes uncomfortably close to constabulary outposts make shift with the sacrifice of a cock or an offering of grains and fruits.

If the land to be cleared contains trees which are thought to be the abode of spirits, the trees are purchased from them by spilling blood upon the roots. Then the spirits are allowed three days to move before the trees are cut down.

If the call of the *limokon*, bird of ill omen, is heard while

the land is being cleared, it is abandoned. For the bird has given warning that any crops planted there will be eaten by rats.

When planting a banana tree one must not look up. A man planting coconut trees should carry a baby on his back—this will make the trees bears abundantly. A gang of men thus employed, equipped with shovels and babies, make a strange sight.

When the harvest has been gathered and stored away in little granary houses on stilts, the people of the tribe join in a great thanksgiving dinner. Also they may show their appreciation by raiding a neighboring tribe and offering the victims to the gods.

Conditions are very different in the civilized Filipino communities of the lowlands. But even there the few agricultural schools and experiment farms are deteriorating and some have already closed. Scientific agriculture has not taken firm root in the Philippines. A short forty-three years have not been sufficient to change habits thousands of years old. This discovery humbles the American visitor. How cocky and confident America was when she launched out upon her first great experiment in civilizing a subject people! We would show Great Britain, France and others how colonization should be conducted. First we sent soldiers. We had to beat the Filipinos into insensibility before they would accept our light and leading. Then we dispatched boatloads of engineers, school-teachers and missionaries. The net result is not one to prompt us to set up a school of colonization and invite the other powers to come as pupils.

No, the colonization of one race by another has always proved disappointing. It will prove disappointing for Japan—has already in Korea, Manchuria and the South Seas. America's Philippine adventure in empire-building is over and Japan's should not be allowed to begin. Independence for the Filipinos, and for all peoples who want it, is the best guarantee of peace

in the future. If the Filipinos, independent, choose to affiliate themselves with the United States, the initiative must come from them as a self-determining people.

Japan's solution of the problem would be quite different. She would begin with empire over the Filipino race. She would end with obliteration of that race by hordes of Japanese. Japan plans, as her statesmen have often made clear, to send her own millions to the southland. This is congenial country for Japanese. It is warm, fertile, empty. It is another Japan, roughly equivalent in area, far better in cultivability. Japanese could feel at home here. They would fill the sparsely settled or unsettled regions, outnumbering the Filipinos, outspeeding them, outsmarting them. The Filipinos would become a negligible part of the population and would be set aside to rot as are the Ainu in Japan's own Hokkaido.

Japanese leaders have maintained that the only way any nation can permanently rule a land is by filling it with her own people.

It may be true. California is American because we filled it with Americans. The Philippines are, after four decades of American rule, non-American, because there has never been but a thin sprinkling of Americans there and even that has dried up and evaporated.

Scott was evaporating. After three days in the Bagobo country we clambered down to his plantation. He was in conference with Japanese. When they had gone, he stood on the porch of his house looking out sorrowfully over his abounding acres.

"They're offering me a good price," he said. "And it's better to go now while I can than later when I must. There are too few of us left—we can't stand up against them. Well—anyhow—I know a good farm in Indiana!"

XXVIII:

On to Australia, India, Africa

JAPAN'S military war is merely designed to serve her economic war.

Her military war may be a matter of months or years; her economic war, of decades and centuries.

How well started is Japan on her intended economic conquest of Asia?

She has been laying the foundations for a long time. "The Southward Advance," of which the Japanese Navy has recently had so much to say, was begun not by the Navy but by trim little fast-talking drummers for Osaka manufacturers and by sleek fat agents of the great industrial families, Mitsui and Mitsubishi.

While the soldiers were still talking about Manchuria, the traders were already far ahead of them, talking about the *Nanyo*.

That is a very significant word. Literally translated it would mean South Seas. But it does not have the meaning usually attached to the term South Seas. In the Japanese mind, *Nanyo* includes not merely the scattered islands of the tropical Pacific. That is really the least part of it. It includes all lands adjacent to southern waters—Indo-China, Thailand, Malaya, the Philippines, Netherlands Indies, Australia and—catch your breath!—India, Baluchistan, Afghanistan, Persia. Yes, and also the Somalilands, Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanganyika, Madagascar and all of South Africa.

The reason all these are included in the concept of the *Nanyo*

is that they all fringe the two great south seas, namely the southern Pacific and the Indian Oceans. They are all on the same shipping routes.

In addition to this, they are all occupied by people with a low standard of living (except Australia, which can hardly be said to be occupied at all). Such people are Japan's meat. She can supply them with goods at prices they can pay. They do not want the best—they want the cheapest. Japan has it for them. Moreover, since they are weak, Japan can hope to exert political authority along with commercial supremacy, after having ousted the white overlords who have ruled many of these territories.

The *Nanyo* is regarded as Japan's destined sphere of influence in the south as China is intended to be her sphere in the north.

So the men who buy and sell, who build and plant, are waiting impatiently for the men who fight to finish their job so that the Nipponese development of the *Nanyo* can proceed. Private interests of all kinds will take part in this program, but the chief agency will be the government itself through the subsidized *Nanyo Kohatsu* (South Seas Development Company). This concern, reminiscent of the old East India Company, is charged with developing trade, acquiring land for agricultural and industrial enterprises, and promoting Japanese immigration. The *Nanyo Kohatsu* will itself carry through projects or will help private firms to do so.

They have been active for many years in the Netherlands Indies. Dutch New Guinea has provided a great attraction. It is a virgin land awaiting pioneers. It is roughly equal in size to Japan proper—and has the population of a third-rate Japanese city. Although on the equator, it is quite superior to either Singapore or India as a residence for either whites or Japanese.

The Japanese vastly prefer it to frosty Manchukuo. And had the quota restrictions on immigration been removed, the same tide which has within a generation changed the proportion of population in Micronesia from ninety per cent native and ten per cent Japanese to thirty per cent native and seventy per cent Japanese would have brought Japanese colonists in large numbers to this undeveloped island.

Great things have been accomplished by few men. A handful of Japanese executives, depending upon native workmen recruited from the wild tribes and far inferior to Japanese workmen, are progressing rapidly with the cultivation of cotton as well as of Indian corn, beans and other vegetables. One hundred and forty-seven thousand acres were leased for cotton-growing alone. Cattle-breeding was undertaken. The vast Damal Forest has been exploited. A fleet of Diesel-engined ships was placed in service on the New Guinea coast.

New Guinea is the closest Dutch island to the Japanese mandate (being only fifty miles from the equator, Japan's frontier). The Japanese have looked upon it with high favor and suggestions have been many that Japan lease "or otherwise acquire" the entire island. At the moment of writing, there is imminent danger that it will be "otherwise acquired."

One obstacle in the way of Japan's New Guinea road to fortune has been Standard Oil, and another has been Shell. Japan naturally sought access to the vast oil reserves in New Guinea. The Dutch held back, fearing Japanese ambitions. When they could hardly hold off Japan any longer they implored Standard Oil and Shell to come in and pre-empt the field—which these American and British interests did in 1934, taking a concession of about 25,000,000 acres. Japan was frozen out.

But along other lines, Japan continued to penetrate the

Netherlands Indies. She was avid for Dutch cotton, rubber, timber, minerals, oil. Even the things she could get from her own Manchukuo could come more economically from the Indies—for sea carriage costs less than land carriage.

Japan had radio telephone connection with Batavia before the United States, leader in radio telephony, inaugurated service with Japan. She had many more ship lines to the Indies than were maintained by Holland herself. She succeeded in investing millions in rubber cultivation and iron mining in Borneo. Barred from New Guinea oilfields, she accomplished a Japan-Holland joint petroleum company in Borneo, and relied largely upon that island for her oil. She was unsatisfied, for it was not safe reliance. So long as Borneo remained under the control of another nation, Japan could not be sure of her oil when she most needed it—that is, in case of world war. For she knew very well that the oilfields had been mined and would be blown to bits by the Dutch upon the first approach of the Japanese fleet.

The Japanese were also dissatisfied with their Dutch island trade. They sold only twice as much to the islands as Mother Holland herself, and three times as much as Great Britain. This, they said, was not enough. Only high tariff barriers and numerous trade and shipping restrictions kept them from supplying the poor natives with all they needed at nominal cost. And many of the "poor natives," tired of paying high Dutch prices and chafing under Dutch authority, freely expressed to the traveler their hope that the Dutch yoke might be supplanted by the cheaper if not lighter yoke of Japan.

The Japanese, while disavowing territorial ambitions in the Indies, showed lively interest in native revolts. Pertinent Japanese comments were the following: "We cannot be blind to the fact that unrest prevails in the colonies and that they will

eventually cast off the occidental yoke." "Would it be advisable at this juncture to interfere with their desire to buy Japanese goods? The idea of forcing the natives to buy high-priced articles in order to protect the industries in the home countries is indeed a policy of doubtful wisdom." "The native population . . . is awakening and is courting Japanese friendship." "When the native population makes a little more progress in intelligence, it will not be difficult to organize an independent nation."

Siam (now Thailand) has been easy picking for the Japanese army because the way was prepared long before. For years there has been a growing popular movement in Siam against occidental influence and toward closer co-operation with "brother orientals." The Siamese are racially related to the Japanese and have the same religion. Japan has, to date, been more tactful in Siam than elsewhere; she has assiduously built up friendship. In 1933 when the League condemned Japan's Manchurian adventure by adopting the Lytton Report, Siam was the only member of the League to refrain from voting. Unrest under King Prajadhipok, friendly to England and France, led to his abdication in 1935. It was widely reported, but not proved, that the change in Siamese politics was fostered by Japan.

Siamese army and navy officers, instead of going to Europe for training as formerly, began going to Japan. Siamese warships were built in Japan. Japanese advisers took the place of European advisers in the Siamese Government. Siamese officials were given free rides to Japan and Siamese students were encouraged to study there. Economic and "cultural" missions shuttled back and forth. There was official talk of raising the Japanese Legation to the status of an embassy . . . the significance of which appeared in the fact that Japan honored with

embassies only eleven of the world's leading nations. An airline from Tokyo to Bangkok was projected that would cut the time between the two capitals from ten days to one and a half.

Japanese exports to Siam doubled and redoubled. She increased her purchases by developing great cotton and sugar plantations in that country—thus striking back at the U.S.A. and the Dutch East Indies which were not so liberal as Siam in their welcome to Japanese goods. Thanks to Japanese experts, Siam's cotton production trebled in four years. More Japanese than British ships called at Bangkok.

"Japan, already with a large stake in Siam," wrote Andrew Freeman, formerly a newspaper editor in Bangkok, "could easily use political instability as an excuse for creating another Manchukuo at the gates of the Far Eastern empires of Britain and France."

Of course that is what happened.

Australia may balk Japan. If so, one of Japan's most lush dreams will have been thwarted. Here is a British outpost 14,000 miles away from Great Britain but not one inch from Japan. It is not generally realized that Japan and Australia are immediate neighbors, their Pacific mandates meeting at the equator and sprawling across the Pacific together like Siamese twins for more than a thousand miles.

Australia has been one of the direct objectives of the "southward advance." The discrepancy between the congestion of Japan and the emptiness of Australia has distressed Japan. It is true that of the 3,000,000 square miles of Australia, 1,250,000 are desert. But the balance is easily capable of supporting a population of 30,000,000 instead of Australia's present 7,000,000—a mere New York City occupying a continent. The Japanese might not care to emigrate to Australia by the million, but they long to develop the great tropical north of Australia, believing



AN EQUATORIAL SUBJECT OF
JAPAN

GAMES AND A SENSE OF FAIR PLAY
WILL REMAIN AS RELICS OF
AMERICAN RULE

BAGOBO HUNTER PLACING A POISONED DART IN A BLOW-GUN





RISEING SONS IN THE TROPICS. DISLIKING CHILLY MANCHUKUO, THE JAPANESE THRIVE IN TROPICAL LANDS SUCH AS BRAZIL, THE PACIFIC ISLANDS AND SOUTH ASIA

that the oriental would succeed where the white man has repeatedly failed.

Australia wanted British settlers . . . but mention British immigration today and you bring a wry smile to the face of the Australian taxpayer. He is paying dearly for his "white Australia." In sixteen years it cost the State of Western Australia \$40,000,000 to place only 2,000 settlers on farms . . . and they did so badly that many quit and went back to England. More persons have been leaving Australia than have been coming to its shores. All this pleases the Australian labor unions. They have delighted in mounting wages, ignoring the mounting peril that threatens any land kept artificially empty in this crowded world.

Australian papers remarked with concern the steady increase of Japanese population and influence in Australia despite exclusion. The Federal Minister of the Interior was worried by "the ease with which prohibited immigrants can enter Australia."

The two nations have always been at odds over migration. Formerly Australia sought Japanese settlers for Queensland, but Japan refused, fearing loss of population. Later Japan was more than willing but Australia had gone white.

Japanese ideas entered Australia even if Japanese settlers might not. Japan's "Society for International Cultural Relations" announced results as follows: "The radio-broadcasting station '310' of Melbourne, Australia, is broadcasting a series of lectures, one lecture per week, on Japanese culture and lessons in the Japanese language. At present more than one hundred and fifty high schools in Australia are planning to teach Japanese in addition to French and German. In order to support these schemes, the Society for International Cultural Relations in Japan will send textbooks for primary schools, Japanese

typewriters, paintings and photographs relative to Japanese life."

Japanese pearlers were busy in Australian seas. A curious example of Japanese courtesy was noted when two Japanese pearling luggers towed the Australian Customs patrol boat, which had arrested them, three hundred miles to Darwin, because its engines had broken down. If the captives thus saving their captor had any thought that they would thereby escape penalty, they were mistaken. Pearl-poaching reached such proportions that drastic measures were thought necessary. Eighty Japanese pearling luggers were sighted calmly plying their trade within Australian territorial waters during the humiliating homeward trip of the disabled patrol boat.

The whales of waters claimed by Australia have succumbed to Japanese gunners. The Australian Government lodged a protest, insisting that such fishing might not be done without the permission of Australia. The Japanese replied that there was fair ground for doubting whether the Antarctic whaling zone belongs to the territorial sea of Australia.

In making this answer, they plucked a chapter from history. Hundreds of American whalers once fished near Japanese coasts and replied to Japanese protests with, "These seas are as much ours as yours." The Japanese finally developed their own fleet, under Norwegian tutelage, and monopolized North Pacific fishing. The American whaler disappeared from northern waters.

But Norway gave whaling a new start by building great floating whale canneries for use in the Antarctic. Britain and America followed suit. Japan learned last, but she learned best, and her recently completed fleet of 25,000-ton floating canneries are the last word in design and efficiency. She entered the field as a buccaneer, refusing the quota system by which other na-

tions have bound themselves because she feared the quota allowed her would be too small. No 3-5-5 ratio for Japan in the whaling industry! That this is no small business appears in the fact that a single Japanese whaler, the *Nisshin Maru*, returning from a nine-month hunt, reported a clear profit of five million yen (about one and a half million dollars).

Japan looks southward for iron. Besides largely increasing her investments in the iron mines of the Philippines, she turned to Australia. There she succeeded in arranging for the exploitation of one of the richest iron reserves in the world, that on Kooland Island close to the Western Australian coast. An American firm was engaged to install mining machinery. It was hoped that the mine could be developed to produce one-quarter of Japan's iron needs.

These are but a few of scores of examples of Japan's increasing interest in Australia. But Australia showed little concern. Comfortable in her agreeably one-sided trade with Japan, she discounted the future. Australia's policy reminds one of Japan's own game, jiu-jutsu, the art of conquering by yielding. Australia hoped to win security against Japan by yielding to Japan's program in Manchuria and China. If Japan spent her energy there, she could not come south.

Singapore and Malaya had abundant warning of the coming of the Japanese. Singapore trade had been steadily passing into Japanese hands. "Within a very few years," cautioned the *Straits Times* as far back as 1937, "the whole of the trade and banking of this colony will be dominated by the Japanese, if effective preventive measures are not taken promptly."

Seven years ago only ten per cent of the rubber trade between British Malaya and New York was carried in Japanese vessels; the proportion rose to seventy per cent. Import trade from Japan into Singapore followed the same tendency.

The secret of Japanese success was co-operation. Instead of allowing, as did the British, one profit for the broker, one for the shipper, one for the insurance firm, one for the banker, and so on, the Japanese combined the functions of all these in a single organization. They made one profit instead of many out of one transaction. Thus they could pay the rubber man more for his rubber, transport it at standard freight rates and lay it down in New York at a price that no competition could meet.

The British are good sportsmen and, as one of their papers commented, "admire the intense loyalty and industry which have won for the Japanese their present strong position." But the Britisher is a more willing admirer than imitator. So the trader, the shipper, the banker and every other in the chain continued to operate alone, got to the office late and left early, reassured himself by glancing at the board over his door which showed that he was established in the year eighteen-hundred-and-so-and-so . . . while the Japanese took the business.

It is ironical that all this was going on under the shadow of the Singapore Naval Base, which was designed to be Britain's check upon Japan. The Japanese were thoroughly entrenched in Singapore long before Japanese armies came squirming down through the jungles of Malaya.

Singapore was the closed door of India. Now that the door is open, Japan sees 387,000,000 customers ripening to fall into her lap. India's level of economy is much closer to Japan's than to Britain's. Therefore Japan expects that, with trade barriers removed, millions who cannot afford to buy British will readily accept the cheap goods of Nippon.

Japan considers that she has a proprietary interest in India—for her pirates traded along its shores centuries before the equally piratical Dutch East India Company used its own army and navy to persuade the natives to do business. The develop-

ment of a great sea-faring Japan was stopped by the isolation policy, a policy now profoundly mourned by Japanese industrialists such as Fujihara, Member of the House of Peers, who laments:

“Had such powerful war lords as Hideyoshi and Nobunaga or the Tokugawa authorities backed the activities of Japanese pirates by adopting a more positive policy, the Japanese would have been able to accomplish something in India before the Dutch and British came there. The world today might have a map quite different from that which we now have.”

Japan is now out to change the map.

In Afghanistan, Japan has been actively endeavoring to checkmate both Britain and the Soviet. Young Afghans have been brought to Japan to study military and industrial affairs at Nippon's expense; hundreds of Japanese technical experts have been sent to Afghanistan; a tremendous plan of industrialization was put into effect under Japanese guidance. The Japanese were not blind to the possible political effects. The Tokyo *Nichi Nichi* blandly referred to the movement as “part of the Afghanistan ruler's program to free his country from occidental dominance under the guidance of Japan as the leader of all Asiatic nations.”

Lands more remote have been less affected as yet. But Iran (Persia) has had many Japanese visitors and would-be advisers. She imported Japanese railway engineers to supervise railway construction.

Before Abyssinia became a battle field, Japan had begun growing cotton there, taking it to Japan, weaving it into textiles, bringing it back and selling it to the Abyssinians at prices which white interests could not meet. In 1931 Abyssinia imported fifty-seven per cent of its textiles from British India and

only twelve per cent from Japan; but sales increased until eighty per cent came from Japan.

Along the east coast of Africa from Cairo to Capetown the Japanese have been active, giving concern to Britishers in Egypt, the Sudan, Somaliland, Kenya, Tanganyika, Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa. Japan's present efforts to secure bases in Madagascar presage an effort to bring at least the east coast of Africa into Japan's political and economic sphere.

Australia hoped that if Japan were busy in northern Asia she would not bother Australia. We may similarly hope that if Japan acquires overlordship in the great *Nanyo* she will leave the rest of the world alone.

The hope is not borne out by the purposeful Japanese infiltration in other lands, far beyond the limits of the *Nanyo*.

XXIX:

Rising Sons on Far Horizons

MORE than a million persons of the Japanese race live outside of the Japanese empire.

These have an influence far out of proportion to their number. For the Japanese is not, like the Chinese, easily absorbed. He maintains his individuality. He is slow to inter-marry—either with strange women or strange ideas. He does not surrender, physically, culturally, or morally. He bows with apparent meekness under the lash of derision and abuse with which his adopted country flays him. But he has secret con-

tempt for those who condemn him, and abiding faith in the ultimate supremacy of the seed of the sun.

In times of peace he is not a bad citizen. His crime rate is unusually low, his school rate unusually high, his hours of labor unusually long and his workmanship unusually good. He lives on little and does much. In fact, that is the trouble. He clings to ideas of frugality and industry even when set down in lands whose peoples have grown lax in luxury. He moves on as if impelled by a racial purpose thousands of years old and yet to be fulfilled. His way is his own. The only valid objection his foster-nation can have to him is that he is "hard to assimilate."

Yes, I am aware that the young Japanese-American plays tennis and baseball. For that matter so does the young samurai in Japan; but it does not mean that he is any the less a samurai.

I am aware that the young Japanese in America tries to look, act and talk like an American. If he walks on the street with his mother, who knows no English, he will walk in silence—he dislikes to be heard speaking Japanese.

Does that mean that he is ashamed of Nippon? Not a bit of it. Many a time in a gaping and critical Japanese village I have longed to shrink in size and darken in complexion and display a broader nose and fuller lips—be more like those around me. Not that I was ashamed of being Anglo-Saxon; but merely that I did not enjoy being conspicuous. The Japanese in America has found that the more he can act and speak like others, the less he will be regarded with aversion and derision.

I know that many of the *nisei* or second generation Japanese (born in America of Japanese parents) have genuine enthusiasm for things American—which is strange, considering how they are treated. Thwarted by cruel discrimination, *nisei* in large numbers return to the land of their fathers; only to find

that there too they are out of place. They are disliked as "different." They may return to America full of resentment toward their own people. But if you think that the last spark of Nipponism has now been extinguished in their breasts, go to meet one as he lands in San Francisco and greet him with a laughing insult at the expense of the Japanese Emperor. Someone tried it recently; within twenty-four hours he was dead of a sword-thrust, and beside him lay the *nisei*, "happily dispatched" by his own hand with the same sword.

There is something that persists in the Japanese heart. It has been there for more than two millenniums and it will not be stamped out in a few generations.

There are more than 180,000 Japanese in the United States. Most of them are in the Pacific states and are now, during 1942, being moved inland. No such drastic treatment is being accorded to German or Italian aliens. Are we jittery and jingoistic about the Japanese menace?

Possibly, but while jingoism is to be abhorred, complacency is even more dangerous. Japan has already attacked the Pacific coast. Her plans for a major assault have been discovered. That assault may be forestalled—but one of the best ways to neutralize it is to disarm the fifth column that would give it invaluable aid.

All male Japanese aliens in the United States are enrolled in the Japanese army as reserves. The Japanese, through the fishing industry, know our Pacific coast better than we do. Many a Japanese "fishing boat" has never caught a fish, but the information it did gather went back to Japan; and the fishermen would quickly appear in Japanese uniform if Japanese troops were to land on the coast.

Even without war, and with Japanese immigration shut off, the Japanese problem has steadily grown. Japanese multiply

from two to three times as fast as the American public in general. The American farmer who has been used to a ten-hour day and Sundays off cannot compete with a Japanese neighbor who works sixteen hours a day every day, his wife beside him in the fields.

Japanese children have gone straight from the American school to the Japanese language school, where they were taught the language, culture and ideals of Nippon, including belief in the God-Emperor and faith in the destiny of those who are his chosen people. There have been more than 500 such Japanese schools in America with 1400 teachers and about 70,000 students. They are now closed for the duration. They should remain closed.

There are dozens of Buddhist temples, Shinto shrines and Tenrikyo missions. Shinryu Umehara, Buddhist priest, after making a lecture tour of the Pacific coast, said:

"I am profoundly impressed by the great place of the Japanese language schools and the Buddhist temples in the Japanese community. They are a hot-bed of racial consciousness, Japanese culture and spirit."

In Hawaii about forty per cent of the population is of Japanese race. But here again Japanese influence cannot be measured by numbers; the forty per cent, because of their energy, exert more like an eighty per cent impact upon Hawaii.

More than half of the Japanese in Hawaii were born there and are therefore American citizens. Does this mean that they are not Japanese?

Japan still thinks of them as essentially, if not legally, her own . . . if we may judge from the fact that Japanese government statistics under the head of "Japanese Residing Abroad" give the number for Hawaii as 150,832. That includes not only Japanese citizens, and those who have dual Japanese and

American citizenship, but also all who are solely American citizens and have no legal tie of any sort to their grandmotherland. But Japan counts hearts, not votes, and she believes those hearts still beat for her.

They may beat for America also. I believe most of them do. In time of peace, double allegiance is not only possible, but natural. The American whose ancestry is in Britain may love both countries without disloyalty to the one in which he is a citizen.

And yet it would be hardly fitting for Great Britain to count all Americans of British descent as British; and to encourage hundreds of "British culture schools" in the States wherein teachers imported from Great Britain would teach specifically British conceptions and veneration for the British Emperor.

In Hawaii two hundred schools of Japanese language and culture have been operating. Two-thirds of the teachers are aliens. Many of them came from Japan for the purpose. Eighty-eight per cent of the Japanese children who attended the public schools also attended the Japanese schools, which opened immediately after the day's work in the public schools was finished. A large number of the Japanese schools were controlled by Buddhist priests. Both language and religion shut these priests off from American life and made them intolerant of any ideas but those of their own Japan. The textbooks were originally prepared by scholars in Japan and published by the Naigai Publishing Company in Japan.

Champions of these schools give a good reason for their existence. It is that the older Japanese know no English, and that if the younger do not learn Japanese, parents and children will be cut asunder.

True, and regrettable. The Italian first and second generations in America were so cut apart . . . and the Polish . . .

and Yiddish. It could have been prevented by establishing alien schools for the study of Italian, Polish and Yiddish. There were just two superhuman obstacles. The parents would not ask it, and the children would not stand for it.

Can you imagine an Italian-born American boy going daily from public school to an Italian school where he will pore over the language and ideals of the land his father left? Not if you know the Italian second generation! And the same goes for all other immigrant groups in the United States . . .

Except the Japanese.

Could anything more convincingly mark them off as a peculiar people?

Lett, Swede, Slav and Greek—they all grow American from the heart out. The Japanese turn American outside, and even the outer ramparts of the heart are easily taken, but there is a citadel at the center that is not invaded.

Perhaps this is to the credit of the Japanese race. I cannot say. At any rate it is a fact which should not be airily dismissed by friends of the *nisei* any more than it should be exaggerated by enemies.

A quarter million Japanese live in South America. Of these, well over 180,000 make their home in Brazil, ninety-three per cent of them in the single state of Sao Paulo. There they form a compact, close-knit Little Japan. They are Brazil's best farmers. They begin as laborers—but they rapidly outstrip the leisurely Latins, Negroes and Indians and presently own their own land. They make magic come out of it. Brazil sorely needs agricultural development and has in the past heartily welcomed Japanese immigration. Japanese ships visited Brazil twice a month. Every emigrant was subsidized by the Japanese government. In 1934 eighty-two per cent of Japan's total emigration was to Brazil.

Japan, encouraged, launched upon a more ambitious scheme. The four great industrial families of Japan and the government jointly undertook to purchase 2,500,000 acres in the Amazon valley. Millions were invested in the plan. The land grant was secured. A "model settlement" was established. In Japan, emigrants were carefully selected and trained in such institutions as the Higher Colonization School and ships began to carry them by the thousands to the Promised Land. The venture was thoroughly Japanese—no outsiders need apply. A Little Japan even more exclusive than that in Sao Paulo began to take form in Amazonia.

The Brazilian army became worried. Was Japan out to annex the Amazon valley? Why were the Japanese so exclusive? Did they consider themselves superior to the Brazilians? Was it good for Brazil to try to swallow whole two alien masses that could never by the wildest stretch of the imagination be assimilated?

A quota law was passed in 1934 which automatically cut Japanese immigration from 23,000 a year to about 3,000. Two years later the army secured invalidation of the Amazon land grant.

But those already in the country have increased rapidly both in numbers and in wealth. Only drastic action of some kind will stop the Japanese from becoming the dominating influence in Brazil a few decades hence.

In other South American countries the number of Japanese is small. Yet a Peruvian official told me as we walked through Lima's large and prosperous Japanese community,

"There are only fifteen thousand Japanese in Peru—but they count for more than half a million mestizos or a million Indians."

"Are they liked?"

"Well," he hesitated, "we hardly know them. They keep to themselves. We don't see them until a shop or plantation goes bankrupt—then they appear and buy it up. They always have money because they are always working. This climate wasn't meant for such hard work—it's not reasonable and it's not civilized. We'd like them better if they understood our ideals of leisure and comfort. And if we felt sure they wouldn't bring over their fleet some day and try to take the country away from us."

That the presence of a few thousand aliens might lead to the loss of a country seems absurd . . . to us, but not to the Peruvian government, which in 1936 became so agitated over the power of the Japanese population, then grown to 23,000, that it enacted a quota law which practically stopped all Japanese immigration and barred Japanese from acquiring properties or managing cotton plantations. This was followed by a decree suspending further naturalization of foreigners.

But the Japanese had already acquired a firm foothold in Peru. Their totalitarian activities are now centered at the German legation in Lima. They have established a chain of Japanese societies and clubs throughout Peru, and through these are prepared to support at once any invasion by troops from Japan. Japanese fishermen have thoroughly surveyed the coastal waters and picked landing places for the invaders. From a leak in their plans it was learned that, in case of invasion, all Japanese in Lima were to fire their establishments, thus setting the city in a blaze, and gather at the port of Chancay. This has so long been a Japanese center that schools in Japan include it in the geography as a Japanese possession overseas.

Japanese infiltration in the Americas is not new. Going donkey-back through Guatemala, I was impressed by the fact that the Indians are strikingly similar to Japanese. And in New

Mexico a philologist showed me two parallel lists of words, the one ancient Japanese, the other Keres Indian, indicating that the Keres of New Mexico are descended from Japanese.

Why did not these early Japanese conquer the new lands. Why did they lack the mettle of present-day Japanese?

Perhaps because they were torn up and transplanted too soon. They had not received all that Japan could give them. They may have embodied only a few of the many racial strains—Malay, Mongol, Manchu, Ainu, etc.—which make up that indomitable composite, the Japanese race of today. They left before Japan had taken her Chinese bath—before the vitalization of Japan by Celestial culture. Before the quarter-millennium of isolation which gave the “national spirit” time to flower. Before the magnificent self-reliance and conceit born of that isolation could be forged into the sharp-cutting nationalism of today. The son of Nippon likes to think of his heaven-born race as constant “from ages eternal.” The fact is, no race has ever known steeper evolution.

In Guatemala today, while the possible descendants of ancient Japanese cringe under the mestizo lash, the modern Japanese government brings such diplomatic pressure to bear that Guatemala reconsidered her law of 1936 excluding Asiatics from commercial rights and grudgingly announced the discovery that Japanese are not Asiatics.

In Mexico with its 6,000 Japanese, Canada with its 22,000, Europe with its 3,000, the average resident, knowing the impress made by the race, would guess the Japanese population to be many times as large as it is. Africa has but a handful of Japanese—yet there is scarcely a village from the Mediterranean to the Cape where Japanese goods are not sold and influence felt. In Sidi Okba, trifling oasis of the Sahara, I entered a shop stocked with cottons so well suited in color and pattern

to the nomads of the desert that they seemed to have been locally made to meet the local demand. I inquired about them. They came from Kobe.

Flyer Asano returning from Europe over the hinterlands of Persia and India was astonished to find in the remote spots far from railroads where he made his overnight stops, trade scouts from Osaka introducing Japanese textiles.

Old tramp steamers are fitted up as marine department stores, floating markets. They stop at every coastal village, shoot rockets to invite attention, royally entertain the local chiefs and tradesmen, then turn them loose among the displays, which include every imaginable Japan-made article from watches and toys to firearms and three-wheeled automobiles. One such ship combed the shores of the seven thousand islands of the Philippines—another followed the Malayan coast—another girdled Africa—another devoted months to the circuit of South America.

Keep a wild colt in a stall and he runs all the more when he is loosed. The Japanese, after two centuries of seclusion, perhaps because of that seclusion, have become the world's greatest globe-trotters. Traveling scouts and business missions do not add to the Japanese population of a country—but they leave a deep mark upon it.

Of recent years Japan's cloth sales have led the world.

America made rayon to compete with Japan's silk—Japan learned the lesson and in 1936 surpassed America and all the world in manufacture of rayon.

Japan pre-empted nearly all of Germany's beer markets in the Far East.

Japanese goods displaced Dutch in the Dutch islands, Japan's exports increasing fifty per cent in the single year 1935-6.

Altogether, Japan's overseas trade doubled during the brief

period 1931-6. During the next five years it continued to run high in spite of the fact that Japan was at war in China and straining every nerve to lay up war supplies for the intended attack upon Britain and America.

A sad minor strain in this paean of progress was the official report that Japanese child labor was increasing; the police announced with pride that they had punished factories which were working employees between the ages of twelve and sixteen three hours beyond the eleven-hour daily limit. There seems to have been no blush for the eleven-hour daily limit.

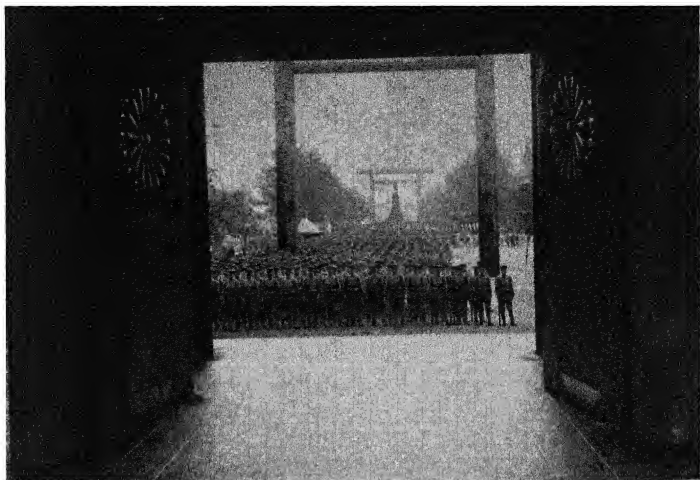
Ninety years ago a Japanese who would dare to build a ship and send it abroad would have been executed. Today he is subsidized. Japan stands third in the shipping world. Japan has of late operated more regular services to Australia than did Britain. Sixty-five per cent of the Orient-New York tonnage through Uncle Sam's Panama Canal has been Japanese. While America had approximately 2,400,000 tons of shipping lying idle, Japan has not been able to build enough to carry her cargoes.

Whether you think that Japan's pervasion of world markets is a benefit or a curse depends upon who you are. If you are a wild man of Africa or elsewhere, you bless the luck that brings you something you have always wanted but never could afford. A Nairobi dispatch to London states:

"Medical officers declare that the purchase of cheap Japanese rubber shoes has done more to prevent hookworm disease than all the efforts of the health department."

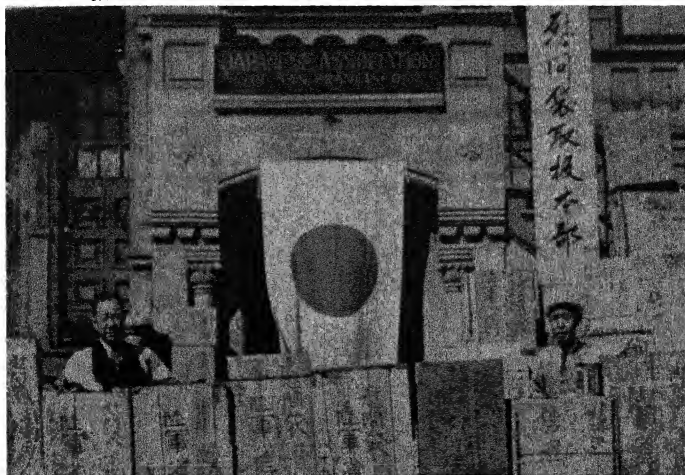
And the *Times* has summarized the Japanese trade argument as follows:

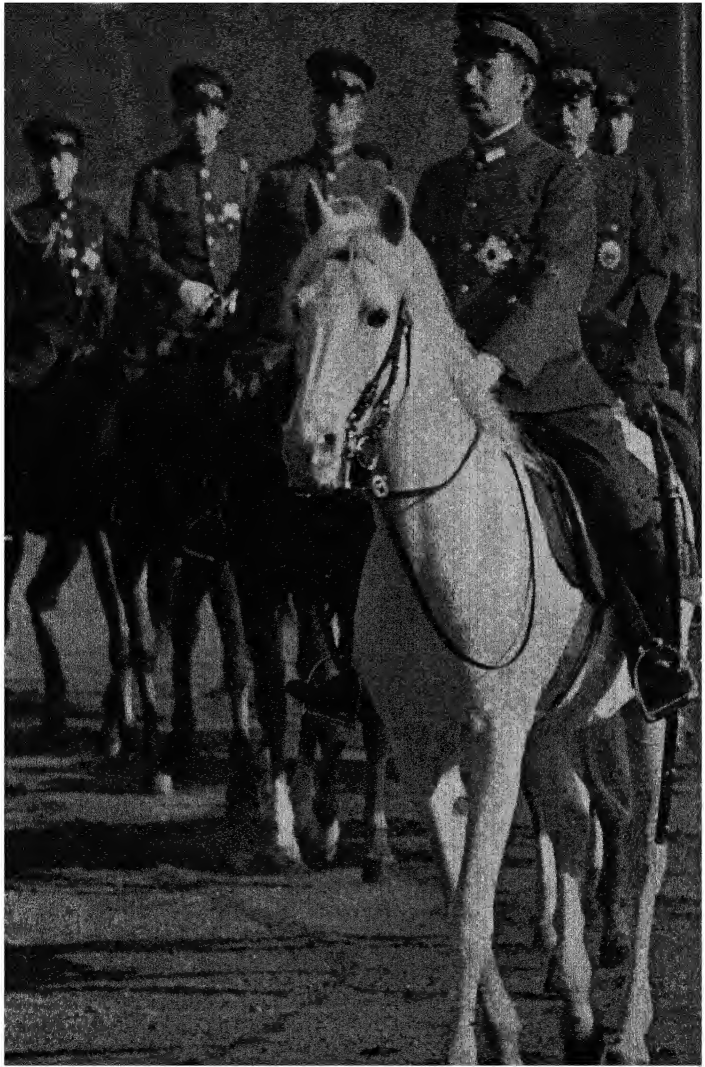
"In Asia, Africa and the South Seas almost half the world's population live. They are poor people and Japan can supply them with shirts, bicycles, rubber boots and what not at prices



IN RITES AT THE YASUKUNI SHRINE THE SOULS OF FALLEN SOLDIERS ARE ELEVATED TO GODHEAD BY THE EMPEROR, HIMSELF A GOD, AND THEREAFTER GIVE DIVINE ASSISTANCE TO NIPPON'S TROOPS IN BATTLE

JAPANESE IN CALIFORNIA HAVE FOR YEARS SENT NOT ONLY SUBSTANTIAL MONEY CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE IMPERIAL WAR TREASURY BUT SHIP-LOADS OF SUPPLIES FOR JAPANESE SOLDIERS IN CHINA





Interphoto, New York

THE EMPEROR, REVERED AS THE DIRECT DESCENDANT OF AMATERASU,
THE SUN GODDESS, AND THE REPRESENTATIVE OF HEAVEN ON EARTH

they can pay. If Osaka can sell two shirts to a black man for the price of one, what moral right (it is asked by the Japanese) has Lancashire to prevent his buying them?"

But high and ever higher barriers confronting both her emigration and her trade made Japan a thorough convert to the House-Hoare idea of redistribution of the world's resources. With one important difference. While most Western proponents of the plan would consider the problem solved if resources were made equally available to all nations, Japan would not. She wants not only the resources, but control over the territories which contain them. Experience has taught her to be skeptical of the chance of free access to materials and markets so long as the lands concerned are held by other nations. Therefore actual territorial expansion as a cardinal point in Japanese policy was declared as a plain warning to the world by Prince Konoye, then premier, before the House of Peers in July, 1937:

"International justice will be attained only when redistribution of territories and natural resources has been completely effected."

That was the announcement of the present war. That was our notice to prepare. Now the fight for the world's lands is on. In that struggle, we may be sure that Nippon's million sons and daughters abroad will play no trifling role.

XXX:

Japan Wants the World

MODESTY is a well-nigh universal virtue. We all have some place where we stop—a point beyond which our ambitions do not range. Even the Japanese are modest in some particulars.

But not in regard to their destiny as a race. Modesty on that score would be sacrilege, a scorning of divine will. God has appointed them to redeem the world—who are they to hold back from their duty!

I have often been asked whether the Japanese have a sense of humor. I reply that they have—most certainly—but it moves in certain orbits. Nipponese destiny is not one of them. On that question, they are ridiculously serious. From infancy they have been trained to pull a long face when the talk comes around to the divine mission of Japan. Perhaps the army, which has been responsible for this teaching, smiles in secret.

Japan must save the world.

It is a spiritual passion. I use the word “spiritual” in its broad sense. Many evil things come of the Japanese spirit, and this is the worst.

It is not generally realized that the Japanese have always emphasized the spiritual above the material. Not only is the blacksmithing of a sword a formal religious ceremony, but even the most menial sort of work is carried out in a more or less religious frame of mind.

The Japanese is supremely conceited on matters touching his religion of Japan-worship. That is not strange; the same is true

of the other great spiritual forces of today. The Christian, perhaps humble in every other respect, is so sure of his faith that he sends missionaries to all the world. The Nazi may chat with you flexibly on every topic save that of Germany's national religion; he is as positive about that as his father was about the redeeming power of Kultur. The communist also feels his mission to the world. And though the Briton and American may blush about it now, it is not so long since they were very noble about "the white man's burden." Spiritual egotism is not a monopoly of the Japanese.

But the Japanese faith promises to be more disturbing than any of the others. The day is far past when Christianity was propagated by the sword. The white man's burden has been laid down. Communism and Nazi-ism are mushroom growths, and are already being modified so rapidly that their future is uncertain. But Nipponism has been growing steadily, surely, for more than twenty centuries. It is only now coming into possession of the material power to enable it to obey the Imperial Rescript of the Emperor Jimmu upon the founding of the empire two and a half millenniums ago:

"We shall build our Capital all over the world, and make the whole world our dominion."

Concerning this rescript, the modern military textbook known as the Army Reader states:

"This rescript has been given to our race and to our troops as an everlasting categorical imperative."

This fantastic sense of responsibility is diligently drilled into the mind of every child of the empire. He grows up believing with every fiber of his being that:

Japan is the only divine land.

Japan's Emperor is the only divine Emperor.

Japan's people are the only divine people.

Therefore, Japan must be the light of the world.

Q. E. D.

First as to the land. The Scriptures of the Hebrews (who also claimed to be the Chosen People) assert that God created the earth. Of course that does not make the earth divine. The Japanese do much better than that. God did not merely create the islands of Japan . . . he *begot* them. As explained in the early chronicles, the gods Izanagi and Izanami, uniting in marriage, gave birth to the Japanese islands and to other gods and goddesses. The islands themselves are divine beings. Therefore these favored lands, God's children, are totally different from the rest of the earth, God's footstool.

Then as to the Emperor: The heavenly pair who begot the islands also gave birth to the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu, whose descendants rule Japan. The first Emperor was the deity, Jimmu Tenno, who is said to have assumed the throne 2,600 years ago.

Higher criticism reduces the period to about two thousand years—but even at that the antiquity of Japan's Imperial family is without parallel. This is the world's oldest reigning dynasty. Not only that, but it has the longest clearly established genealogy known among mortals. Men naturally respect great age. The respect is increased when those respected are not only venerable but honorable. Japan's rulers have done nothing to forfeit the confidence of the people. They have never been self-seeking. (The truth is, they have not had the chance. The real power was elsewhere.) Monarchy perished in most of Europe because of the selfish conflicts between one dynastic family and another for the throne. In Japan there has never been a dynastic war. As Fuji is calmly Fuji without trying to be, so the ruling house has remained constant not through any desire of its

own but because of the notion that all this was ordained before time began.

Great age and great goodness are natural attributes of god-head. Therefore it is not in the least strange that those who guide Japan's thought have been able to maintain the faith of the public in the divinity of their ruler. The name "Emperor" for this ruler is a misnomer. The Japanese, of course, do not call him Emperor, but refer to him as *Tenno*, The Heavenly King. He is not to be classed for a moment with the Emperors and kings of this world.

"The Sacred Throne was established at the time when the heavens and the earth became separated," wrote the great Prince Ito in his "Commentaries on the Constitution." "The Emperor is heaven-descended, divine and sacred."

This doctrine is repeated in all official statements, in the standard "History for Middle Schools," in "Instructions to Teacher," in the textbook of ethics for use in all primary schools. Philosophers, writers, lawyers, all preach this religion. They must preach it—or say nothing. Even great western-educated liberals such as the late Inazo Nitobe refer to the Emperor as "the bodily representative of Heaven on earth."

And it is amazing that in recent years while other faiths have been crumbling this one has grown stronger. For thirty years the view of Professor Minobe that the Throne was an organ of the government passed unchallenged. It was embodied in his textbook used in all law schools. In 1935 the army charged him with *lèse majesté*. His books were banned, he was disgraced, shorn of office, and barely escaped imprisonment or death. And the government issued a statement reminding the people once more that the Throne, far from being a part of the government, was over and above it, the supreme ruling authority, by right of divine descent from the Sun Goddess.

But Japanese divinity does not stop with the land and the Emperor. The people themselves partake of it. The earliest inhabitants of Japan were gods; and from them descended the present *Yamato* race, *Seed of the Sun*. All other mortals are of a lower order. Says the "History for Middle Schools," "Such a national character is without a parallel throughout the world."

"From the fact of the divine descent of the Japanese people," says the Japanese scholar Hirata, "proceeds their immeasurable superiority to the natives of other countries in courage and intelligence."

If Japan is begotten of God, if its Emperor is the only heavenly king on this planet, if its people are the elect of mankind, there is only one logical conclusion. Japan is sent to save the world.

"Only the realization that the one and absolute sovereignty is vested in Heaven, and that, on behalf of Heaven, a certain nation shall be entrusted with the performance of this sovereignty for the benefit of all mankind, can pave the way to final world peace and international co-operation."

This declaration that world peace can come only through Japanese sovereignty was written not by a super-heated chauvinist but by the very sober and respected political scientist, Professor Chikao Fujisawa, in his "Japanese and Oriental Political Philosophy."

"It is now most clear that the salvation of the entire human race is the mission of our Empire," writes Dr. Uesugi Shinichi. He pictures the sad state of the nations and concludes: "If all the human race should come to look up to the virtue of our Emperor and live under that influence, then there would be light for the future of humanity. Thus the world can be saved from destruction. . . . Of a truth, great is the mission of our nation."

"The body needs a head, and likewise the peoples of the world need a head," declares a prominent official. "The day is coming when they will welcome the rule of our Emperor."

We of the West can hardly dream that anyone could actually say these things without tongue in cheek. But they are uttered in deadly seriousness. The Japanese still live in a remote age when such ideas were common. Egypt claimed universal sovereignty. The rulers of Babylon regarded the whole world as their responsibility. The Emperor of Rome recognized no limits to his authority. The European idea of limiting political power by geographical boundaries came into being when the Roman Empire fell and the princes who had held certain territories under the Emperor became sovereigns in their own right, each ruling within his own geographical area. Oriental nations submit to this new European idea because they must; but they still cling to the age-old conception of universal sovereignty.

It is nothing new in Japan. The first emperor promulgated it. Later, Hideyoshi set out to conquer the world. The Chinese brought him to his senses. The Chinese are good at that. When Commodore Perry knocked at the gates of Japan, Lord Hotta used a remarkable argument to persuade the Emperor to fraternize with other nations. It was this:

"The present condition of the world shows that it is lacking in a ruler sufficiently powerful and virtuous, under whom all countries could be united. Among the rulers of the world at present, there is none so noble and illustrious as to command universal vassalage, or who can make his virtuous influence felt throughout the length and breadth of the whole world. To have such a ruler over the whole world is doubtless in conformity with the Will of Heaven. Before the countries of the world can be unified under a great ruler, international condi-

tions show the necessity of establishing relations among the nations . . . in establishing relations with foreign countries, the object should always be kept in view of laying a foundation for securing the hegemony over all nations. . . .

"Our national prestige and position thus assured, the nations of the world will come to look up to our Emperor as the Great Ruler of all the nations, and they will come to follow our policy and submit themselves to our judgment. This ideal realized, the Ruler of Japan will have accomplished a deed commensurate with the great responsibilities he owes to Heaven and Earth."

And this great project of universal vassalage is thought to be benign. Japan, in her role as Heaven's agent, thinks of herself as a savior and a blessing.

With our materialistic Western eyes we may see nothing but cant in the following statement—yet those who know its author, Yosuke Matsuoka, outspoken statesman, cannot doubt that he spoke with intense sincerity:

"It is my conviction that the mission of the Yamato race is to prevent the human race from becoming devilish, to rescue it from destruction and lead it to the world of light. In the light of this mission, we cannot afford to copy the western civilization which is about to perish."

Count Futara, yearning over mankind, declared in the House of Peers that the racial spirit of Japan alone can save the world from the chaos into which it has fallen, and demanded that the government state its policy for salvaging world thought.

It is a religious passion. Therefore it is not surprising that religious cults have adopted it. Even some Japanese Christians see sense in it. The Reverend Mr. Miyazaki, former secretary of the Japan Council of Christian Churches, says:

"I believe that Japan is ordained as the Kingdom of God.

. . . If Jesus, who made a pilgrimage to the Jewish temple at Jerusalem on the occasion of the Passover every year had happened to live in Japan, He would have made the yearly pilgrimage to the Grand Shrine of Ise as His Heavenly Father's abode."

This would mean that Jesus would do homage to the former Emperors of Japan and their "divine ancestress," Amaterasu, enshrined at Ise.

Japan is "the root of the world" according to Tenrikyo, the leading sect of Shinto with four million adherents. Japan is "the elder brother among the nations" destined to teach the rest. Tenrikyo's Holy City at Tambaichi is "the center of the world." The human race was born there. Some day it shall return to pay homage. The sacred literature of Tenrikyo reveals that:

"When Japan shall be empowered
with the Holy Faith,
She will pacify other peoples as
seems good to her."

"Hereafter Japan shall command
foreign powers.
Mark it well, all of you!"

"They have been called hitherto
Japan and foreign lands;
Hereafter there shall be naught
but Japan!"

The religious patriotism of Japan centers in the army. There it burns at whitest heat. And the people have faith in their army. In fact it shares in a peculiar sense the sanctity of the Emperor.

Japan is an extraordinary combination of theocracy and democracy. The order of authority is as follows:

The Emperor
The Army

The People
The Diet
The Cabinet
The Premier

The Premier is the servant of the Cabinet, the Cabinet of the Diet, the Diet of the People. But above all this democratic structure as heaven is above earth, is the ultimate power, the Emperor, together with the chiefs of the General Staff and the Ministers of War and Marine, who answer to him alone and dispense his judgments to the People. They are the people's high priests to the God-Emperor.

Whether or not this is autocracy, it is certainly theocracy. For without the divinity of the Emperor, his authority would be minimized as in all other monarchies, and the power of the army would crumble. This explains the army's anxiety over the Minobe theory defining the Emperor as an organ of the government. The re-establishment in 1935 of the Emperor as a heaven-sent ruler made the army impregnable, and enabled it to go forward in 1937 to the castigation of China, without fear of having its purposes crossed by the Diet and the cautious industrialists who control it.

Another reason for calling Japan's army rule a theocracy rather than an autocracy lies in the attitude of the army toward the people. It is not an autocratic attitude. The army is made up of farm boys, and even when elevated to godhead its sympathies and affections are of the soil. The people have learned to trust its sincerity, if not always its judgment. The self-seeking of politicians further turns the people to the army. They know that its only thought is the glory of Nippon. They see the soldier as a Galahad.

State Shinto requires every Japanese to worship at military shrines—and thus reverence for the army as well as for the Emperor is inspired. Dead soldiers are deified by the Emperor himself in special ceremonies. The souls of these dead are supposed to be fighting with the living armies of Nippon today. The army flag is the only Japanese flag allowed to carry the Imperial chrysanthemum crest and the Emperor's signature; signs that the Emperor himself, as invisible deity, is fighting with his troops. White hairs of the Sacred Horse of Ise miraculously appear in the pockets of soldiers, proving that they are favored of God. The fortunes of war in 1942 are acts of Providence, just as was the turning back of Kublai Khan by a typhoon when he sought to invade Japan. The Japanese army is identified with divine power.

Therefore it becomes understandable that the army is regarded and regards itself as a messenger of peace and benediction to the world. As General Araki has pointed out, the first Emperor, Jimmu, "organized a vast expedition against those who would not submit to good rule." The task of imposing good rule upon the earth is not yet finished. The Imperial Ancestress justified Japanese expansion when she sent gods from Japan to other lands to transform them into countries where men could live in peace. "It was the will of our Ancestress," says General Araki, "that a paradise should be made of chaos, and the work of building up the country was extended abroad, which is very significant."

Japan is in a better position than other nations, because of its unrivaled culture, to lead the crusade for human welfare, asserts the Japanese War Office in an official pamphlet.

Japan's modern samurai are stimulated by imperio-religious statements such as this by Dr. Kakehi:

"The center of this world is Japan. From this center we must

expand the Great Spirit throughout the world. . . . The expansion of Japan through the world and the elevation of the entire world into the Land of the Gods is the urgent business of the present, and, again, it is our eternal and unchanging object."

The status quo may be upset by this crusade. The War Office declares:

"The basic principles for the establishment of world peace should be the rational distribution or redistribution of territories, resources and population. . . . To bring together all the races of the world into one happy accord has been the ideal and the national aspiration of the Japanese since the very foundation of their Empire. We deem this the great mission of the Japanese race to the world. We also aspire to make a clean sweep of injustice and inequity from the earth and to bring about everlasting happiness among mankind."

That is a noble aspiration. There are strong elements of nobility in Japanese character. But there is also a fatal myopia. Only when the Japanese is forced to take his eyes from his little self and look with humor and compassion upon humanity, only when his Emperor is raised from a spurious godhood to full manhood, only when all the large and little Hitlers of earth abandon the goal of world mastery for that of world service, can there be the beginning of a hope for "a clean sweep of injustice and inequity from the earth" and "everlasting happiness among mankind."

APPENDIX

Chronicle of Japanese Expansion

- 660 B.C. (Traditional date) Rescript of the first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno, "We shall build our Capital all over the world, and make the whole world our dominion."
- 97-110 A.D. Island of Kyushu subdued.
- 200 Empress Jingo invades Korea.
- 660 Yezo (Hokkaido) is subjugated.
- 1342 Takauji sends trade boats to China.
- 1543 Portuguese arrive—trade.
- 1592 Hideyoshi invades Korea.
- 1609 Trade begun with Dutch.
- 1609 Loochoo Islands subjugated.
- 1613 Trade begun with English.
- 1636 Japanese forbidden to go abroad.
- 1638 Seclusion policy proclaimed by Japan.
- 1846 America requests "Open Door."
- 1853 Commodore Perry's ships arrive.
- 1854 Conclusion of treaties with America, England and Russia.
- 1860 Japanese envoy to America.
- 1868 Restoration of the Emperor and abolition of the Shogunate.
- 1870 Ministers sent to foreign countries.
- 1872 Loochoo Islands included in Japanese territory.
- 1874 Punitive expedition to Formosa.
- 1875 Japan gives up Saghalien, receiving the Kuriles in exchange.
- 1875 Bonin Islands occupied by Japan.
- 1894-5 Sino-Japanese War.
- 1895 Japan acquires Liaotung Peninsula, Formosa and the Pescadores from China by the Treaty of Shimonoseki.

- 1895 Intervention by Russia, Germany and France forces Japan to return Liaotung Peninsula to China.
- 1897 Japan protests American annexation of Hawaii and sends warship to Honolulu.
- 1904-5 Russo-Japanese War.
- 1905 Portsmouth Treaty. Russia cedes to Japan the southern half of Saghalien Island, Liaotung leased territory and railways in South Manchuria.
- 1905 Korea becomes a protectorate of Japan.
- 1906 Knox proposes internationalizing railways in Manchuria.
- 1910 Japan annexes Korea.
- 1914-18 World War I.
- 1914 Japanese capture of Tsingtao, Shantung Province, China.
- 1914 Japan takes the islands of Micronesia from Germany.
- 1915 Japan presents the Twenty-one Demands to China.
- 1917 Ishii-Lansing Agreement by which America recognizes Japan's "special rights" in Manchuria.
- 1918 Allies, including Japan, intervene in Siberia.
- 1919 Versailles Conference. The South Sea islands of Micronesia are mandated to Japan.
- 1919 Shantung is restored by Japan to Chinese sovereignty.
- 1920 Japanese occupation of North Saghalien in retaliation for Nikolaievsk massacre of Japanese by Russian "Partisans."
- 1922 Washington Conference results in Washington Naval Treaty, Nine-Power Treaty, and Four-Power Treaty.
- 1923 Japan offers to purchase North Saghalien from Russia for 150,000,000 yen. Russia refuses.
- 1923 Ishii-Lansing Agreement is canceled.
- 1924 American Immigration Act excluding Japanese.
- 1925 Japan returns North Saghalien to the Soviet, but is allowed concessions amounting to fifty per cent of the coal and oil deposits of that region.
- 1925 China's boy Emperor, fleeing from Peking, is given refuge in the Japanese concession in Tientsin.
- 1928 Chang Tso-lin, ruler of Manchuria, meets death and is succeeded by his son, Chang Hsueh-liang.

- 1929 Manchuria under Chang Hsueh-liang, recognizes authority of Nanking. Japanese complain of infringement of their rights in Manchuria.
- 1929 Kellogg Pact.
- 1930 London Naval Treaty, followed by assassination of Premier Hamaguchi as a protest against the limitations imposed upon Japan by this treaty.
- 1931 The Manchurian Incident, followed by Japanese occupation of Manchuria.
- 1931 Pu-yi, former boy emperor of China, is brought to Manchuria.
- 1932 Shanghai Affair.
- 1932 State of Manchukuo proclaimed with Pu-yi as Chief Executive.
- 1932 Lytton Commission tours Manchuria and reports.
- 1933 Japan-India Trade Conference.
- 1933 Japanese occupy Shanhaikwan, China.
- 1933 Jehol taken by Japanese.
- 1933 Japan announces resignation from League of Nations.
- 1933 Japanese occupy North China up to within twelve miles of Peking and conclude the Tangku Truce.
- 1934 Manchukuo becomes an Empire with Pu-yi as its first Emperor.
- 1934 Japan-Britain Trade Conference. Japan-Dutch Conference. Both brought about by Japan's successful economic invasion of British and Dutch markets in southern Asia.
- 1934 "Hands-off-China" policy declared by Japanese spokesman, Amau.
- 1934 Japan denounces Washington Naval Treaty.
- 1935 Problems due to the increase of land-control by Japanese in the Philippines cause investigation by Philippine legislature.
- 1935 North China demands of the Japanese garrison accepted by Nanking.
- 1935-6 Trade war with China and Australia due to barriers erected by those countries against influx of cheap Japanese goods.

- 1936 Japan withdraws from London Naval Conference, her demand for parity being refused.
- 1936 The "February 26 Incident." Young army officers, in protest against the limitation of the army by political and financial interests, assassinate the Grand Keeper of the Imperial Seals, the Finance Minister, the Chief of the Department of Military Training, wound the Grand Chamberlain and attempt the life of the Premier.
- 1936 Japan's terms for renewal of the Washington Treaty and London Naval Treaty having been refused, both treaties expire at the end of 1936, opening the way to a naval race and re-fortification in the Western Pacific.
- 1936 Trade difficulties with Egypt.
- 1936 Economic mission to Siam.
- 1936 Japan's South Seas Development Company reorganized for active economic advance in the Dutch East Indies.
- 1937 War with China begins July 7.
- 1937 Japanese win control of all northern Chinese provinces.
- 1937 Shanghai taken by Japanese after thirteen weeks of heroic Chinese defense.
- 1937 Provisional government set up under Japanese direction at Peiping, renamed Peking.
- 1937 Nanking, Hangchow and the lower Yangtze Valley captured by Japanese.
- 1938 Prince Konoye proclaims the "New Order in East Asia."
- 1939 Japan seizes Hainan.
- 1940 Japanese-sponsored regime headed by Wang Ching-wei is established at Nanking.
- 1940 Japan invades Indo-China.
- 1941 December 7. While Envoy Kurusu negotiates for peace in Washington, Japan makes surprise attack upon Hawaii, the Philippines, Midway, Wake, Guam, Malaya and Hongkong—then declares war.
- 1941 Japan takes Guam, December 13.
- 1941 Japan takes Wake Island, December 23.
- 1941 Hongkong surrenders to Japanese, December 25.
- 1942 Manila occupied by Japanese, January 2.

- 1942 British withdraw from Malaya, January 31.
- 1942 Singapore falls, February 15.
- 1942 Japan occupies Netherlands Indies during March. Hard fighting in Burma. Attacks upon Port Darwin, Australia.
- 1942 During April and May Japan completes the conquest of Burma, attacks the coast of India, moves troops to the Soviet-Siberian border.

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